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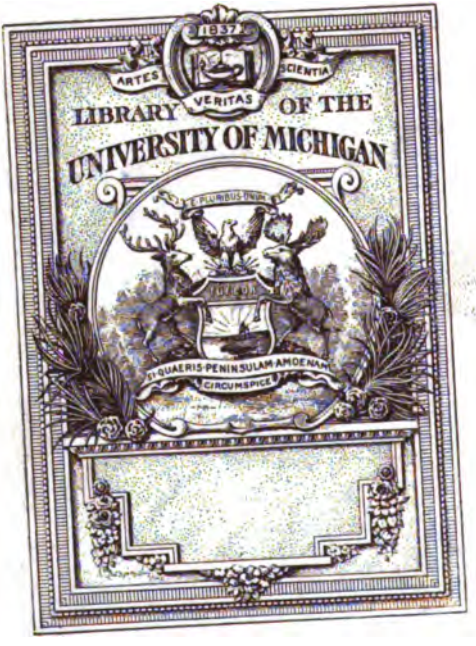
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THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

JANUARY 1860.

ART. I.—MR. KINGSLEY'S LITERARY EXCESSES.

Miscellanies. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. 2 vols. J. W. Parker.

THERE are two living English writers who, wide as the poles asunder in many points, have yet several marked characteristics in common, and whom we confess to regarding with very similar sentiments—Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Kingsley. Both are eminent; both are popular; both have exercised, and are still exercising, a very unquestionable influence over their contemporaries: unquestionable, that is, as to degree; questionable enough, unhappily, as to kind. Of both we have frequently had occasion to speak with respect and admiration. We read them much, and recur to them often; but seldom without mixed feelings, provocation, disappointment, and regret. We constantly lay them down outraged beyond endurance by their faults, and mentally forswearing them in future; we as constantly take them up again in spite of vow and protest, drawn back into the turbid vortex by the force of their resistless fascinations. In short, we feel and act towards them as men may do towards women whom they at once delight in, admire, and condemn; who perpetually offend their purer taste and grate against their finer sensibilities, but whose noble qualities and whose meretricious charms are so strangely vivid and so marvellously blended, that they can shake themselves free from neither. For Mr. Kingsley we have long ago expressed our hearty appreciation; but there is a time to appreciate, and a time to criticise. Standing as he now does at the zenith of

his popularity, it is the fit time to speak of his shortcomings with that frankness which is the truest respect.

The historian of *Frederick the Great* and the author of *Hypatia* have many points of resemblance, but always with a variation. They are cast in the same mould, but fashioned of different clays and animated by different spirits. Both are terribly in earnest; but Kingsley's is the earnestness of youthful vigour and a sanguine temper, Carlyle's is the profound cynicism of a bitter and a gloomy spirit. He is, if not the saddest, assuredly the most saddening of writers,—the very Apostle of Despair. Both seem penetrated to the very core of their nature with the sharpest sense of the wrongs and sufferings of humanity; but the one is thereby driven to preach a crusade of vengeance on their authors, the other a crusade of rescue and deliverance for their victims. Mr. Kingsley's earnestness as a social philosopher and reformer develops itself mainly in the direction of action and of sympathy; Mr. Carlyle's exhales itself, for the most part, in a fierce contempt against folly and weakness, which is always unmeasured and usually unchristian. The earnestness of Carlyle, though savagely sincere, never condescends enough to detail or to knowledge to make him a practical reformer; that of Kingsley is so restless as to allow him no repose, and sends him rushing, *tête baissée*, at every visible evil or abuse. The one has stirred thousands to bitterest discontent with life and with the world, but scarcely erected a finger-post or supplied a motive; the other has roused numbers to buckle on their armour in a holy cause, but has often directed them astray, and has not always been careful either as to banner or to watchword.

Both are fearfully pugnacious; indeed, they are beyond comparison the two most combative writers of their age. Nature sent them into the world full of aggressive propensities; and strong principles, warm hearts, and expansive sympathies, have enlisted these propensities on the side of benevolence and virtue. Happier than many, they have been able to enlist their passions in the cause of right. But their success or good fortune in doing this has led them into the delusion common in such cases. They fancy that the cause consecrates the passion. They feel

> "We have come forth upon the field of life
> To war with Evil;"

and once satisfied that it is evil against which they are contending, they let themselves go, and give full swing to all the vehemence of their unregenerate natures. We comprehend the full charms of such a tilt. It must be delightful to array all the energies of the old Adam against the foes of the new. What unspeakable relief and joy for a Christian like Mr. Kingsley, whom God

has made boiling over with animal eagerness and fierce aggressive instincts, to feel that he is not called upon to control these instincts, but only to direct them; and that once having, or fancying that he has, in view a man or an institution that is God's enemy as well as his, he may hate it with a perfect hatred, and go at it *en sabreur!* Accordingly he reminds us of nothing so much as of a war-horse panting for the battle; his usual style is marvellously like a neigh—a "ha! ha! among the trumpets;" the dust of the combat is to him the breath of life; and when once, in the plenitude of grace and faith, fairly let loose upon his prey—human, moral, or material—all the Red Indian within him comes to the surface, and he wields his tomahawk with an unregenerate heartiness, slightly heathenish no doubt, but withal unspeakably refreshing. It is amazing how hard one who is a gladiator by nature strikes when convinced that he is doing God service. Mr. Kingsley is a strange mixture of the spirit of the two covenants. He draws his sympathy with human wrongs mainly from the New Testament; but his mode of dealing with human wrong-doers altogether from the Old. Mr. Carlyle borrows little from either division of the Bible; his onslaughts are like those of one of the northern gods; he wields Thor's hammer righteously in the main, but with a grim and terrible ferocity, and often mangles his victims as though absolutely intoxicated by the taste of blood.

Both writers—and this is one of their most serious offences—are contemptuous and abusive towards their adversaries far beyond the limits of taste, decency, or gentlemanly usage. Both indulge in terms of scorn and vituperation such as no cause can justify and no correct or Christian feeling could inspire Their pages often read like the paragraphs in the Commination Service. Their holy wrath is poured out, as from teeming and exhaustless fountains, on every thing they disapprove, and on every one who ventures to differ from them or to argue with them. Since the days of Dean Swift and Johnson there have been no such offenders among the literary men of England. Still, even here there is a difference: Mr. Carlyle slangs like a blaspheming pagan; Mr. Kingsley like a denouncing prophet.

Mingled, too, with this unseemly fury, and piercing through all their unmeasured and lacerating language, there is discernible in both men a rich vein of beautiful and pathetic tenderness. This is most marked in Mr. Carlyle, as might be expected from his far deeper nature; and if considered in connection with the irritations of an uncomfortable and nervous organisation, goes far to explain, if not to excuse, his outrageous ferocity of utterance. It is as though, like the prophet of old, "he was mad for the sight of his eyes which he saw." Gloomy and phrenetic

by temperament; full of enthusiasm for what is noble; keen in his perceptions of what ought to be and might be; bitterly conscious of the contrast with what is; sympathising with almost painful vividness in the sufferings of the unhappy and the wronged, but perversely showing that sympathy rather by contemptuous anger than by relieving gentleness; richly endowed with warm human affections, which yet he is half ashamed of, and would fain conceal; little accustomed to control himself, and never taught to respect others,—his spirit is in a perpetual state both of internecine and of foreign war; and his tenderness, instead of being like oil upon the troubled waters, seems to be only one more incongruous and fermenting element cast into the seething caldron. But whenever he will let it beam out unchecked, it not only spreads a rare sunshine over his pages, but communicates at once elevation and sobriety of tone. It is this which makes his *Life of Sterling* far the most pleasant as well as one of the truest of his books.

Mr. Kingsley's tenderness is of a different order. Like all his excellencies and defects, it springs from his physical temperament; and is therefore manly, prompt, and genuine, but not profound. Indeed, we think the special peculiarity of Mr. Kingsley's nature, as of his genius, is that it wants depth. It is as sound as a bell, thoroughly healthy, indescribably vigorous; but, if we must speak our thought, a little superficial. Perhaps it is too healthy to be deep. Still it is very pleasant, because so bubbling, lively, and sincere. We will quote one passage in illustration: it is rather long; but, as we do not intend to quote much, and as it is in his best manner, we will transfer it to our pages.

"Was there no poetry in these Puritans, because they wrote no poetry? We do not mean now the unwritten tragedy of the battle-psalm and the charge; but simple idyllic poetry and quiet house-drama, love-poetry of the heart and hearth, and the beauties of every-day human life. Take the most commonplace of them: was Zeal-for-Truth Thoresby, of Thoresby Rise in Deeping Fen, because his father had thought fit to give him an ugly and silly name, the less of a noble lad? Did his name prevent his being six feet high? Were his shoulders the less broad for it; his cheeks the less ruddy for it? He wore his flaxen hair of the same length that every one now wears theirs, instead of letting it hang half way to his waist in essenced curls; but was he therefore the less of a true Viking's son, bold-hearted as his sea-roving ancestors, who won the Danelagh by Canute's side, and settled there on Thoresby Rise, to grow wheat and breed horses, generation succeeding generation, in the old moated grange? He carried a Bible in his jack-boot; but did that prevent him, as Oliver rode past him with an approving smile on Naseby field, thinking himself a very handsome fellow, with his moustache and imperial, and bright red coat, and cuirass well polished, in spite of many a dint, as he sate his

father's great black horse as gracefully and firmly as any long-locked and essenced cavalier in front of him? Or did it prevent him thinking, too, for a moment, with a throb of the heart, that sweet cousin Patience far away at home, could she but see him, might have the same opinion of him as he had of himself? Was he the worse for the thought? He was certainly not the worse for checking it the next instant, with manly shame for letting such 'carnal vanities' rise in his heart while he was 'doing the Lord's work' in the teeth of death and hell: but was there no poetry in him then? No poetry in him, five minutes after, as the long rapier swung round his head, redder and redder at every sweep? We are befooled by names. Call him Crusader instead of Roundhead, and he seems at once, (granting him only sincerity, which he had, and that of a right awful kind,) as complete a knight-errant as ever watched and prayed, ere putting on his spurs, in fantastic Gothic chapel, beneath 'storied windows richly dight.' Was there no poetry in him, either, half an hour afterwards, as he lay bleeding across the corpse of the gallant horse, waiting for his turn with the surgeon, and fumbled for the Bible in his boot, and tried to hum a psalm, and thought of Cousin Patience, and his father and his mother; and how they would hear, at least, that he had played the man in Israel that day, and resisted unto blood, striving against sin and the Man of Sin? And was there no poetry in him, too, as he came wearied along Thoresby dyke, in the quiet autumn eve, home to the house of his forefathers, and saw afar off the knot of tall poplars rising over the broad misty flat, and the one great Abele tossing its sheets of silver in the dying gusts, and knew that they stood before his father's door? Who can tell all the pretty child-memories which flitted across his brain at that sight, and made him forget that he was a wounded cripple? . . . . . And now he was going home to meet her (Patience) after a mighty victory, a deliverance from Heaven, second only in his eyes to that Red-Sea one. Was there no poetry in his heart at that thought? Did not the glowing sunset, and the reed-beds which it transfigured before him into sheets of golden flame, seem tokens that the glory of God was going before him in his path? Did not the sweet clamour of the wild-fowl, gathering for one rich pæan ere they sank into rest, seem to him as God's bells chiming him home in triumph with peals sweeter and bolder than those of Lincoln or Peterborough steeple-house? Did not the very lapwing, as she tumbled softly wailing before his path, as she did years ago, seem to welcome the wanderer home in the name of Heaven?

Fair Patience, too, though she was a Puritan, yet did not her cheek flush, her eye grow dim, like any other girl's, as she saw far off the red coat, like a sliding spark of fire, coming slowly along the strait fen-bank, and fled upstairs into her chamber to pray, half that it might be, half that it might not be he? Was there no happy storm of human tears and human laughter when he entered the courtyard-gate? Did not the old dog lick his Puritan hand as lovingly as if it had been a Cavalier's? Did not lads and lasses run out shouting? Did not the old yeoman father hug him, weep over him, hold him at arm's length, and

hug him again, as heartily as any other John Bull, even though the next moment he called all to kneel down and thank Him who had sent his boy home again, after bestowing on him the grace to bind kings in chains, and nobles with links of iron, and contend to death for the faith delivered to the saints? And did not Zeal-for-Truth look about as wistfully for Patience as any other man would have done, longing to see her, yet not daring even to ask for her? And when she came down at last, was she the less lovely in his eyes because she came, not flaunting with bare bosom, in tawdry finery and paint, but shrouded close in coif and pinner, hiding from all the world beauty which was there still, but was meant for one alone, and that only if God willed, in God's good time? And was there no faltering of their voices, no light in their eyes, no trembling pressure of their hands, which said more, and was more, ay and more beautiful in the sight of Him who made them, than all Herrick's Dianemes, Waller's Saccharissas, flames, darts, posies, love-knots, anagrams, and the rest of the insincere cant of the court? What if Zeal-for-Truth had never strung two rhymes together in his life? Did not his heart go for inspiration to a loftier Helicon, when it whispered to itself, 'My love, my dove, my undefiled, is but one,' than if he had filled pages with sonnets about Venuses and Cupids, love-sick shepherds and cruel nymphs?

And was there no poetry, true idyllic poetry, as of Longfellow's *Evangeline* itself, in that trip round the old farm next morning, when Zeal-for-Truth, after looking over every heifer, and peeping into every sty, would needs canter down by his father's side to the horse-fen, with his arm in a sling; while the partridges whirred up before them, and the lurchers flashed like gray snakes after the hare, and the colts came whinnying round with staring eyes and streaming manes; and the two chatted on in the same sober business-like English tone, alternately of 'the Lord's great dealings' by General Cromwell, the pride of all honest fen-men, and the price of troop-horses at the next Horncastle fair?

Poetry in those old Puritans? Why not? They were men of like passions with ourselves. They loved, they married, they brought up children; they feared, they sinned, they sorrowed, they fought, they conquered. There was poetry enough in them, be sure, though they acted it like men instead of singing it like birds."

Again, both men are heartily and instinctively religious; yet both incessantly grate against the religious feelings of reverent Christians, though in a different manner, and from different causes. The one is full of reverence, but has no fixed or definite belief; the other is orthodox enough in doctrine, but does not know what reverence means. The one has no creed; the other has no doubt. Mr. Carlyle—as all deep and great spirits must—approaches the high mysteries of the Infinite and the Eternal with awe unspeakable, and almost with humility. He dares not even define the Illimitable Agencies; he always speaks of them in the plural number. You cannot tell what he means precisely when he whispers of the Silences and the Immen-

sities—probably he could not tell himself; but there is no mistaking the natural tone and sentiment with which man refers to something supremely and incomprehensibly above him. There may be no distinct Being for whom this awe is felt, but the awe is unquestionably there. In Mr. Kingsley there is nothing of all this. The great creative and pervading spirit of the universe, who for Mr. Carlyle is *l'Etre Suprême*, for Mr. Kingsley is simply *le bon Dieu*. He is not a stricken mortal, prostrate before the Ineffable Intelligence, but a workman of God, a soldier of Christ, a messenger who has got his orders from his immediate superior, and will execute them like a faithful labourer. He knows God's will, and it always harmonises strangely with Mr. Kingsley's objects and opinions. He has an unquestioning obedience, cheerful service, boundless devotion, to his Father who is in heaven; but of what we call reverence—hushed and breathless adoration, solemn sense of infinite depth and infinite littleness,—we can perceive no trace whatever. He seems as unconscious as the infant Samuel of a superior Presence. His feelings towards God appear to hover between those of the negro and the Israelite, or rather to partake of both. He speaks of Him, and to Him, with the simple directness, the confiding but not disrespectful familiarity, now of Moses and now of Uncle Tom. When he issues his commands to the world of sinners, it is as though he had just come from an interview with the Most High on Sinai. When he prays, it is (to use Mrs. Stowe's language) as though he knew God was listening behind the curtain. He is unpleasantly fond of introducing the Great Name on all occasions: it is always "God's work," "God's feasts," "God's heroes," "God's bells," "Good news of God;" expressions which, just and fitting enough when sparingly, solemnly, and appropriately used, produce almost a profane effect by their incessant and uncalled-for recurrence; appear to be dictated chiefly by an appetite for strong language operating on a gentleman in orders; and are, in fact, we believe, Mr. Kingsley's way of swearing.

There are further points of resemblance between the two men still. Roaming through our world of complicated and corrupt civilisation, laying about them with an iron flail, and smashing shams, follies, and abuses with little mercy and less discrimination, they have yet both their weak places and their blind sides. Iconoclasts as they are, they are idolaters also,—and idolaters of the worst sort, and at the coarsest shrine. These teachers of mankind in an age of advanced science and refinement, trained in the highest culture, rich in the noblest endowments,—

"These, the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time,"—

worship much as the barbarians of old did, and much as the savages do now, and fall prostrate before brute Force and a tyrannous and unrelenting Will. They are "Titanolaters," as Archdeacon Hare appropriately named them. Mr. Carlyle raves about "Jarls" and "Vikings," and the "grand old Norsemen," till we are sick of the recurring cant; and Mr. Kingsley echoes his precise phrases and expressions, page after page, with an almost parrot-like exactitude of iteration. This idolatry of mere strength, however, assumes distinct forms in the two writers; and, strange to say, it takes a somewhat higher type in the Pagan than in the Christian votary. The one idolises chiefly strength of purpose, the other chiefly strength of muscle and of nerve. Both probably have "gone in" for their own especial line of superiority. Mr. Carlyle,—never strong in health or agile in frame, nor trained either as ploughman, sportsman, soldier, or athlete, but having had to fight his way in life with a persistent energy and a self-denying power which do him infinite honour—thinks little of mere bodily strength, and, indeed, seldom speaks of the animal frame at all, but feels an irresistible attraction towards inflexible tempers and over-mastering volitions. Indeed, he is essentially and consistently a despot; and with all despots, if only they be relentless and inconsiderate enough, he has a prompt and abounding sympathy. If they be utterly brutal in addition, there are no limits to his admiration. His heart yearns to them, and leaps up to meet them as to a brother. He calls them "MEN," "true men," "types of real manhood." No one acquainted with Mr. Carlyle's writings will, we are sure, charge us with one shade of exaggeration. Every book, and almost every page, will witness for us. The fierce rough Danton was among his earliest idols, bloody and ignorant as he was, because he was simple and earnest, knew what he wanted (or thought he did), and went with Juggernaut directness and recklessness to his end. Samuel Johnson too—noble old bear that he was—Mr. Carlyle really loves for his unendurable brutality. But it was not till he met with Frederick-William of Prussia,—probably the most truculent ruffian that ever sat upon a throne; an absolute savage in taste and temper; often half mad, and constantly quite drunk; for ever and in every relation of life trampling upon justice, decency, kindness, and natural affection,—that Mr. Carlyle recognised the "realised ideal" of his fancy, and hugged the "just man made perfect" to his heart of hearts.

But Mr. Carlyle not only worships "forcible" men; he would apply force—physical force—to all recalcitrants; he would govern the world by force. The wise and powerful must rule; the ignorant and foolish must submit. The scourge and

the sword must carry out the dicta which Mr. Carlyle sees to be good. The negro must be flogged into sugar-making; the wandering and misguided multitudes of all lands must be "regimented" under "captains of industry," who will *compel* them to their task. The same offensive disregard of the rights of individual humanity, the same contempt for freedom, the same exaggeration of its mischiefs, the same denial or unconsciousness of its benefits, runs through his works, and mars the beauty and the value of them all. Truly, the despots of the world—whether priests, legitimate tyrants, or military usurpers—never before among literary celebrities had an apologist or an adorer like the philosopher of Chelsea.

Mr. Kingsley's idolatry of power shows itself in a different fashion, prompted no doubt by his different organisation, and somewhat more befitting his clerical profession. He himself is endowed by nature with a vigorous and exuberant organisation, is a sportsman, a foxhunter, an athlete, and would probably have been a gladiator if he had not been a Christian. He revels in the description of every species of athletic exercise and desperate strife. Accordingly, all his heroes are men of surpassing animal strength, all bone and muscle, marvels of agility, boiling over with exulting and abounding life, and usually miracles of physical beauty likewise. They are constantly "models;" and very often "young Antinouses," or "Phœbus Apollos." He loves above all things to paint, and to display in action, his ideal of the perfect "animal man." Softness and feebleness he cannot abide. The perpetual moral of his writings, which crops out at every sentence, is the old sentiment,

> "To be weak is miserable,
> Doing or suffering."

He does not, like Mr. Carlyle, bow down in reverence before Might when utterly divorced from Right. But it is impossible not to perceive that admiration for what is strong, *as* strong, is about his most vivid original instinct. With all his Christian feelings, his varnish of modern civilisation, his noble aspirations, and all the intense philanthropies of his heart, Mr. Kingsley, beneath the skin, is something of a Goth, a pagan, and a schoolboy still.

Finally, and not to weary our readers further with this prolonged parallel between the two most picturesque and graphic writers of the day, one other guilty similarity remains to be denounced. Both are declaimers—not reasoners. Their declamation is always powerful, often splendid; rich with gorgeous imagery; full of lightning gleams—sometimes lengthening out into steady rays—of grand and saving truths; frequently,

usually perhaps, flashing forth in the cause of humanity and right; often striking the real offender and the real sin, often proclaiming the true hero and extolling the true virtue; magnificent in its wrath, withering in its scorn: but, after all, only declamation. Neither writer ever *reasons*, in the strict sense of the term. Inspiration supersedes all necessity for the slow and cautious processes by which conscientious mortals of the ordinary stamp must painfully work out truth and light; and both Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Kingsley believe themselves inspired. The industrious collection and collation of premises, the careful elaboration of conclusions, are beneath them. They despise the inductive process.* Mr. Carlyle hates facts; Mr. Kingsley hates logic. The hatred of both breaks out on all occasions. Their opinions on subjects, their judgments of men, are not formed by reflection, but dictated by sentiment; and therefore the first are constantly unsound, and the second constantly unjust. What they like, what fits into their temperament, *that* they believe, and *that* they praise. What they dislike, what grates upon their tastes, *that* they repudiate and denounce. Their abhorrence of reasoning is heightened by a further peculiarity common to the two. They are singularly *impatient* men. They are too impatient to observe and inquire; too impatient to perpend and reflect; too impatient to entertain doubts and resolve them. They are not *ruminating* animals; they do not chew the cud of thought. They *pounce upon* ideas, catch bright glimpses of them, have them written on their souls as by a flash of light, shoot them flying, wake in the morning and find them there;—but never create, educe, mould, revolve them.

The inevitable consequence of this is, that both men, to a degree wholly unworthy of cultured intellects, are at the mercy of their sympathies and their antipathies. You cannot have better awakeners, nor worse guides. We might cite a thousand illustrations, but two will suffice. Take the treatment which political economy and its votaries receive at their hands. Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Kingsley—the latter especially—are deeply impressed with the wretched condition of mankind in these islands, and with the vast and irresistible influence which their material well- or ill-being has upon their moral state. In his *Miscellanies*,† Mr. Kingsley states his views on this subject with a breadth and daring which are astounding in a clergyman, but with which we almost unreservedly agree. To make men virtuous, he every where proclaims, you must first rescue them

* It is a curious exemplification, that Mr. Kingsley has put forth a volume treating of some of the most knotty and awful questions that can occupy the human mind under the perfectly accurate title of *Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers.*

† ii. pp. 332-334.

from their physical misery. Now, political economy is the science which treats of man's material well-being. It deals with causes, not with symptoms. Discarding the shallow charity which relieves suffering as it arises, and perpetuates and multiplies it by relieving it, political economy searches out and explains the sources of that suffering, and the only recipe for its radical and enduring cure. Eschewing and denouncing the assistance from without, which degrades the labourer, it studies and preaches that knowledge and self-control which elevates and strengthens while it enriches him. Knowing that competence is essential (among the masses at least) to virtue and to progress, its task is to discover and proclaim how that competence is to be won. It is, in a single word, the Science of Philanthropy. Its business is to show how, and how only, Mr. Kingsley's object may be attained. Surely the professors of such a science ought to be recognised and welcomed by him as fellow-labourers. He may think their principles at fault; he may think their rules too rigid; he may think their purpose and their means too narrow; but at least he must see that they are doing his work, and aiming at his end. But no; they are exact thinkers, and Mr. Kingsley hates the fetters of exactitude. They are logicians, and believe in logic; Mr. Kingsley neither has it, nor has faith in it. They are often dry, stern, and methodical, while Mr. Kingsley is impetuous, enthusiastic, and sentimental; and, in these matters at least, he can endure no man who does not wear his livery, speak his language, and go his way. Therefore he denounces them in terms quite as violent, and almost as indecent, as Mr. Carlyle. Yet they are both acquainted with economists—with one at least, and he perhaps the chief—whose compassion for the wretched and the astray is as vivid and as genuine as their own, and has often tried hard his allegiance to sound doctrine and scientific truth, but scarcely ever—if ever—found it wanting. Unheeding all this, however, and never pausing to master the science they detest, or to respect the thinker whom they know, they have made political economy from the first, and make it still, the object of their fiercest anathemas.

We need not encumber our pages with the sarcasms which disfigure nearly all Mr. Carlyle's writings against the "professors of the Dismal Science," "the Gospel according to M'Crowdy," and the like:* nor should we be disposed to remind our readers of the very unseemly and indefensible language used on the subject by Mr. Kingsley in *Cheap Clothes and Nasty*, and in *Alton Locke* (of which we hoped and believed that he had long ago become ashamed), were it not that in his *Mis-*

* See *Past and Present*, *Chartism*, and *Latter-day Pamphlets*, passim.

cellanies, published only yesterday, we came upon a passage in his old manner, which proves too clearly that the shame has been ineffectual, and that the repentance is, to say the least, incomplete. At present Mr. Kingsley is wild about sanitary reform; so are we. Well, then, remembering who was the chief originator, and unwearied—if not unwearying—advocate of that great movement, how could he dare to pen and publish this heartless sneer?

"Others again expected, with equal wisdom, the assistance of the political economist [in the work of sanitary reform]. The fact is undeniable, but at the same time inexplicable. What they could have found in the doctrines of most modern political economists which should lead them to believe *that human life would be precious in their eyes* is unknown to the writer of these pages. Those whose bugbear has been over-population, whose motto has been a euphuistic version of

'The more the merrier, the fewer the better fare,'

cannot be expected to lend their aid in increasing the population by *saving the lives of two-thirds of the children who now die prematurely in our great cities*, and so still further overcrowding this unhappy land with those helpless and expensive sources of national poverty—rational human beings in strength and health."*

It is as useless to argue with Mr. Kingsley when he takes up his parable against economic science, as with Sir A. Alison when he opens out about the currency. But passing over the unscrupulousness of the above onslaught, we cannot help observing,

* In justice to ourselves, and as a specimen of Mr. Kingsley's style when he comes across his foes, we must give the rest of the passage, though we confess to a feeling almost of disgust as we transcribe his random irony.

"By political economy alone has this faculty [progress and invention] been denied to man. In it alone he is not to conquer nature, but simply to obey her. Let her starve him, make him a slave, a bankrupt, or what not, he must submit, as the savage does to the hail and the lightning. '*Laissez-faire*,' says the '*science du néant*,'—the '*science de la misère*,' as it has truly and bitterly been called,—'*laissez-faire*.' Analyse economic questions if you will, but beyond analysis you shall not step. Any attempt to raise political economy to its synthetic stage is to break the laws of nature, to fight against facts; *as if facts were not made to be fought against and conquered and put out of the way, whensoever they interfere in the least with the welfare of any human being.* [Strange jumble and confusion between *facts* and *truths*, principles and laws.] The drowning man is not to strike out for his life, lest by keeping his head above water he interferes with the laws of gravitation. Not that the political economist, or any man, can be true to his own fallacy. He must needs try his hand at the synthetic method, though he forbids it to the rest of the world. But the only deductive hint which he has as yet given to mankind is, quaintly enough, the most unnatural 'eidolon specûs' which ever entered into the head of a dehumanised pedant—namely, that once-famous 'preventive check,' which—if ever a nation did apply it, as it never will—could issue, as every doctor knows, in nothing less than the questionable habits of abortion, child-murder, and unnatural crime."—*Miscellanies*, i. 116.

It is difficult to say whether the rattling nonsense or the unseemly insinuations of this passage are the more repellent.

that a little reading or a little thought might have shown Mr. Kingsley its falsity as well. Does he not know that human life *is* precious in the eyes of political economists,—not perhaps for the same considerations as with him, but precisely because they are wise reasoners and sound calculators? Is he not aware that they deplore that sacrifice of youthful life caused by a neglect of sanitary laws, because it is *wasteful* as well as cruel? They long ago explained and remonstrated against the folly and extravagance of these inchoate and incomplete existences; they repeatedly and seriously called attention to the fact that, to take no higher ground,—for, be it remembered, *in their profession* they are men of science, and not moralists,—every child that was not reared to manhood was a drain upon the national wealth, a source of unrepaid expenditure, an investment of toil and money which yielded no return—a consumer only, and a producer never. They condemned the costly folly of letting children die before they reached the labouring and remunerating age (or bringing them into the world so that they must so die), on the same principles as they would condemn the analogous insanity of trampling down your green corn, or building houses and then letting them fall to pieces before you finished them; because, *from the point of view at which they were then dealing with the subject*, the cases were alike, inasmuch as both were idle and wasteful preparations for a result that was never to arrive—planting a tree that was never to bear fruit. In technical language, both were instances of "unproductive expenditure."

The same servitude to impressions and antipathies which makes Mr. Kingsley so unjust to unwelcome doctrines, makes him also unjust to alien men. We cannot have a better illustration than his comments on Shelley and Byron, republished in his *Miscellanies* (i. p. 310). His attack upon the former seems to us utterly unwarrantable. Byron, amid all his fearful sins, was a "MAN:" he was gifted with indomitable energy and courage; he excelled in all bodily exercises of which his lameness allowed him to partake,—he swam, boxed, rode, shot, to perfection; was vehement, impetuous, daring, and above all, combative; a child of impulses, many of them noble and sane, all of them natural and vigorous: and therefore he was, except in his excesses and his sins, a man after Mr. Kingsley's own heart. Though his nature was intensely worldly, Byron too was, or fancied himself, a sort of Christian; while Shelley, whose nature was essentially, though waywardly, religious, was, and proclaimed himself, an unbeliever. Poor Shelley—gentle, tender, ethereal and aspiring, sober and abstemious, a pale student, an abstract and highly metaphysical thinker, delicate as a woman in his organisation, sensitive as a woman in his sympathies, loathing

all that was coarse and low with a woman's shrinking, detesting all field-sports as barbarous and brutal,—presented a phase of humanity utterly alien to the rampant and "healthy animalism" of Mr. Kingsley's nature. In early life Shelley, habitually the purest and least sensual of men, committed one grievous fault, so far as we can judge, less at the instigation of wrong passions than under the delusion of a false theory. In early life, too, when wild and flighty almost to the verge of insanity, if not sometimes beyond it,—when smarting under bitter wrongs, enthusiastic for the regeneration of the world, burning with boyish zeal for the destruction of what he held to be a mischievous and tyrannical delusion, and full of the self-opinion which belongs to youth, and not unfrequently survives it,—he poured forth mad anathemas against Christianity and social law. It availed nothing that he denounced unnatural and ascetic priests with a pertinacious eloquence akin to Mr. Kingsley's own; that his purse, his time, his strength, were always at the call of the suffering and the sad; that his blood boiled as fiercely as that of the strongest at the bare idea of injustice and oppression, and that in such a cause he was as brave as a lion, and would take any odds; that he exercised over the coarser mind of Byron a strange influence, which, if not intellectually wholesome, was always morally improving; and that he even persuaded him to abstain from continuing his profligate poem;—all this goes for nothing: the one poet was sympathetic, the other antipathic to Mr. Kingsley's tastes; and accordingly, Shelley, whose life, we believe (except in the one instance referred to), was strictly chaste, and whose pages are as pure as Mr. Kingsley's own,—for he, like Shelley, sometimes errs in saying things better left unsaid, and like Shelley, too, errs from mistaken theory, and not from wrong design,—Shelley is "lewd" and a "satyr." "Byron may be brutal, but he never cants;"—"if Byron sinned more desperately and more flagrantly, it was done under the temptations of rank, wealth, disappointed love, and the impulses of an animal nature, to which Shelley's passions were

'As moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.'"

To Shelley, therefore, is attributed "the lewdness of the gentle and sensitive vegetarian;" and Byron is "the sturdy peer, proud of his bull-neck and his boxing, who kept bears and bull-dogs, and drilled Greek ruffians at Missolonghi, and 'had no objection to a pot of beer;' and who might, if he had been reformed, have made a gallant English gentleman: while Shelley, if once his intense self-opinion had deserted him, would probably have ended in Rome as an Oratorian or a Passionist."*

* It is singular that, a few pages further on, we find Mr. Kingsley speaking

A more characteristic passage—one more richly redolent of unregenerate Kingsleianism—it would be difficult to find. It suggests, too, another criticism we have to make upon our author,—the close connection, namely, of his greatest merits and his greatest faults with the intensely *social* character of his mind. His test, not only of good and evil, but of truth and falsehood, may be said to be the tendency of actions or doctrines to dissolve the bonds of social unity, or to draw them closer. This perhaps lies at the root of his dislike to political economy. Competition —which political economy recognises as the law of trade—he sees, truly enough, to be the source of much selfishness, many jealousies, and occasionally of bitter animosities and heart-burnings; and hence he tries to sweep the whole system away with the strong wind of religious faith. His deep respect for sanitary laws, for bodily exercises, for field sports, is in a great measure due to the connection of these things with *social* health, and the effect they have in clearing away the secret morbidness of exclusive temperaments, and opening the communications between mind and mind. He knows well that there is scarcely any root of exclusiveness, of moral cowardice, of self-involvement, of social blight, so common as the neglect of physical health and exercise; and he is aware, too, that the social and buoyant tone of his own Christianity arises in a great measure from his building it up on a sound foundation of physical health. There are evidently few things he hates so much as the morbid fancifulness of solitary and sedentary minds.

But this *social* test of right and truth, sound enough as far as it goes, is, *more consueto*, so exaggerated by Mr. Kingsley that it often brings out very false results. It is true that there must be a seed of error and of poison in any mind, or in any system of belief, which leads permanently to isolation, narrowness, and frigid self-sufficiency. But it is not true—as Mr. Kingsley thinks—that the characteristic sins of social temperaments are less heinous or less dangerous than the characteristic sins of solitary temperaments; nor even that convictions which *for a time* may seem to sever men from their fellow-creatures, and to remove them painfully from human sympathy, are less true than those which give an immediate and commanding hold of the popular mind. Now Mr. Kingsley falls into both these

of Shelley in almost the precise terms in which we have spoken of himself. "Whether it be vegetarianism or liberty, the rule [with Shelley] is practically the same—sentiment; which in this case, as in the case of all sentimentalists, turns out to mean at last, not the sentiments of mankind in general, but the private sentiments of the writer. This is Shelley; a sentimentalist pure and simple; incapable of any thing like inductive reasoning, unable to take cognisance of any facts but those which please his taste, or to draw any conclusion from them but such as also pleases his taste" (p. 314).

errors. In that essay on Shelley and Byron to which we have just referred, the man of social temperament, of unbridled passions, and of unbridled selfishness, is contrasted with a man whose complex, benevolent, sensitive, but in several points unhealthy, spirit was of such a kind that few could understand him fully, and few were fully understood by him. That the one was morbid, and the other manly, we do not deny; but we cannot conceive how any just-minded moralist, who judged by a true test—or, indeed, by any standard at all other than his own self-will and predilections—could compare Byron with Shelley, and feel inclined to give judgment in favour of the hardy reprobate over the gentle and aspiring enthusiast. But what Mr. Kingsley feels so strongly is, that Byron's sins against the social bond, though deep and gross, were *open* and easily exposed: Shelley's life and poetry, on the other hand, he thinks likely to fascinate men with an appearance of beauty and nobility which will end in eating out the manliness of their life and the heart of their faith. It is possible enough, perhaps, that a Shelley *school* of thought—though not half so likely to become prevalent—might, if prevalent, be more evil in its influences than a Byronic school, because it would be a more complex and subtle combination of noble sentiments with emotional self-indulgence. But what right have we, in comparing the two men, to judge them by the probable *effects* upon society of their characteristic faults? The fact remains, that Shelley—though afflicted with a morbid and unsocial nature, which, however, he did much to elevate and purify—was self-controlled, benevolent, dignified, courageously true, and comparatively pure in life; while Byron was selfish, sensual, covetous of fame, not above dissimulation, and without the power of mastering himself. Yet the Christian minister prefers the strong *fast* sinner to the erroneous and antipathic thinker!

But Mr. Kingsley not only makes social influence a test of good and evil; he too much inclines to make it a test of *Truth* also. In the Dialogue of *Phaethon*—a book, by the way, which if a man wishes to fill his belly with the east wind (as Solomon says), he had better read to-morrow—he is not ashamed to assert that a man who has reached what he is convinced is positive truth, should suppress the expression of that conviction if it seems to be in conflict with (what Mr. Kingsley, we suppose, deems to be) the more happy and useful belief of society at large. The atheist, we are told, even if moved by the "Spirit of Truth," is bound to conceal his unbelief;

"for there would be far more chance that he alone was wrong, and the many right, than that the many were wrong, and he alone right. He would, therefore, commit an insolent and conceited action, and

moreover a cruel and shameless one; for he would certainly make miserable, were he believed, the hearts of many virtuous persons who had never harmed him, for no immediate or demonstrable purpose except that of pleasing his own self-will" (p. 41).

This is perhaps the worst instance to be found in Mr. Kingsley's writings of his undiscriminating worship of the social bond. If he had given himself time to think, or had asked any *reasoning* friend to think for him, he would scarcely have published such a passage; or, indeed, any portion of the slipshod volume which contains it. No doubt, *in the end*, any creed must be false, or must contain a large element of error, which tends to drive men asunder; and all true faith ought ultimately to draw them into closer union and harmony. But this is not, and cannot be, our main *test* of their truth; and those who make it so commit exactly the same mistake as the utilitarian moralist, who judges of moral actions only by their consequences. Deep conviction is the sole *sine quâ non* of the duty of public expression. Of course, no man is bound, and no man has a right, to throw forth to the world his crude, hasty, passing notions on serious subjects—especially if those notions are likely to prove perturbing or offensive, and if he has not qualified himself by years, by study, by patient inquiry, and by modest reflection, to form and to propound independent opinions: and Mr. Kingsley might take this lesson home. But the mature convictions of mature minds are the great instruments of social progress and purification: all who read history know them to be so; all who believe in God should feel them to be so likewise; and should beware lest, out of mere timid unfaithfulness of soul, they "quench the spirit," and fight against the suggestions of the Most High.

As in the few pages which remain of our allotted space we shall address our criticisms to Mr. Kingsley alone, we should be sorry to leave our readers under the impression that what we have said of his analogue, Mr. Carlyle, comprises our whole opinion of that eminent man, or at all faithfully conveys the sentiments with which we regard him. We have spoken of his faults freely and severely; and we have nothing more to add on that score. But Mr. Carlyle is a man to be spoken of with respect, even where we cannot speak of him with patience. The present age owes to few a deeper debt of gratitude. He has infused into it something of his own uncompromising earnestness. He has preached up the duty and the dignity of WORK, with an eloquence which has often made the idle shake off their idleness, and the frivolous feel ashamed of their frivolity. He has proclaimed, in tones that have stirred many

hearts, that in toil, however humble, if honest and hearty, lie our true worth and felicity here below. "Blessed is the man who has found his work," he somewhere says: "let him ask no other blessedness." He has inspired in others something of his own contempt for animal indulgence, and for unproductive and unaspiring ease. He is the most terrible scourge the *fruges consumere nati* ever had. For every thing unreal and deceptive he has a keen eye and a withering denunciation. He has broken in pieces many hollow idols, and scattered to the winds many empty pretensions, many time-honoured falsehoods, many half-held creeds. He has forced a conventional and shallow generation to test and try many things, and to abandon what has clearly been found wanting. If he has built up little, he has destroyed much; he has prepared the way for future workmen by removing vast heaps of encumbering rubbish. On thinkers and on the young he has exercised an influence which has always been remarkable, and generally salutary; and if he has been usually scouted and neglected by statesmen and politicians, by the practical and the sober-minded, he owes it to his inveterate habit—in which again, by the way, Mr. Kingsley resembles him—of stating truth with such outrageous exaggeration that it looks like falsehood, and almost becomes such.

We have two more criticisms to make on Mr. Kingsley's writings; and both relate to very grave faults. With faculties equal to turning out work of almost any degree of excellence, his ordinary style of workmanship is slovenly and slipshod. With power to reach almost any standard, his ordinary standard is unfixed and low. He, who can do so well, is content often to do ill. We are sure that he writes as he thinks, hastily and inconsiderately. His rattling, random, galloping, defiant fashion of writing irresistibly conveys the impression of a man of overflowing mind coming in from a breathless burst with the foxhounds, rushing to his desk with muddy boots, battered hat, and disordered dress, and dashing off with vast rapidity the teeming fancies suggested to him by a brisk circulation and a fertile and vivid brain. He is essentially an *improvisatore*—an extempore writer. His luxuriance is marvellous; but he never prunes or tones it down. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, conscious of his own great gifts, he thinks that his loosest and most careless thoughts are good enough for the world. He wants respect for his readers, for his art, and for his own powers. He does not value the talent God has given him sufficiently to cultivate it to its highest point of perfection, to dress it in the most fitting drapery, or to be on the watch against its straggling

vagaries. He has none of the noble, artistic, old Greek thirst for perfection. He "goes in" for quantity rather than quality. Content with, and revelling in, a prolific exuberance that is almost unrivalled; seeking to do much rather than to do well; trusting to inspiration, and fancying (perhaps too easily) that whatever comes must be inspired,—he is for ever falling below himself, and at once disappointing and irritating his admirers. Now, a genius like Mr. Kingsley's not only deserves the most sedulous culture, but demands the most severe control. It is too rich and teeming to be left to "wander at its own sweet will." It needs to be *employed*, not to be *indulged*. A man has no more right to allow his powers to be *less* useful and profitable than they might be made, than he has to misuse or to neglect them altogether. If it be sinful to wrap your talent in a napkin and hide it in the earth, it is only one degree less sinful so to handle it as to make it yield twofold only where it might yield ten.

We have said that Mr. Kingsley is essentially an *improvisatore*. His novels especially bear the same relation to the best works of art, in their line, that the extempore versification of an abounding fancy bears to the conscientiously perfected and polished production of a consummate poet. It is difficult to believe that, either in *Hypatia* or in *Two Years ago*, he had laid his plot beforehand: in *Yeast* there does not pretend to be any plot at all. *Hypatia* especially might have been so grand, and is so disappointing. There is consummate mastery of the costume and character of the epoch; there are magnificent materials of character and fancy brought together to the workshop; there are gorgeous descriptions of external beauty; there are individual scenes of thrilling interest; there are wonderful glimpses both of thought and passion. Raphael Aben Ezra's meditations when he gets to the "bottom of the abyss" of scepticism, and poor Pelagia's piercing remonstrances against the prospect of being consigned to the flames of hell for ever, are among the most powerful passages we have read in any language. But the inconsiderate confusion in which the incidents of the story jostle and stumble over one another, and the indistinctness with which many of them are told, compel us to reserve our admiration for particular scenes and portions, and render it impossible to praise the work as a whole. Mingled with our pleasure and our interest in reading it, and spoiling both, come the ever-recurring reflections, "How much more might have been made of this! how much better this might have been done! what a splendid conception, but what an unworthy and slovenly maltreatment of it!" *Still*, with all its faults, it is unquestionably a work of genius; but of genius in a hurry—of genius, as it were, shut up without

fire or candle, like an inharmonious jury, and compelled to complete its task before it can regain its liberty. The general picture of those times is imperfect and confused enough, not from want of knowledge, but from want of care and patience; the view of the great struggle between Christianity and Paganism, when the latter was an effete and dying unreality, and the former was insolent with rough young life and rampant with incipient victory,—which offered so magnificent a subject for a pen competent to deal with it,—is in our opinion most inadequately and mistily worked out; but, on the other hand, the extravagant follies and the brutal vices of the Alexandrian Christians, as well as the narrow bigotry, questionable motives, and unscrupulous violence of their leaders, are drawn with a powerful and unsparing hand. Philammon, the young monk who goes forth to see the world, is interesting and natural; so is the wily and cultivated Jew, first a cynical philosopher, and then a convert to the new religion; so also is Pelagia, the Athenian dancing-girl and courtesan—frivolous, pleasure-loving, and childish, undeveloped and soulless because untaught, unconsciously sinful because brought up to sin, but still endowed with some original elements of good, and therefore redeemable, and in the end redeemed. Hypatia, the beautiful teacher of a poetic philosophy and a poetic creed; the beautiful dweller in a beautiful cloud-land; the enthusiastic votary of the old gods of Greece; spotless, ethereal, noble, but a dreamer; vainly and wildly striving to save and fan the flickering embers of a fading past, and to brighten and animate with her own vivid life the chill and pallid moonlight of the pagan faith,—is grandly conceived and finely depicted. The other characters in the book seem to us either blotches or mere indicated outlines. The only extract we shall allow ourselves is the soliloquy of Pelagia, after she has been awakened by the denunciations and the pity of Philammon and Arsenius to the sinfulness of her life, and its reputed future issue:

"'I cannot bear it! Any thing but shame! To have fancied all my life—vain fool that I was!—that every one loved and admired me; and to find that they were despising me, hating me, all along! . . . . And yet women as bad as I have been honoured—when they were dead. What was that song I used to sing about Epicharis, who hung herself in the litter, and Leaina, who bit out her tongue, lest torture should drive them to betray their lovers? There used to be a statue of Leaina, they say, at Athens—a lioness without a tongue. . . . . And whenever I sang the song, the theatre used to rise and shout, and call them noble and blessed. . . . . I never could tell why then; but I know now! Perhaps they may call me noble, after all. At least they may say, "She was a ——; but she dared to die for the man she loved!" . . . . Ay, but God despises me too, and hates me. He will send me to eternal fire. Philammon said so,—though he was my brother. The

old monk said so, though he wept as he said it. . . . . The flames of hell for ever! Oh, not for ever. Great, dreadful God! not for ever! Indeed, I did not know! No one ever taught me about right and wrong; and I never knew I had been baptised,—indeed I never knew! —And it was so pleasant—so pleasant to be loved and praised and happy, and to see happy faces round me. How could I help it? The birds who are singing in the darling beloved court—they do what they like; and Thou art not angry with them for being happy. And Thou wilt not be more cruel to me than to them, great God,—for what did I know more than they? Thou hast made the beautiful sunshine, and the pleasant, pleasant world, and the flowers and the birds. Thou wilt not send me to burn for ever and ever? will not a hundred years be punishment enough?—or a thousand? O God, is not this punishment enough already,—to have to leave him just as—just as I am beginning to long to be good and to be worthy of him? . . . . Oh! have mercy —mercy—mercy—and let me go after I have been punished enough! Why may I not turn into a bird, or even into a worm, and come back again out of that horrible place, to see the sun shine and the flowers grow once more? Oh! am not I punishing myself already? Will not this help to atone? . . . . Yes, I will die!—and perhaps so God will pity me.' And with trembling hands she drew the sword from its sheath, and covered the blade with kisses. 'Yes, on this sword—with which he won his battles. That is right—his to the last. Will it be very painful?—After all, it is his sword; it will not have the heart to torture me much.'"

Many of the same remarks we have made on *Hypatia* will apply to *Two Years ago*. To us this appears the cleverest and the pleasantest of Mr. Kingsley's novels; but it, like the rest, shows a singular absence of the artistic spirit. The plot is clumsy, and the winding-up and conversion of Tom Thurnall slovenly in the extreme. No man with an eye to the perfection of his work would have interwoven the irrelevant episode of Stangrave and Cordifiamma. It is entirely out of place, and is very interrupting. But Mr. Kingsley wanted to say his say about slavery and America; he had a fine conception in his head, and some striking thoughts ready at his pen; so he thrust them in where they had no business, and spoiled one story by what would have afforded excellent materials for another. But the book is full of interest: Grace is charming, though unnatural; Valencia charming, because natural. Thomas Thurnall is a capital character, though here and there degenerating into harsh caricature: a better picture was never drawn of the unregenerate, good, *natural* man,—wild, reckless, worthy, and affectionate,—doing his duty, and doing well, not from any conscientiousness or religious faith, but from a simple, ungodly, innate love of whatever is true, honest, fitting, right, and kindly; self-confiding, bubbling over with animal vigour and animal spirits, very rough but very lovable. The poet

too,—vain, selfish, shallow, and unregulated, but honourable and aspiring,—is well conceived, and is a real and complete conception. As with *Hypatia*, we say of this book, "What a pity that what is so good should not have been better still!"

Before closing this paper, we have another of Mr. Kingsley's deficiencies to notice (their name is Legion, our readers will begin to think); and it is one somewhat difficult to handle, both from its nature and from its close connection with one of his most signal merits. Without intending it,—or it would be more correct to say, without being conscious of it,—he is not unfrequently coarse. We are aware that he would not admit the imputation, and that he really believes himself to be innocent; but on questions of this sort the common taste of cultivated men and women must decide. In his treatment of love and the relation between the sexes, while sometimes excellent, he is sometimes also needlessly venturesome and grating. The plain truth is (and we may as well speak out), that his theory on this and cognate subjects, though we incline to think it sound, is one which can only be acted upon safely by writers whose courage and whose feelings are under the guidance of the most sensitively correct taste. He likes to call things by their plain names; a fancy with which, in moderation, we sympathise. He thinks, further, that in treating of the various questions arising out of the relations between the sexes, we lose much and risk much by a mischievous reticence and a false and excessive delicacy; and in this opinion also we agree with him. But in reference to both these peculiarities, his rampancy and daring make him a dangerous ally. He rides so near the boundary, that you are in perpetual uneasiness lest he should pass it. His view of love is, we think, true, chaste, and noble; and much needs to be asserted and upheld. Macaulay somewhere says of Southey, that he had no conception of genuine human love, "that all his heroes made love like seraphim or like cattle." Mr. Kingsley's heroes avoid both extremes; he proclaims—with a courage which, in a clergyman especially, is above all praise—the rights of nature, and the intrinsic purity of natural instincts; he blends, more than any writer we know, the warmth with the nobility of passion, and is resolutely bent on showing that the most passionate love may also be the purest, if only it be legitimate in its circumstances and worthy in its object. He seems to have almost grasped the grand cardinal truth, that the real guilt lies, not in mingling the gratification of passion with the sentiment of love, but in ever for one moment permitting the former save under the guidance and sanction of the latter. But here again that predominant appreciation of the *physical*,

which we have already commented upon, is unpleasantly manifest; the *Saint's Tragedy* contains passages which the more sensitive taste of Mr. Kingsley's friend and Mentor* would have omitted; and in other of his stories, what we may call the "animal magnetism" of love, in distinction to its finer sentiment, is made too much of, and brought too prominently forward. The heroines are too sensitive to the influence of look and touch; the heroes win them rather by mesmerism than by courtship. There is an undoubted element of fact in all this; but whether it be wise to paint it so strongly, or to dwell on it so much, may well be questioned.

For the fierce denunciation with which Mr. Kingsley assails the brutal ascetics of former times and their puny imitators in our own days, we tender him our most cordial gratitude and admiration. He hates them with a truly holy hatred. Asceticism is the form which religion takes in sensual minds, and in those weaker spirits over whom sensualists sometimes exercise so fatal and degrading a supremacy. When we think of the holy joys that have been poisoned, of the healthy souls that have been diseased, of the fine natures that have been made coarse, of happy lives embittered and bright lives darkened, of noble minds overset and pure minds soiled, by the foul fancies and the false doctrines which these men have invented to trample upon nature and to outrage all its sweet humanities, we feel that no terms of wrath or condemnation can be too unmeasured to apply to them. The strength and justice of Mr. Kingsley's sentiments on this subject would incline us perhaps too readily to pardon the coarseness observable in the *Saint's Tragedy* and in *Hypatia*, were they really necessary for the purpose he has in view, which we do not think they are.

We have spoken freely and without stint of Mr. Kingsley's errors and offences, because he is strong and can bear it well; because he is somewhat pachydermatous, and will not feel it much; because it is well for a man who habitually speaks of others in such outrageous terms, to have his own measure occasionally meted out to him in return; because, also, one who sins against so much light and knowledge deserves to be beaten with many stripes; and because, finally, on a previous occasion we did such ample justice to his merits. But we should grieve to have it believed that we are insensible to his remarkable and varied excellences, or to part from him otherwise than in a spirit of thorough and cordial appreciation. In spite of much that *is* rant, and of much that would be twaddle if it were not so energetic, there is such wonderful "*go*" in him, such exulting and abounding vigour, and he carries you along with a careering and

* See the Preface, by Mr. Maurice.

facile rapidity which, while it puts you out of breath, is yet so strangely exhilarating, that old and young never fail to find pleasure in his pages. He may often wander, but he never sleeps. He has, however, far higher claims on our admiration than any arising from these merely literary merits. And in an age like this, of vehement desires and feeble wills, of so much conventionalism and so little courage,—when our favourite virtue is indulgence to others, and our commonest vice is indulgence to self,—when few things are heartily loved, and fewer still are heartily believed,—when we are slaves to what others think, and wish, and do—slaves to past creeds in which we have no longer faith, slaves to past habits in which we have no longer pleasure, slaves to past phrases from which all the meaning has died out,—when the ablest and tenderest minds are afraid to think deeply, because they know not where deep thought might land them, and are afraid to act thoroughly, because they shrink from what thorough action might entail,—when too many lead a life of conscious unworthiness and unreality, because surrounded by evils with which they dare not grapple, and by darkness which they dare not pierce;—in such an age, amid such wants and such shortcomings, we owe a deep debt of gratitude to a crusader like Mr. Kingsley, whose faith is undoubting, and whose courage is unflinching; who neither fears others, nor mistrusts himself; who hates with a destructive and aggressive animosity whatever is evil, mean, filthy, weak, hollow, and untrue; who has drawn his sword and girded up his loins for a work which cannot be passed by, and which must not be negligently done; whose practice himself, and whose exhortation to others, is, in the words of the great German,

"Im halben zu entwöhnen,
Im ganzen, guten, wahren, resolut zu leben."

Art. II.—THE FOREIGN OFFICE: CLASSIC OR GOTHIC.

Report from the Select Committee on Foreign-Office Reconstruction, &c. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, July 13, 1858.

Remarks on Secular and Domestic Architecture, Present and Future. By George Gilbert Scott, A.R.A. London: 1857.

Some Account of Domestic Architecture in England from the Conquest to Henry VIII. By the Editor of the "Glossary of Architecture." Four volumes. Oxford and London: 1851-9.

The subject of mediæval architecture has now for a good many years drawn to itself a large share of public attention. Its vo-

taries have been very many and very diligent. They have even been numerous enough to form several distinct schools, who have sometimes regarded one another with rather more jealousy than was needed. There has been a purely antiquarian, an æsthetical, and an ecclesiastical school, all studying the same objects from three different points of view. All three have, in their several ways, added to our stock of knowledge upon the subject. All three, but the last two more directly, have contributed to that great practical revival of mediæval architecture which has gone hand-in-hand with its speculative study. All three, perhaps, but most certainly the ecclesiastical school, have done something to damage their own cause. But the result of the whole has been, that the subject has made a most marvellous advance within the last thirty years. At the beginning of the century a few people tried to explain the history and principles of Gothic architecture, and a few people tried to reproduce Gothic buildings in stone and mortar. Both classes, especially the former, are to be held in respect as having paved the way for better things; but, viewing them from our present position, we cannot help pronouncing that the attempts of both were alike failures. Now we have one set of men who can explain the date and the purpose of every stone in an ancient building; we have another—the men are sometimes the same, but the office is different—who can explain equally well the successive development of successive styles, and the ruling principles of each; and we have a third class, practical architects and their employers, who have learned first to imitate, and now, we think, —something more than to imitate,—really to reproduce, buildings worthy of the best days of mediæval art. With Professor Willis to explain the history of particular buildings, with Mr. Petit to explain the characteristics of successive styles, and with Mr. Scott to embody their teaching in such glorious shapes as the new chapel of Exeter College, the progress of the present generation beyond the last is wonderful indeed.

In the ecclesiastical department Gothic architecture appears to have completely triumphed. Nearly every church, every Roman-Catholic chapel, built for some years past is, in some form or other, Gothic. If there is a very small class which are otherwise, they are at once felt as exceptions to a common rule. But it is not merely Anglican and Roman-Catholic churches which exhibit the prevalent taste for Gothic; the style has begun to be largely employed—sometimes by no means unsuccessfully employed—for Dissenting chapels also. Mr. Spurgeon, indeed, thinks that Gothic architecture was invented by the devil; but he seems to be far from carrying the whole of his brethren with him. Gothic art has even made considerable

advances in a quarter where one would perhaps have still less expected it, in the Free Church of Scotland. In short, in the Established Church its triumph has been complete; and in other religious bodies its success has been very considerable. And from churches it has extended itself to that class of buildings which combine something of the ecclesiastical with the domestic character. Parsonages, schools, colleges, are now commonly Gothic: Anglican or Roman-Catholic foundations are almost universally so; those of other communions very frequently. In short, Gothic has become the recognised style for ecclesiastical purposes. We are not sure that this has not been something of a stumbling-block in the way of its becoming the recognised style for general purposes; still, the ecclesiastical triumph of Gothic architecture, its almost universal adoption, the perfection to which it is carried in the best new churches, form a very great and very remarkable success.

The great question with regard to Gothic architecture just now is that practical one which the proposed rebuilding of the Foreign Office has brought before the mind of the nation at large: How far is Gothic architecture suited to modern civil and domestic purposes? Twenty years ago, indeed, the question might seem to have been decided in favour of Gothic by the adoption of that style for the new Houses of Parliament. This was a premature success, which has, in the long-run, damaged the Gothic cause. The new Houses of Parliament have many faults. We suspect that in certain quarters there is a disposition to exaggerate those faults. We believe that the official and parliamentary mind is sharper in discerning them than that of the general public. Still, in any case, the building is by no means faultless; and the mere fact that so many accusations are brought against it is itself a phenomenon to be explained. Certain it is that the new Houses are assailed from various quarters. Haters of Gothic object to them as being Gothic; lovers of Gothic object to them as not being good Gothic; economists say that they have been needlessly costly; and those who ought best to know say that they are practically inconvenient. Many minds have drawn from all this the not unnatural inference that the experiment of employing Gothic for a great national building has been fairly tried, and has failed. Not only its marked ecclesiastical success, but its premature civil success, has tended not a little to depreciate the value of secular Gothic architecture in the mind of a large body of those who do not stop to examine matters below the surface.

The whole question, in short, is one which is clouded over with misconceptions of all kinds—historical, artistic, and practical; and it has had the further special misfortune to get mixed

up with political and theological controversies with which it has no sort of natural connection. We believe that the best service we can do, is to clear away these misconceptions one by one; and we hope our more thoughtful and well-informed readers will forgive us if we find it necessary to go back pretty much to first principles, and to take some trouble about propositions which are really hardly better than truisms. Some of the most prevalent and most mischievous misconceptions are grounded on such total ignorance of the subject, that one is almost ashamed gravely to answer them; but statements made within the walls of Parliament derive from the place of their promulgation a practical importance, which is increased a hundred-fold when they are made by the First Minister of the Crown. Had Lord Palmerston's anti-Gothic speeches come before us in the form of an anonymous pamphlet, we should certainly not have gone out of our way to write an article in answer to them. But when they appear as speeches made in the House of Commons by Lord Palmerston, though their strength as argument is in no way increased, yet they derive an adventitious importance which makes it impossible to pass them by.

First of all, the very names commonly given to the contending styles are altogether misleading. "Classic and Gothic,"—to not a few minds the two words convey some misty idea that the struggle is one between civilisation and barbarism, between night and darkness, almost between Ormuzd and Ahriman. Lord Palmerston is the champion of the pure and beautiful style of civilised Greeks and Romans; while Lord John Manners is the votary of the barbarous devices of savage Goths and Vandals. To one who knows any thing of the history of architecture, this seems rubbish not worth answering; but we must not let squeamishness of this sort let us in for a Foreign Office designed or approved by Mr. Tite. "Classic" architecture is not classic at all; nor is "Gothic" architecture Gothic in the sense in which people take it to be. People fancy Gothic architecture has something to do with the Goths, and they further fancy that the Goths were nothing but barbarians and destroyers. At the end of the last century it was commonly believed* that Gothic architecture was invented by the Goths when they had altogether "overrun the Roman empire;" and there is no doubt that the belief has not died out even in the present generation. The word "Goth" has become a proverb for barbarism;† Mr. Layard, even in the House of Commons, classes together

* For some curious references on this head see Freeman's *History of Architecture*, p. 298.

† We need hardly gather together instances, but there is one in Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (ii. 385, Oxf. ed. 1826) too good to be passed by:

"Johnson expressed his disapprobation of ornamental architecture, such as

"Goths, Huns, and Vandals." Now it would be very hard to show that the Goths at all deserved the character popularly given them as despisers and destroyers of ancient art. We know of no evidence implicating any single Goth in any act of wanton destruction: on the contrary, they looked with the profoundest reverence on the great works which they found in Italy; their king, Theodoric, was the great preserver and restorer of the Roman monuments, which, but for him, would have gone to ruin. The real destroyers were the Italians themselves; the partisan warfare, sometimes the baser cupidity, of the popes, cardinals, and barons of much later times really did the work which is unfairly laid to the charge of Goths and Vandals. The Vandals, indeed, we do not undertake to defend; Genseric really did something in the way of destruction; but what Genseric laid bare, Theodoric replaced: the real damage was done when Robert Guiscard burnt half Rome by way of delivering its pontiff; when the Orsini, the Colonna, and the Frangipani turned every ancient building into a fortress; and when papal nephews converted them to the still baser use of a quarry:

"Quod non fecere barbari, fecere Barberini."

In a word, Gothic architecture has nothing to do with the Goths; but we cannot see that it would be at all a disgraceful origin if it had.

And if Gothic architecture is not Gothic, Classic architecture is not classic. People, some of whom ought to know better, are fond of epigrammatic sayings about "the Greeks and Goths." There are neither Greeks nor Goths in the business. The rival style is not Grecian, it is not even Roman; it is the Italian of the *Renaissance*. The essence of Grecian architecture is to be an architecture of the entablature, not of the arch. It is an architecture of porticos, of columns, and architraves; not an architecture of walls and windows. Perfect in its loveliness as a matter of art, perfect in its adaptation to its own uses, Greek temple architecture is simply impossible in England; you cannot apply it to modern English purposes without spoiling it. In fact, it has been tried and has failed; its utmost achievement has been to attach porticos, sometimes very beautiful in themselves, to buildings with which they had no possible connection. We do not remember whether pure Grecian was attempted in any of the designs sent in for the Foreign-Office competition; it certainly was not in any of those which have at all trod on the heels of Mr.

magnificent columns supporting a portico, *or expensive pilasters supporting merely their own capitals*, 'because it consumes labour disproportionate to its utility.'"

Mr. Gwyn, an architect, it seems, was present; and, as Boswell says, "the spirit of the artist rose against what he thought *a Gothic attack*." Did either Johnson or Boswell know that they had very nearly stumbled between them upon the distinctive character of Gothic decoration as distinguished from Italian?

Scott. To call the modern Italian style "Grecian" or "Classic," is to give it a delusive name of honour; just as to call mediæval architecture "Gothic" is, with many people, to give a dog a bad name and hang him. To talk about "Greeks and Goths" merely confuses the whole matter. If we may return epigram for epigram, we should say that the dispute is not between Alaric and Pericles, not even between Theodoric and Augustus, but between St. Louis and Cæsar Borgia, between Robert Grosseteste and Alexander VI.

But perhaps more formidable than this is the objection drawn from the supposed specially ecclesiastical character of Gothic architecture. This idea is a pure delusion, but it is one most widely prevalent; it is one that takes very various forms, and it is one to whose currency friends and foes have alike contributed. Mr. Spurgeon, as we have seen, thinks Gothic architecture was invented by the devil. We do not agree with the sentiment; but we decidedly respect its author for his plainness of speech. He puts a popular objection in its strongest and clearest shape. That Gothic architecture was invented by the devil is of course a natural inference from the very prevalent notion that it has something to do with the Pope. Gothic architecture is supposed to be a dark, gloomy, mysterious, in a word, Popish style; transubstantiation lurks in its deeply-cut mouldings, and the floriated wreaths of its capitals do but conceal such snakes-in-the-grass as the Immaculate Conception. As for its tracery, its mullions, transoms, cusps, and foils, they are confessedly only devices for keeping out the pure light of Protestantism. It is a style—has not the Premier himself told us? —fit only for a monastery or a Jesuit college. To be sure, the Jesuits,—men tolerably wise in their generation,—never themselves found out this special fitness for their purposes; but Lord Palmerston has said it, Mr. Tite has endorsed it, Mr. Coningham has cried "hear, hear" to it: how can we venture to set ourselves against such a phalanx of artistic, historical, and theological authorities? Let us allow that it is Popish, if only the great political divine will give us an exact definition of Popery, in all its bearings, theological, political, moral, and artistic.

Now a "*tu quoque*" is confessedly not a high style of argument, but sometimes the temptation to it is too strong for human nature. When Mr. Coningham tells us that we are Papists because of our Gothic tendencies, we cannot help answering, "You are another." Very likely our theological discernment is less acute; we cannot see how a style of architecture can be of any particular religious creed; we do not see how a pointed arch can be more Popish than a round one, or a round arch more Protestant than a pointed one. Still, if there is

such a thing in the world as a Popish style,—if there are any architectural forms on which the mark of the Beast is indelibly impressed,—it is surely that very Revived Italian style which we are called upon to accept in the name of pure Protestantism. If English Gothic buildings are Popish because those who built them paid a very feeble and very unwilling allegiance to the Pope, what are we to call those which were built by the Pope himself?* The great patrons of Revived Italian were the Popes themselves, in the vilest period of the Popedom. The masterpiece of the style was one of the immediate occasions of the Reformation. The wrath of Luther was first stirred up by the sale of indulgences: the indulgences were sold to supply the means of building St. Peter's; St. Peter's is the great wonder and glory of Revived Italian architecture. If it were not sheer nonsense to talk of a style of architecture being either Popish or Protestant, we think our charge of Popery against the Revived Italian style would be unanswerably made out.

The prejudice against Gothic architecture as being Popish, or worse than Popish, "Puseyite," is utterly unreasonable, and is belied by facts. Yet we are not in the least surprised at its existence. A large and zealous class of Gothic revivalists have only to thank themselves for it. Mr. Pugin, among the Roman Catholics, and the Cambridge Camden school in the Church of England, took up the subject in a way which could have no other result. Gothic architecture was put forth as exclusively Christian and Catholic; every other style was loathed as heathen. The details of mediæval architecture, and of mediæval ritualism, were studied by the same persons, and treated of in the same books, not as matters of legitimate antiquarian study, but as equally demanding imitation in the nineteenth century. Mr. Paley, whose brain was far less heated than those of some of his brethren, could not put forth his valuable treatise on mouldings, the very driest and most technical portion of the whole subject, without a dedication talking about "the cause of Catholic art." Messrs. Webb and Neale translated the frivolous and stupid reveries of Durandus, which became the gospel of one generation of "ecclesiologists." There was no beauty without symbolism, and no symbolism without beauty. In short, the publications of the Cambridge Society and its leaders contained at least as much polemical theology as they did antiquarian information or artistic criticism. Mr. Freeman, in the contemporary Oxford Society, never went these lengths, and always rejected the

* In the same way, at this very moment, the extreme Ultramontane party among English Roman Catholics—the Oratorians, for instance—object to Gothic; while those who, though Roman Catholics, have not ceased to be Englishmen, such as the school of Mr. Pugin, prefer it.

"symbolical theory." In his *History of Architecture*, he always gives historical and artistic considerations their primary place, and frequently protests against the extravagances of his allies. Yet even his book is often disfigured by irrelevant ecclesiastical matters, of which he seems glad to make a kind of retractation, both in his preface, and in his later work on *Window Tracery*. A very large body of the students of Gothic architecture took it up on this kind of polemical ground. It was not architecture, as architecture, that they cared about, but what they rather affectedly called Ecclesiology.

It is very true that all this time Gothic architecture was being steadily studied and advanced by men against whom no charge of the kind could possibly be brought. Mr. Rickman, being a Quaker, was certainly not a Roman Catholic. No charge of Popery or "Puseyism," that we ever heard of, has been brought against Dr. Whewell, Professor Willis, or Mr. Petit. Yet Professor Willis is the great master of the constructive, and Mr. Petit of the æsthetical, branch of the subject. Mr. Petit, indeed, has since changed sides; he is perhaps the only apostate whom we have to mourn. While every other student of ancient Gothic art wishes to see it revived in modern works, he alone admires the old ones so much, that he cannot bear to see them profaned by modern imitations.* We deeply lament the loss of such an ally; but it does not lessen the value of his past services. Mr. Parker, indeed, who may rank alongside of them as the master of purely antiquarian detail, may possibly have incurred suspicion as the publisher of much Anglo-Catholic divinity; but we do not think that all Exeter Hall combined would scent out any Popery in the *Glossary of Architecture*. The labours of all these distinguished men were known and honoured by real students of the subject; but they did not make so much noise in the world as the high "Ecclesiological" school. The revival of Gothic architecture, and the revival of what were called "Popish practices," went hand in hand. The two were advocated in the same books, and were practically carried out in the same buildings. The churches which most successfully carried out a particular style were not uncommonly arranged and decorated in a particular manner. Of course, the two things had really nothing to do with each other; but it would have been a marvel indeed if they had not become confused in popular estimation. That Gothic architecture has any necessary or probable Popish tendency, is one of the most ludicrous of fal-

* Mr. Petit seems also, from the concluding chapter of his splendid *Architectural Studies in France*, to have been led away by some misty and incomprehensible ethnological theory about "Goths." There is no greater pity in this world than when an able man leaves a subject which he fully understands, to write nonsense about one which he does not.

lacies; but that a great many people thought so was in very truth the fault of no one so much as of one influential section of the Gothicists themselves.

But, besides those who think that Gothic architecture is something Popish or Puseyite, fit only for a monastery or a Jesuit's college, there is another class who willingly admit that Gothic is a good style for churches, but who deny that it is a good style for houses or Foreign Offices. This misconception is a fallacy quite as great, and also quite as natural, as the last. It arises from several causes.

First of all, a little thought will show that, as it is nonsense to say that a style of architecture, as such, is Christian or Heathen, Catholic or Protestant, it is equally nonsense to say that it is good for ecclesiastical buildings, and bad for civil; or good for civil, and bad for ecclesiastical. We say, without the least hesitation, if Gothic can be shown to be the best style for a church, it follows that it is the best style for a Foreign Office; if Italian can be shown to be the best style for a Foreign Office, it follows that it is the best style for a church. To many people, we have no doubt, this sounds like a paradox; it is in reality a truism. The belief to the contrary arises from not realising what a style of architecture is. A style of architecture is not determined by the shape or proportion of the buildings which are built in it, but by its construction and its detail. It is not of the esssence of a Gothic building to be long, tall, and narrow, like a mediæval church; it is not of its essence to have narrow windows, and those obscured by stained glass. You may build a church as mediæval as you please in proportion and arrangement, whose style shall be as remote from Gothic as may be wished. St. Eustache at Paris is in composition a mediæval temple of the noblest kind, but it is most certainly not Gothic in style. St. Paul's Cathedral has all the parts of a mediæval minster hardly less fully developed than St. Peter's Abbey. Cardinal Wiseman would at once find an ecclesiastical use for many parts of it which now stand wholly empty, or garnished only with figures of Neptune and Britannia, which certainly do not seem in their places. On the other hand, a building may be of any shape you please, and yet be purely Gothic. The proportions of Westminster Hall are as different as may be from those of Westminster Abbey, yet both are Gothic alike. Not to go beyond the limits of ecclesiastical structures, the huge broad brick churches of Aquitaine and Languedoc—such as the glorious cathedral of Alby, without aisles or transepts, but with a single vaulted body of enormous span—are as purely Gothic as Westminster or St. Ouen's. Yet in shape and proportion they differ almost as much from an English or from a French cathedral,

as do the domical churches of Perigueux or Byzantium. But, in reality, you may, if you like, build a square meeting-house which shall be as purely Gothic as York Minster. It might be more difficult to build a semicircular Gothic lecture-room,—though we believe there are Gothic architects ready to accept the challenge; but in any case you might avoid the difficulty by making it polygonal, which is practically the same thing as circular. A Gothic building is one which, when an arch is wanted, employs by preference the pointed form, and which accompanies that form by an appropriate system of detail.* It must not leave any square edges to its jambs; they must be moulded, or, at the very least, chamfered. It may not require any pillars; but if it does, they should be clustered or octagonal rather than round. It may not require any decorative shafts; but if it has any, their abaci should be round or octagonal rather than square. Its windows may be of any size or shape; if the position allows it, an arched, and therefore a pointed, head is desirable; if it is more convenient to make them square, round, or triangular, square, round, or triangular they may be. They may be narrow, they may be wide; only, if they are wide enough to require divisions, those divisions should take the form of ornamental tracery. Finally, its roof may be of any kind; but a stone vault is the best in any position which allows it.† It is evident that all these things may exist in a building of any shape, and designed for any use. It is undoubtedly true, that it is in a great minster that Gothic architecture has the best opportunity of displaying its highest powers. But so it is with every other style. In every style its churches or temples, whether Christian or heathen, are its noblest works. A Gothic building, an Italian one, or one of any other style, is distinguished by its mechanical construction and its artistic details; things which are altogether independent of the use of the building, or of its proportion, which must mainly depend upon its use.

The merits of a style of architecture are its beauty, its constructive reality, its practical convenience, its comparative cheapness, and lastly, its nationality. We hope shortly to show that in none of those is Gothic surpassed by Italian, while in most of them Italian is surpassed by Gothic. But what at present we wish to insist on, is, that whichever of the two is

* This definition is worked out at large in Freeman's *History of Architecture*, pp. 300 et sqq. The general positions laid down are quite sound; but the writer has clearly had ecclesiastical buildings too exclusively before his mind.

† It is curious to see how the stone vault is almost confined to the highest and the lowest efforts of Gothic art—to its grand churches, and to the subordinate parts of domestic buildings. The cause is, because they are physically the highest and the lowest. The proportions of rooms in a house would hardly ever admit of a vault. A great hall is too broad, a small one is too low.

found by this standard to be the better, is necessarily the better for all purposes; and that it is unreasonable to talk of one style being better for a Cathedral, and another for a Foreign Office. If we survey the whole history of art, we shall find this notion, of one style for religious, and another for secular purposes, is utterly without precedent any where. In old Greece, at Rome, in mediæval Europe, temples, houses, public buildings, were all built in one and the same style. Shape and proportion of course varied, but style was one. A Greek or Roman house had a very different plan from a Greek or Roman temple; but a house of sufficient dignity to possess colonnades, had colonnades of the same kind of pillars as those in a temple. So it was in the days of Gothic art; houses were built in exactly the same style as churches. And not only were houses built in the same style as churches, but "the sacred details of Christian art" were profaned by being employed in the temples of another worship. Where the Jews were allowed sufficient freedom, they built themselves synagogues, and those synagogues* were, like all other contemporary buildings, Gothic. So when Italian supplanted Gothic, it supplanted it in churches no less than in houses. Perhaps it never quite supplanted it in either; but Sir Christopher Wren did not say "Italian for houses, Gothic for churches;" when he built Gothic in either, it was not by his own choosing. Whether in any or all of these periods civil architecture was most influenced by religious, or religious by civil, it is really idle to examine. Probably in all cases the civil was most influenced by the religious, simply because the temples of every style were its noblest buildings. But this does not prove Gothic, any more than Italian, to be, in the strange phrase of some of its enemies, "a church style." The real point is, that in all ages of good architecture, the religious and the civil style have always been the same.

This last remark leads us to another misconception, which has done much to discredit the cause of secular Gothic in England. People do not realise the fact that Gothic ever was a prevalent civil style. Mr. Parker's beautiful volumes on English Domestic Architecture come in most opportunely to drive away this error. His book opens to us a vast store of exquisite remains of mediæval civil architecture, still existing in our own country, and gives some glimpses of the far richer stores which exist in other lands. The popular ignorance on this subject is truly amazing. Our land is still studded with beautiful fragments of mediæval domestic art; only the difficulty is, to make

* Mr. Scott, in his *Faithful Restoration of Ancient Churches*, has given a most striking account of the mediæval synagogue in Prague, of the best Gothic work.

people believe that they are domestic. Every practical antiquary knows how inveterate is the notion that every mediæval building must be a church, or at all events an abbey. Good plain manor-houses are said to have been lived in by monks; halls are shown as chapels; the least fragment of a Gothic door or window is at once set down as part of an ecclesiastical building. Some zealots, some years back, raised a storm of abuse against the magistrates of Hampshire for having the assizes held in a "desecrated church;" the desecrated church being no other than the great hall of the king's palace at Winchester. It is hard to guess whether people fancy that all their forefathers were perjured monks, or whether they think that the mediæval laity lived in tents or in dens and caves of the earth. This notion of the specially ecclesiastical character of Gothic is in truth a mere superstition, like the notions about confessionals and subterranean passages; but it is a superstition which is just now doing a great deal of practical harm.

The cause of this error doubtless is, that though the remains of Gothic domestic architecture in England are positively very abundant, yet they are but few and far between when compared with the ecclesiastical remains. For a parish to possess a Gothic church is the common rule; but for the parish also to contain an ancient Gothic house, is, except in some particular counties, the exception. You may go through large towns containing several fine Gothic churches, and not see so much as a fragment of Gothic domestic detail. But this is simply because the domestic buildings have been so much more extensively destroyed than the ecclesiastical. In many districts houses were commonly of wood; in all, their actual accommodation was small and mean compared with what modern refinement or luxury requires. Hence our Gothic houses have very commonly perished. And again, our English towns never acquired during the middle ages that amount of commercial wealth, or of local independence, which could lead to the erection, as in the cities of the Netherlands, of civic public buildings rivalling the proudest minsters in architectural splendour. In England our domestic remains are for the most part small and fragmentary. But in France it is not so. Look at Rouen, with its Palace of Justice; look at Bourges, with its house of Jaques Cœur; look at Limoges and Perigueux and St. Emilion, where some specimen of Gothic domestic work meets you at every step, where there are almost more mediæval houses than there are later ones. Still less is it so in the old free cities of Germany, and in the hardly less free cities of Flanders and Brabant. The fact is simply this,—in the middle ages, an English town was commonly less rich than a continental one; now the case is reversed.

The consequence is twofold: the English mediæval houses were at once less worth preserving than the continental ones, and there has been more wealth able to be laid out in rebuilding them. Hence domestic Gothic has, in this purely accidental way, become much rarer in this country than on the Continent, and hence people, seeing Gothic churches constantly, and Gothic houses but seldom, have fallen into the very erroneous notion that Gothic is a specially ecclesiastical style.

Closely connected with this mistake is one still more fatally impeding the cause of civil Gothic architecture,—the notion, which we have already mentioned, that it has been fairly tried, and has failed. Up to this time it is certainly true that the Gothic revival has been much less successful with houses than with churches. This is owing to several causes. It is only quite lately that any of our best Gothic architects have seriously turned their attention to domestic work. Mr. Scott had won high fame as an ecclesiastical architect before he either wrote his most thoughtful and practical book on Domestic Architecture, or had himself produced any important Gothic secular building. The commonwealth of Hamburg did not choose him to rebuild their senate-house till they had already tried his skill in the splendid church of St. Nicholas. Any thing like a real revival of civil Gothic is very recent indeed. An attempt at it, indeed, actually preceded the ecclesiastical revival; but its products were something worse even than the worst of modern Gothic churches. And no wonder, for there were at least plenty of ancient Gothic churches for the revivalists to imitate, while they seem to have been absolutely ignorant that there were any Gothic houses. The only Gothic buildings of which people seem to have had any notion at the beginning of this century were abbeys and castles. Hence arose the folly so justly and so unmercifully lashed by Mr. Pugin. People wanted to build Gothic houses; and by way of Gothic houses they lodged themselves, some in sham abbeys, and others in sham castles. Undoubtedly, some of our very noblest examples of domestic architecture are to be found within the walls of our mediæval castles; such buildings, for instance, as the halls of Conway, Chepstow, and Caerphilly. But of course a castle, looked at as a whole, is an utterly inappropriate model for a modern house; yet the "Gothic" architects of those days thought it essential to Gothicism to give you all the gateways and towers and turrets which Edward I. had found necessary to keep down the turbulent countrymen of Llwelyn. To be sure, in many cases they looked very like a gingerbread or card-board imitation, but there they were; an Englishman's house is his castle, and why should he not make it look like what it is? The buildings thus produced were

intensely ludicrous, because intensely unreal, as pieces of architecture; and they moreover proved any thing but convenient as modern dwelling-houses. Vagaries of this sort naturally brought Gothic civil architecture into discredit. Then came the great experiment of the Houses of Parliament, which supplies the anti-Gothic party with their most constantly-repeated argument. "Gothic has been tried in the Houses of Parliament, and Gothic has failed; the Houses of Parliament are uncomfortable and inconvenient; therefore we will have no more Gothic for our public buildings." This argument, or rather this fallacy, has been answered over and over again; but the oftener it is answered, the oftener it is repeated unaltered,—according to the style of logic which Lord Macaulay attributes to James II. We must therefore ask our readers to bear with us while we answer it yet again, even at the risk of saying what they may have heard or read half-a-dozen times already.

Now, first of all, whether the objections to the Houses of Parliament are well or ill founded,—and we suspect they are not all quite so well founded as is sometimes taken for granted,—a good many of them have nothing to do with styles of architecture at all. The building may be ill ventilated; but good or bad ventilation has nothing whatever to do with the question between Gothic or Italian. A round arch and a pointed one allow exactly the same freedom of passage to a given current of air. The building may be incommodious, but that is not the fault of its architectural style. If Sir Charles Barry has any where sacrificed the practical objects of the building to any notion of the æsthetical requirements of the style, he has therein sinned against an architectural law higher than any controversies about particular styles. Neither Gothic nor Italian, in the hands of a master of either, requires any such sacrifice. If such be the case, it is not Gothic which is in fault, but Sir Charles Barry's false conception of the requirements of Gothic. Again, the building is said to be needlessly costly. And no wonder. It is overloaded with masses of ornament copied from Henry VII.'s Chapel, which we feel sure that no mediæval architect would have thought of adding to a building of this nature.

Secondly, granting that Gothic has practically failed in the hands of Sir Charles Barry, that affords no sort of presumption that it will fail in the hands of Mr. Scott. We do not wish to speak a single disrespectful word of Sir Charles. Compared with the ideal perfection of a Gothic building, his work is certainly a failure; but, under the circumstances of the case, it is a very great success. It is not positively good, but it is highly creditable to Sir Charles Barry that it is not much worse. Sir Charles Barry's whole experience, his whole sympathies, lay in

another line; he was an Italian architect working in Gothic against the grain: real success in such a case was impossible; he did not even succeed so far as his great predecessor Wren did in the like case. Wren despised Gothic, and knew nothing of Gothic detail; but he had the eye of a consummate architect. When constrained to work in Gothic, he caught at once the general conception of what he was to produce. His towers, both at Westminster and at Warwick, have the true Gothic outline, though their details are wretched beyond expression. Sir Charles Barry, on the other hand, has given us a front whose general feeling is Italian, and has overlaid it with Gothic detail of a purity unknown to Sir Christopher. But we must remember, it is twenty years since—twenty years of unspeakable importance in the history of art. Twenty years ago many of our rising architects were children; Mr. Scott himself was far from being what he is now. The true principles of Gothic architecture, above all, of civil Gothic architecture, were then so little known, that we very much doubt whether a better design could then have been had. Sir Charles Barry had at any rate sense enough to preserve him from any monstrous absurdity; he knew that he was building a house and not a church. He did not, like one of his competitors,—whose name we forget, but who afterwards published his designs,—send in a composition which we can only describe as two French cathedrals running full tilt against one another. Of his two towers, indeed, one, we think, is ugly in itself, the other is too ecclesiastical. But these are really small charges to bring against a design now almost a generation old. The building at least proclaims itself to be what it is, a great civil public building. We may be very thankful that it is not a sham minster or a sham castle. But had it been bad with the badness of that yet earlier state of things, even that would prove nothing against Gothic in 1860 in the hands of Mr. Scott. Nothing but wilful blindness can shut its eyes to the fact, that the twenty years of architectural study which have intervened,—we should add, the far greater architectural genius of Mr. Scott,—just make all the difference between the two cases. There is no knowing what may happen; Mr. Scott may fail as well as Sir Charles Barry; but, at any rate, let us be fair and logical. Sir Charles Barry has failed; his failure does not afford the slightest presumption that Mr. Scott will be equally unlucky.

These are the main objections; there are a few more trifling ones, which we may clear off in a very summary way. To admire Gothic art, especially to support Mr. Scott's design, is held to be the badge of a sect or a party; sometimes it would seem political, and sometimes religious. This is a development of the

Popish and Puseyite cry. The odd thing is, that we believe nobody has ever connected Mr. Scott personally with controversy of either kind, though the cry is at once brought up against his partisans. The only time that we ever saw Mr. Scott's name brought into connection with polemics of any kind was when he designed a noble church for the city of Hamburg, and was forthwith attacked by the Ecclesiological party for profaning "the sacred details of Christian art" by their employment in a "Lutheran meeting-house." We should have thought that this little bit of martyrdom was rather a claim upon the sympathies of Exeter Hall. The Gotho-Scottish sect must at least be very elastic; it is indeed a happy family which takes in Lord John Manners, Mr. Beresford Hope, Lord Elcho, Mr. Stirling, and Sir Joseph Paxton, we believe we may add Mr. Pease, to say nothing of the republic of Hamburg. We do not mean to be uncharitable, but we do know what political parties are; we know how very pleasant it is to rake up any thing against those who fill the seats which we have just left. Only suppose Lord John Manners had been a champion of "Tite and the Greeks," would not Lord Palmerston and Lord Llanover have found out that "Scott and the Goths" were exactly the thing that they wanted?

But Gothic is dark, it is irregular, it is too light, it is monotonous, it is foreign, it is an innovation, it is whatever it comes into Lord Palmerston's head to call it. Lord Palmerston, we all know, is the privileged wit of the House of Commons; whatever he says, it is no more than parliamentary etiquette to cheer and to laugh at it. If the noble lord chooses to say that Gothic buildings are necessarily irregular and dark, the remark draws forth "cheers and laughter;" if he says a few minutes after that they are necessarily monotonous and unpleasantly light, the "cheers and laughter" come as naturally as before. We will only stop to remark, that every one who knows any thing about it knows that one great characteristic, one great advantage, of Gothic is its wonderful elasticity in the way of windows. They may be simply of any size or shape that is wanted. If you like mere loopholes, you may have them; if you like to have a wall with more glass than stone in it, you may have that instead; and you need not run into either of these extremes; there are plenty of examples of the true *via media*. Moreover it is worth noticing, that in nearly all modern buildings, even when making no sort of pretension to Gothic character, we find the mullion, or something equivalent to it, constantly introduced. Whenever extra width and extra light is wanted, the mullion (Lord Palmerston's great agent for the promotion of darkness) is sure to appear. The windows in

the new reading-room of the British Museum are actually of a familiar Romanesque type, and the needful change of detail would at once translate them into Gothic. So it is repeatedly in buildings affecting "classic" character, and in buildings affecting no architectural character at all. The only peculiarity of Gothic is, that it gives these same mullions a more beautiful and appropriate form than any other style. In short, all these objections are simply said for the sake of something to say; they are not arguments, they hardly rise even to the dignity of prejudices. We may dispose of them in the words of a correspondent of the *Times:* "Let Lord Palmerston only mention the exact quantity of light he wishes to have thrown upon foreign affairs, and Mr. Scott will easily give him that exact quantity, neither more nor less."

We have taken some pains and some space in disposing of misconceptions, because the subject is involved in so many and of such different kinds. When these irrelevant objections are got rid of, the case seems to us very clear, and the positive grounds on which we prefer Gothic may be very concisely set forth. We shall then have one more objection to answer, which, as connected with our own argument, and as not being exactly a popular misconception, we have reserved for that place.

The fact that we have consciously and deliberately to choose between two styles of architecture is of itself a very singular phenomenon; it is perhaps without parallel in the history of art. In other times new styles have been introduced, and have had to struggle with existing ones; but such a controversy as the present, as far as we know, never occurred before. Unlike every other age, this age has no architecture of its own; if it had, we should say keep to it, develop it, and improve it, but do not desert it for the style either of past ages or of foreign countries. But we have no one universal style. Italian has for two centuries or more been most in fashion, but it has never thoroughly taken root; it has not produced any really English variety of itself, recognisable at once, like the different varieties of Grecian, Romanesque, and Gothic architecture; and though its prevalence has been very great, it has never been quite universal. Gothic has never quite died out; it would be possible to make a catena of Gothic or would-be Gothic buildings stretching from the last days of good Perpendicular to the late Gothic revival. And again, Italian has had other rivals; pure Grecian has been often attempted; Egyptian, Chinese, and Saracenic vagaries have occasionally diversified the scene. That we really have no style may be seen in this. When there is an universal style in a country, it affects the very humblest buildings. When Gothic was prevalent in this country, every thing was Gothic;

the rudest village churches, the meanest cottages, just as much as minsters and palaces. There is abundance of Gothic work up and down the land, so plain and rude that it must have been planned and wrought by the humblest village masons. But the true Gothic character is there as much as in Westminster Hall and Abbey. If there is nothing else, at any rate the doorways are arched, and the windows, where wide enough to need it, are mullioned. Some of the towns and villages of South Wales are full of Gothic houses of this kind, of the very rudest work, but still real Gothic. In Northamptonshire, again, the cottages, even down far into the last century, retained a type which is essentially Gothic. In Jersey, almost to our own day, the commonest gateways and doors were arched, with a round arch, strange to say, and not a pointed one, but with Gothic mouldings or chamfers. In all these cases there was clearly no interference from professional architects; a real style of architecture, rude but quite genuine, lingered on among village masons. But set a village mason, set even a builder of much higher character, to build nowadays without special instructions, and he produces something in no style at all, neither Italian nor Gothic, nor any thing else, but absolutely without architectural character of any kind. His windows are square holes in the wall; his doorway is made of two wooden doorposts and a wooden lintel. There is no one universal living style, in which every one builds naturally without thinking about it. We pick and choose and argue about it; one man likes one style, another another. In such a case it is not to the point to object to revivals, imitations, and so forth. Doubtless it is a pity that we are driven to revive and to imitate, but we cannot help it. We must either imitate the art of other countries or else revive that of past ages of our own. Modern Italian and modern Gothic are each equally imitative; the only question is, which of the two is the most desirable sort of imitation.

We must weigh the merits of the two contending styles in three balances, which we may call the practical, the artistic, and the historical. Of these we hold that Gothic has the advantage certainly in two, perhaps in three, while Italian has not the advantage in any.

The two practical considerations are convenience and cheapness. In point of convenience, we believe that there is no advantage in one more than the other. We believe that you may make a church, a house, a public hall, a Foreign Office, either in Italian or in Gothic, which shall serve its purpose equally well. For, whatever the style be, the building must be built of the size and shape which its purpose requires; and experience shows that buildings may be made of any conceivable size

or shape in either style. If an architect in either style sacrifices practical convenience to some supposed æsthetical requirement, a case is made out against him as an Italian or Gothic architect, but not against either Italian or Gothic architecture.

In point of cheapness, we believe, though the assertion will doubtless in many cases sound like a paradox, that Gothic has the advantage. We take for granted that we are not looking out for absolutely the cheapest sort of building that can be had. If so, our architects of both schools had better shut up their portfolios, and there is nothing to be done but to run up a big brick factory, at the market price per square yard. We take for granted that the question of cheapness merely means, which can give us a building of some real artistic character for the least money. And this we believe Gothic can do rather than Italian. Let us suppose an Italian and a Gothic design of equal costliness; let us even suppose that the Gothic one, as it stands, would be the dearer of the two. Still there is this all-important difference between them: you may take the Gothic design,—Mr. Scott's for instance, or any other good Gothic design,—and strip off every atom of ornament, and still leave it good and pure, however plain, Gothic. Take the Italian design and try the same experiment upon it, and you leave absolutely nothing, or perhaps our friend the brick factory. Gothic will bear to be at once much richer and much plainer than Italian; and our architects are naturally tempted to send in their designs in their best clothes. But those same designs will do, sometimes they will do better, if, in the phrase of a writer we have already quoted, they are stripped stark naked. In short, we may say of Gothic architecture, like the human beauty:

"Induitur, formosa est; exuitur, ipsa forma est."

You may get rid of every one of Mr. Scott's statues, niches, medallions, canopies, crockets, jamb-shafts, floriated capitals, and his design would be—we do not say so good as it is now, but still thoroughly good and thoroughly Gothic. Point your arches, chamfer your edges, and, if the outline is good, that is enough. But you cannot go through any such process with the design of Messrs. Coe and Hofland. It is a fine composition; though, to our taste, a good deal of its merit is derived from its *quasi*-Gothic outline. But strip away its engaged columns, its pilasters, its entablatures, its decorative arches, its decorative pediments, its vases, its niches, and its enriched window-cases, and you have no such residuum of good, though plain, architecture left as you would find after the like treatment of Mr. Scott's. To our taste, Mr. Scott's design would not be at all injured by the omission of a good deal of its enrichment; it certainly

would not be utterly ruined, as Messrs. Coe and Hofland's would, by the omission of all. Hence we hold that Gothic architecture is really cheaper than Italian. It will give you a really artistic effect with a less amount of ornament, and therefore with a less expenditure of money.

Our second consideration, the artistic, is intimately connected with the last branch of the practical. We will not go into the metaphysics of beauty: which of two given buildings, or of two given styles, is most beautiful, that is, which is most pleasing to the eye and the mind, must always be in a great degree a matter of taste. Nor will we, with Mr. Ruskin, go about to look for the seven deadly sins and the seven cardinal virtues in structures of stone and mortar. Still there are such things as honesty and dishonesty of construction and ornament. Now, speaking generally, Gothic is thus honest, and Italian is not. Mr. Pugin taught us this truth long ago. Grecian and Gothic stand side by side, bracketed *æquales*, as in a Cambridge tripos. There are only two modes of construction,—the entablature and the arch. Grecian shows the highest perfection reached by the one, Gothic the highest perfection reached by the other. Italian, like its parent the old Roman, is a jumble of the two. Grecian and Gothic both "ornament the construction;" Italian constantly conceals it. That is, in Grecian and Gothic, the pillars, entablatures, arches, which form the real constructive features, are themselves made beautiful features, and are the prominent objects in the decoration. But Italian, using for the most part an arched construction, seeks its ornament in the system of the entablature. A Gothic building enriches its necessary features,—its doorways, its windows, its internal arcades. If it adds ornament for ornament's sake, it seeks it chiefly in decorative imitations of the constructive features, in shafts or mullions supporting blank arches, but on so small a scale that every body sees that they are merely decorative features. But an Italian design has very commonly a range of engaged pillars the full height of the building, with the windows of two or three stories peeping between them. The first feeling is, that the columns originally stood detached, and that somebody has built a wall between them. Messrs. Coe and Hofland avoid this fault; but they avoid it by piling order upon order in a way rather cinquecento than fully developed Italian, and which was in fact borrowed from the Gothic system of decoration. But even their system of decoration is not consistent. Mr. Scott, in his highest story, runs an arcade along his whole front, and pierces members of it for windows wherever light is wanted. In his central and lower ranges the windows stand thicker together, and fill up nearly the whole wall. There is nothing between them save

the statues in the middle stage. In each of his three stages the thing is a real unity. But his Italian rivals have ranges of square and roundheaded windows, with purely decorative pillars between them. Unity there is absolutely none. To have united the roundheaded windows into an arcade, with blank members between them, if needed, would be the natural form of decoration; and a noble form of decoration it is, as many a building, both in Italy and in England, can bear witness. But then it is not orthodox revived Italian; it is something barbarous beyond the barbarism of Gothic itself. It is the style of the savage Lombard and the devastating Norman. It would at once have converted the design from civilised Roman into barbarous Romanesque.

Now it seems to us that when we have to choose between two styles, giving each a clear field and no favour, this last consideration alone ought to decide in favour of Gothic. It is a true, honest, straightforward style, despising sham and pretence. True, you may find Gothic buildings, like the west front of Salisbury Cathedral, which are utter shams. All we can say is, that they desert the principle of their own style, and that they would have been far more beautiful had they followed the law of reality. But in Italian you can hardly avoid a certain amount of sham. At the very least you confuse the two systems of construction; you add a mask constructed on the system of the entablature to a body constructed on the system of the arch.

And now we come to what is to our mind the strongest argument of all on the Gothic side. This is the historical one. Gothic is our own, Italian is foreign. When we are driven to choose, to imitate, to revive, this consideration seems to us alone to settle the question. Were we Italians, we would build in Italian; not, indeed, the Borgian and Medicean Italian of the days of Italy's degradation, but the glorious old Italian of the days of her commonwealths and her kings. If regenerate Italy has new temples and palaces to rear, let them be the true artistic offspring of the old style of Milan and Pisa and Pavia; the style in which Frederick refounded Lodi, and in which the Lombard League founded Alessandria. For the same reason we, as Teutons, prefer to cleave to Teutonic architecture; as Englishmen, we select by special preference its English variety. Where our own national models fail us, we are willing to draw on the resources of kindred lands; but let us not, while our own and kindred lands are so rich in glorious works, go and sit at the feet of utter strangers. What the Romanesque of Pisa should be to an Italian, or the Byzantine of St. Sophia to a Greek, such is the style of Cologne, of St. Ouen's, and of Westminster

to a German, a Frenchman, or an Englishman. Gothic architecture is the architecture of the Teutonic race; and, in the wide sense in which the word 'Gothic' is often used, we accept it as its truest and most honourable title. We will not dispute about its origin, how it arose, or where it was first invented. It appeared so simultaneously in England, France, and Germany, that it is hard to give either country the precedence. And if it can be proved that the first germ belonged to some one of the three, still the other two adopted it so early and so thoroughly, each wrought out such distinct and vigorous varieties of the common form, that Gothic architecture may be called thoroughly national in all three alike. To an Englishman, indeed, the style is connected with the very noblest associations of his history. The architecture of England arose alongside of her laws, her constitution, her language. They are all the work of that wonderful thirteenth century, which made England what she still is. We have lately seen the strange assertion, that that age was "one of the most barren in the history of the human mind." The history of England, alike artistic and political, has certainly taught *us* another lesson. Our old national buildings, our mediæval minsters and palaces, tell us of those early patriots who wrung our liberties from the grasp of king and pope alike. The first age of Gothic architecture is the age which won the Great Charter from the tyrant; which gave us, not indeed, it may be, in their full perfection, but which still gave us, fresh, vigorous, and prolific, the essence of all the laws and liberties that we still prize. Our English Gothic tells us of Langton and Fitzwalter, of Grosseteste and De Montfort, of the triumph of Lewes, and of the martyrdom of Evesham. It tells us of England once more England under her first and greatest Edward; and it tells us how the strong heart of Bigod braved even Edward himself, when the hero and the lawgiver turned aside into the path of tyranny. And not one of these associations is of a merely antiquarian interest; no gap separates us from our fathers; what they won we still enjoy. All our later legislation takes its root in those few words of the Great Charter, which to us at least, as Chatham said, are worth all that Greece and Rome has left us. Pass what Reform Bills we will, we shall but be modifying in detail those venerable writs by which Simon of Leicester first called together the representatives of the cities and boroughs of England. Has any later age struggled either against royal despotism from within or spiritual despotism from without? In so doing it has but trod in the steps of the men of the thirteenth century. Bulls and excommunications were hurled in vain against the army of God and of the holy Church; and De Montfort himself, the canonised saint of the English people,

died under the ban of Rome. We still speak the tongue, we are still governed by the laws, we still glory in the constitution, which received their lasting shape in the age in which Gothic architecture arose among us. If any style of art was ever national in any age or country, surely that style is national in England which arose in the age which made England what it is.

To this line of argument it has been objected,* that Gothic architecture is not national but "feudal;" that its being common to England, France, and Germany, shows that it is not national in any one of those countries, but that it is owing only to the common element in the three, which is said to be "feudalism," "hierarchies of priests, hierarchies of nobles, hierarchies of burghers." Finally, there is said to be such a "solution of continuity" between us and the middle ages, as makes their art quite inapplicable to us. Now, it is hard to see what is meant by an architecture being "feudal," any more than what is meant by its being popish. The writer can hardly mean that there is any special connection between pointed arches and knight-service, or between the tooth-moulding and grand-sergeantry. In what we have been just saying, we do not mean that there is any mysterious connection between Simon de Montfort's parliament and the architecture of Salisbury cathedral. We only say, that when we have to choose an architecture, the architecture of Plantagenet England is one which calls up more agreeable associations than the architecture of Borgian Italy. The objection can only mean that Gothic architecture was prevalent in days when feudalism was prevalent also, which is hardly correct historically, as in the thirteenth century feudalism was beginning to decay. The true feudal architecture would be Romanesque.† It is surely much easier to say that the common

* See a letter signed "A." in the *Times*, Nov. 1, 1859.

† The difference between Romanesque and Gothic, the fullest developments respectively of the round and of the pointed arch, is, we believe, seldom fully realised by persons who have not technically studied the subject. It is, however, of the highest importance, and has been fully worked out by the writers who have followed in the wake of Mr. Hope. We are sorry to see that this nomenclature, which had become generally received, has been needlessly confused by Mr. Fergusson in his *Handbook of Architecture*, who transfers the name Romanesque to the early basilicas, and jumbles Romanesque and Gothic together under one head. As Mr. Fergusson's book has been so much talked of lately, it may be as well to give a very brief summary of its merits and defects, both of which are very great and conspicuous. He has earned the lasting gratitude of students of art by bringing to our notice various forms of eastern architecture of which he is thoroughly master, and of which hardly any thing was known before. He has gathered together a mass of views, measurements, and ground-plans, to be found in no other single work. He gives much judicious criticism on particular styles and buildings. On the other hand, he ignores all preceding writers; his arrangement is confused and misleading, and an affectation of historical and ethnological precision has led him into a series of the most ludicrous blunders, not one of

element in the three countries is the common Teutonic blood, which, it should be remembered, was in those days still politically predominant at least in Northern France. In conformity with this view, we find that in France Roman elements linger about the style far later than in England; that in Southern France those elements are more conspicuous, and linger still longer; that in Spain the whole style is little more than an exotic; and that in Italy it is, in its purity, unknown. A political Durandus might go farther, and might say that the English clustered pillar with many shafts under one capital typifies the union of many powers in the state under a constitutional monarch; while the single pillar, so often retained in France, typifies the French tendency to the *unité du pouvoir*. We of course believe in no such trifling; but it is quite as much to the purpose as it is to attribute the peculiarities of Gothic architecture to the feudal jurisprudence. The writer we have noticed enlarges on the diversity between the three great Gothic countries; yet, after all, their resemblance, as compared with the rest of the world, is more striking than their diversity. Surely, whatever are their differences among themselves, they form a marked whole, as distinguished from the rest of the world. What is modern European civilisation? Surely it is a joint production of those three countries, to which each has contributed its portion, and which they all enjoy in common. The three great countries of central Europe set the standard; the north, the south, the east at most follow it. But after all, this whole line of argument is but little to the purpose. To say that architecture is "feudal" or "popish," really means nothing; but to say that a particular style is peculiar to the Teutonic race, that a special variety of that style is peculiar to our own branch of that race, is to assert undeniable historical facts. To us these facts seem quite reason enough to lead us, when placed in the strange position of having to choose our architecture, to prefer the Teutonic style, and, *cæteris paribus*, to prefer its English variety. As for "solution of continuity" (a phrase which sounds more like a chemical than an historical technicality), we do not know very well what it means. If it means a wide impassable gap between two periods, we deny it altogether in the case of our own country. There may be a "solution of continuity" between the France of the old *régime* and the France of the republic or the empire; but there is none

which, strange to say, is corrected in the new edition, though they have been pointed out in various critical notices. Mr. Fergusson has sense enough to see the close connection between architecture and history; but he has not knowledge enough either of western architecture or western history to work it out with any accuracy. A man may be a first-rate architect and a first-rate architectural critic, who has never turned a page either of Thucydides or of Eginhard; but if so, he had better not write about the age of Pericles or of Charlemagne.

between the England of Edward I. and the England of Queen Victoria. If any body thinks there is, we can only advise him to read attentively through Blackstone's *Commentaries* and Lord Macaulay's *History*.

We have said that our style should not only be Gothic, but by preference English Gothic. We say merely by preference, because it is only common sense to draw upon the other kindred nations if our own stores fail us in any particular case. In our churches and our private houses we have but little occasion to do so, though we should make no kind of objection to borrowing some of those features of French or German churches and houses in which they certainly surpass our own. In public secular buildings we are less rich, and may often be driven to seek for hints from other lands. Mr. Scott surely did wisely to draw the general conception of his design for the Foreign Office from the magnificent town-halls of the Netherlands. So did the architects of the new museum at Oxford no less wisely as regards the general conception of the grand front, whatever we say either as to the details or as to the rest of the building. If England, Belgium, Germany, and Northern France all fail us, we should not refuse to draw hints from the works of those who in the Gothic era were our fellow-subjects of Aquitaine. But this is as far as we can go. We must refuse to pass the Alps. Since Mr. Ruskin first began to abuse English and French Gothic, and to set up Italian in their stead, we have had a sort of counter-revolution against the true Gothic movement. Northern Gothic has been discovered to be "savage;" English Perpendicular to be "detestable;" St. Ouen's tower to be "base;" buttresses are to be eschewed as "crutches;" towers are not to be crowned with pinnacles, because there ought to be "a monarch and his lowly train," and for some inconceivable reason about the heads, legs, and horns of the Ruminantia.* These propositions have been demonstrated by putting forth a comparative view of an English and an Italian tower, in which the English tower, brought in to be beaten by its competitor, is not Canterbury, or Gloucester, or Wolverhampton, not Wrington, or Evercreech, or Wells, or Glastonbury, or North Petherton, not the tower of Magdalen or Merton,—neither of them surely unknown to him who is emphatically the "Oxford graduate,"—but the modern gateway turret of a Free-Church college at Edinburgh! Since then "Italian Gothic" has been the rage. To our eye it is not Gothic at all. To us it seems that the Italians judged very ill when they deserted their own glorious Romanesque for an attempt to imitate forms which they could not transplant in their purity. The

* Seven Lamps of Architecture, p. 115.

Italian Gothic, to our taste, is not Gothic at all; it is the native Romanesque spoiled by the intrusion of one or two Gothic forms. You get the pointed arch, just as you do in Saracenic architecture, but both in Italian and Saracenic you get it without that appropriate system of ornament which the northern architects worked out for it. But even supposing that the Italian Gothic be good in Italy, there can be no need for us, with such stores of beauty north of the Alps, to transplant it into any Teutonic country. If we want models for brickwork, we need not go into Lombardy for them; eastern England, northern Germany, and southern France, will supply us with brick churches and brick houses of the noblest kind. The churches of Toulouse and the manor-houses of Norfolk are built of brick, and yet are as pure Gothic as Cologne Cathedral and Thornbury Castle. Still, with all these facts before our eyes, Italian Gothic has become a rage, and, strange to say, the ecclesiological school, once so ultra stiff in its nationality, has taken a leading part in its propagation. On the other hand, warning voices have not been wanting; Mr. Parker* especially, whom few men can surpass in knowledge of continental buildings, has come forward vigorously to recall us to the architecture of our own island. Of the Gothic buildings of the last two or three years, a very large number exhibit features which, so far from being English Gothic, are not Gothic at all. Such a building as that which has supplanted the late venerable and picturesque chapel of Balliol College† has lost nearly all true Gothic character. Perhaps it might be paying it too high a compliment to call it Italian; the odd sort of entablature which runs across its east end looks like an attempt of the architect to devise a new Grecian order. Nearly all the inferior architects have been bitten with this madness; even Mr. Scott himself has not always been quite unhurt. His combined genius and good sense, indeed, always preserve him from any prominent departure from the principles of the northern Gothic. His last great work, the noble chapel of Exeter College, a glorious contrast to that of Balliol, exhibits Teutonic architecture in a pure and perfect form.‡ One or two only of the very minutest details just remind us that Mr. Scott has read Mr. Ruskin. So too, in his design for the Foreign Office, the general outline and composition are purely and nobly Teu-

* See especially two articles in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1859, by Mr. Parker, and his son Mr. James Parker.

† The oddities of this building drew forth the felicitous name of "the *streaky-bacon* style" from an undergraduate of a neighbouring college.

‡ Perfect and splendid as far as Mr. Scott is concerned. But his great work is sadly marred by the supposed necessities of the College refusing all opportunity for a west front, and condemning the magnificent apse to be almost concealed by the rector's house.

tonic; but here and there we find details which savour of the other side of the Alps. They are of very little importance indeed; they in no way affect the great questions at issue between Mr. Scott and his enemies; but they are just enough to show that even he has been, not carried away, but just shaken, by the force of the prevailing torrent. In his case, all that is wanted to satisfy the most strictly insular criticism, would be to change here and there a capital or a moulding, in which non-technical eyes would hardly perceive the difference. But we cannot say that so easy a process would Anglicise or Teutonise all the works which have been built under the influence of Mr. Ruskin's theories.

We have now pretty well had our say both as to the comparative merits of Gothic and Italian, and as to the merits of Mr. Scott's design as a specimen of the Gothic style. Into the history of the competition we have not room to enter at length; and really, if we could give a whole Number to it, we should get utterly bewildered among the successive First Commissioners of Works, the judges, the professional judges, the assessors, the report of the committee, the three several competitions, and their three several and very varying class-lists. From our own point of view it might be enough to say that we hold Gothic to be the best style, and that by common consent, certainly by common consent of all officially concerned, Mr. Scott's is the best design in that style; and that it is not only the best design among those sent in, but a thoroughly good design in itself. Still Mr. Scott and his supporters have been made the objects of such violent and such unscrupulous attacks, that we cannot help saying a few words on one or two of the points which have most struck us in the personal controversy.

A fierce outcry has been raised against the late Government for selecting a design which did not win the first prize. To this there are several answers. The Government was in no way bound to take any of the designs sent in in the competition. This is clearly explained in the Report of the House of Commons' Committee. If it be asked, Why, then, have a competition at all? the answer is plain, that, among the designs sent in, it was probable that some one would be worthy of being executed as it stood, or nearly so; it was certain that the result of the competition, even if no one design was chosen, would be to throw great light on the requirements of the building, and on the capacity of the architects competing. A competition which did not produce a design which could be erected as it stood, might nevertheless reveal who was the best architect, and, in the worst case, it could not fail to draw out many hints for the proposed building. It was then open to the

Government to choose which design it pleased; though we allow that, when the competitors were so eminent, and the prize designs so good, there would have been practical unfairness in passing them all by. Lord Palmerston, however, must think otherwise; he wanted to give the work to an architect who did not compete at all. But in choosing Mr. Scott's design, the late Government not only exercised a discretion fairly open to them; they really carried out the recommendation of the judges, the committee, and the committee's witnesses. Mr. Scott was placed by the professional judges second for the Foreign Office and second for the War Office; the first place in each competition being won by two different designs. This is really coming in first in the competition as a whole. Any Oxford or Cambridge examiner will tell you that a man who is second in two papers stands higher than a man who is first in one paper and nowhere in another. And the competition really must be looked on as one whole. It would never do to have the War Office and the Foreign Office in two different styles; it would hardly do to have them built by two different architects. Again, there was a wide difference of opinion as to the merit of some of the designs; for instance, that of Messrs. Coe and Hofland was placed first by one set of judges, and only sixth by another. But every body agreed in placing Mr. Scott very near the top; those who placed Messrs. Coe and Hofland first, placed Mr. Scott third; those who placed Messrs. Coe and Hofland sixth placed Mr. Scott second. Again, Mr. Scott is, by common consent, acknowledged to be, what nobody else is, first in his own class. Every set of judges, in every competition, places Mr. Scott's above all other Gothic designs; there is no such agreement as to the first place among the Italian designs. All this evidence of different kinds quite bears us out in the opinion which we have ourselves formed independently, that the greatest amount of aggregate merit belongs to Mr. Scott.

The competition was to be perfectly open in point of style. Therefore it is utterly unfair in Lord Palmerston to rail at Mr. Scott's design simply because it is Gothic. Theoretically it might have been better to have fixed the style beforehand, as was done in the case of the Houses of Parliament. Practically we think the course taken was the best, as giving Gothic a much fairer chance. And in another way also it was fairer. We prefer Gothic to Italian, but we do not prefer all Gothic to all Italian. We do not prefer such Gothic as the modern parts of Pembroke, University, and Balliol Colleges to such Italian as the noble hall and chapel of Queen's. We doubt whether we could ever bring ourselves to recommend the erection of an

Italian building, but it is quite possible that we might, in an open competition, have given the first prize to an Italian design. The committee was most fairly appointed; it very properly included Mr. Beresford Hope; it no less properly included Mr. Tite. The committee worked very zealously and very fairly; the examination of the witnesses was most creditable alike to the examiners and the examined. Even the honourable and artistic member for Bath had the opportunity of learning many things which he seems to have since taken the opportunity of forgetting. Hostile witnesses fairly confessed that Gothic was neither dearer nor more inconvenient than Italian; the committee most truly and fairly reported that, practically looked at, the two styles stood on an equality. It was not their business to recommend a particular architect; but in their tenth clause they make a plain statement of facts, from which no one can help drawing the inference that Mr. Scott really stood first. And yet, after all this, Lord Palmerston and Mr. Tite are not ashamed to take up again all the exploded objections which have been answered over and over again, and not least effectually in answers made in Mr. Tite's hearing, and recorded in a blue-book, which Lord Palmerston ought to have read. And now Lord Palmerston coolly expects Mr. Scott to withdraw the Gothic design which won him the appointment, and to make an Italian one instead. Lord Palmerston might as well be asked, perhaps better, to give up the policy which won him *his* appointment, and to take up another which his political convictions conscientiously reject. He might as well be asked, as the price of office, to be no longer "the minister of England," but "the minister of France, Russia, or Austria." That Lord Palmerston knows or cares any thing about architecture, his own speeches sufficiently disprove; but it is convenient to attack his predecessor in office, and the matter, if dextrously treated, may win him an extra cheer in Exeter Hall. As for Mr. Tite, the best excuse for him is, that perhaps he may be of a Lacedæmonian turn, that the evidence was very long, that he may have forgotten the former part, and not have understood the latter.* If he rejects this judgment of charity, we can only hint another explanation. The conduct of other architects makes us think that two of a trade may agree. Mr. Tite's constant tirades, in Parliament and out of Parliament, cannot but make us think of the words,

> "Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes
> Infra se positas."

Had Mr. Tite been less violent in his attacks on Mr. Scott, it

* Οἱ δέ σφι τῇ πρώτῃ καταστάσει ὑπεκρίναντο τὰ μὲν πρῶτα λεχθέντα ἐπιλελῆσθαι, τὰ δὲ ὕστερα οὐ συνιέναι. Herod. iii. 46.

would not have occurred to us to inquire into his own qualifications. As it is, we cannot help seeing that there is some difference between the architect of Hamburg and Doncaster and Exeter College, the restorer of Stafford and Ely and Hereford, and the architect of the Royal Exchange. There is something ungenerous in this violent antagonism towards one who, even though a rival artist, is at least a rival worthy of all honour. We should say this even if Mr. Tite's own architectural achievements were of the highest order, and would of themselves entitle him to great deference. As it is, however, we are bound to add that he has earned no such right to arbitrate in any disputed point of history or art.

Happily the matter is adjourned till the next session of Parliament. Meanwhile the existing Foreign Office seems to be falling about the heads of its occupants. Rebuilt it must be; but let it be rebuilt in a style, and when rebuilt used for a purpose, which may show that those who prefer Teutonic art in a Teutonic land can also be the first to resist any policy which shall submit the land of the rival style to Teutonic bondage.

Art. III.—WHATELY'S EDITION OF PALEY'S ETHICS.

Paley's Moral Philosophy. With Annotations by Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London: John W. Parker and Son, 1859.

It is not creditable to England that Paley's *Moral Philosophy* should have held the place in our literature and in our schools that it has held: it says but little for our speculative tastes, that the most approved of treatises on morals should treat the great question about our moral nature and the constitution of our species as "a question of pure curiosity." It says as little for the elevation of our practical ethics, that we should be content with a work so merely and selfishly utilitarian in its conclusions, and so wanting in all generosity of sentiment, as the book before us. But, however little it may say for us, it is not to be denied that Paley is the great expositor of moral philosophy to the English nation,—that his work "has," as Archbishop Whately remarks, "laid the foundation of the moral principles of many hundreds, probably thousands, of youths, while under a course of training designed to qualify them for being afterwards the moral instructors of millions" (Preface, p. 1).

There is something vastly English in Paley's way of treating the subject. A German is always burrowing and mining, a Frenchman is always flying; but an Englishman walks on the flat solid earth, anxious only to keep in a clear straight path there, and not to fall into any of the German miner's pits. And the doctor's book throughout sticks to this dead level of practical life. "I have examined no points," he says, "I have discussed no obscurities, I have encountered no errors, I have adverted to no controversies but what I have seen actually to exist;" and all his disquisitions on political philosophy are, as he tells us elsewhere in his preface, "framed with a reference to the condition of this country and of this government." In laying the foundations of his moral philosophy, he omits any judgment on the one question of speculative interest,—we mean, as to the existence of a moral sense,—and remits it with somewhat of contempt "to those who are more inquisitive than we are concerned to be about the natural history and constitution of the human species" (p. 22). Englishmen do not like moral philosophy at all; but if they must read it, they feel it a great relief to find a writer who is so thoroughly practical and free from the sin of speculation as Paley.

The very selfishness of the principles which Paley advocates has also, we believe, recommended his treatise to Englishmen. It is not that Englishmen are less generous than other men, but they are perhaps less consciously so. The generous emotions of a Frenchman or a German go off at intervals with a bang, which he cannot help hearing, and of which he generally makes a note in his journal, or a story in his memoirs; but in an Englishman generosity is more an every-day affair, is more interwoven with his whole life, and therefore with his self-love and self-interest. Whether this be the cause or not, it is certain that in England a sort of dislike exists to the mention of any other feelings than self-interest; and a man who talks much of any generous sentiments is apt to be taken either for a knave or a fool. Paley's philosophy and the Manchester creed in politics are both genuine utterances of this side of our national character.

Besides all these questionable recommendations to his reader, Paley has one real merit—that he is always intelligible and clear: you feel perpetually that he is shallow, sometimes that he is self-contradictory, but you never doubt what is the meaning of the passage you are reading. It is this quality in his writings that has made them so popular with several generations of English readers, and has fitted him to be the expositor, the προφήτης as the Greeks would say, of several profounder minds on several subjects. For he is, even less perhaps than he tells us or is generally supposed, by no means

an original writer. His *Evidences of Christianity* are dug out of the great repertory of Lardner's learning; his *Natural Theology* was taken largely, but with very insufficient acknowledgment, from Dr. Derham's *Physico-Theology;* and his *Moral Philosophy* is, as he himself tells us, borrowed very extensively from other writers, and especially from Tucker.

The very shallowness of Paley's philosophy has no doubt helped to make his work acceptable: for all superficial systems, whether the utilitarian in morals or the sensuous in mental philosophy, have a great apparent advantage over schemes of thought which recognise the unfathomable depths of the human heart and soul. The former are clear, luminous, and systematic, admitting no mysteries, confessing no ignorance, asking for no faith: the latter are confessedly oftentimes obscure, dealing with considerations and thoughts that transcend the logic and the speech of man; they admit mysteries, they confess ignorance, they demand faith. The first treat the nature of man as if it were a straight and level highway, where all may travel with ease and pleasure, with nothing to astonish, nothing to explore; the others conceive of it as an almost boundless land, wherein are

> "Antres vast and desarts idle,
> Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven."

But then these latter theories more than compensate for all the weariness, the uncertainty, and the toil which they bring on the traveller by their truth, and therefore their adaptation to the cravings of man's intellectual life: men never can live and grow to their perfect stature on the dry husks of a utilitarian morality on which the swine of the world are feeding; their very hearts and words, be their theories what they may, confess to the inadequacy of this shallower creed.

It is not very easy to understand the extent of agreement between the author and the editor of the book now before us. The Archbishop thinks it worth while to bestow his time and thought on this edition of the doctor's celebrated work; he thinks it ought to be retained as one of the text-books in our universities; he thinks the errors of Paley are chiefly those of omission (p. 27): but yet he differs from him on the great, one might almost say the only, question in morality,—we mean, the existence and authority of the moral sense. This may, indeed, be called an error of omission, as building a house without foundations might also be called an error of omission; but it is one which destroys the value of the whole structure, and not only so, but leads to positive error in the substitution of another principle and motive for morality: so that it is an error of omission necessitating an error of commission.

"I am far from thinking that Paley's work ought not to be *one*

of the text-books employed," says the Archbishop, in speaking of our universities, "but the study of it should be accompanied with cautions to the young student against adopting the whole of his system" (Preface, p. 6). It is difficult to understand what part of his system should be adopted by a person who, like Dr. Whately, professes to differ from him as to the well-spring and origin of morality, because the false definition of moral obligation which Paley gives is applied by him to the details of morality, and leads, in our opinion, to false particulars; indeed, it cannot be but that a fundamental error as to the nature of moral obligation should taint every page of a treatise on moral philosophy. The Archbishop's position is like that of a man who, denying the axioms of Euclid, should still teach the great geometrician's Elements, but accompanied with cautions against adopting the whole of his system. For our part, we should rejoice to see Paley's work excluded from the curriculum of all our universities, though it be true that no other systematic treatise is in existence which could entirely take its place. Till this deficiency be supplied, we had far rather that our students should be trained on Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, and Butler's *Sermons on Human Nature*, than that they should be instructed in such a morality as that of Paley.

Dr. Whately's annotations are of course sensible and clear, and, we think, more free from merely verbal distinctions than most of his productions; for the Archbishop belongs to that school of writers—beginning, if we mistake not, with the late Bishop Coppleston—who attach an undue importance to the ambiguity that lurks in some conspicuous word, and fancy that the strifes that have divided mankind, and will divide it as long as man is what he is, spring from double middles, and are to be settled by exposing that fallacy. True it is that these great dividing questions often result in the double significance of a term, but they do not spring from it: their root is not in words, but in the hearts and thoughts of men.

The editor's share in this volume is, like too many of his books, deformed by needless and wearisome repetitions, by italics and by vanity—(perhaps there is a closer connection between these things than may at the first sight appear). It might be thought enough for an author that he more often quotes himself, and refers to his own works, than to those of any other writer, and probably of all other writers put together; but the way in which Dr. Whately thinks fit to do so has an originality about it. It is not enough to cite himself simply; he cites himself (p. 63) as extracted, with his permission, by another learned and reverend author. Nor are his references to his own writings less striking. One meets with such passages as these: "As is ob-

served in the *Lessons on Morals*" (p. 27); "see *Lessons on Reasoning*" (p. 23); "the second series of *Essays*" (p. 165). An ignorant, very ignorant, reader may at first sight be inclined to ask, what are THE *Lessons on Morals?* THE *Lessons on Reasoning?* But he has only to turn to the advertisements at the end of the book, and he finds that they are productions of the fertile pen of the Archbishop himself, and may each be had for the moderate price of 1*s.* 6*d.* When (at p. 31) we found a foot-note referring to "the Politics," we were sadly puzzled; and it was only after searching in vain for such a book amongst Dr. Whately's works, and a direct reference in the text to Aristotle, that we felt assured that "the Politics" meant what it used to mean.

If these annotations were intended for the use of students, it is greatly to be regretted that their author has not been at the pains to give definite references to the passages of other writers to whom allusion is made; because nothing more necessarily deters from research, not the idle student only, but the one who carefully husbands his time. Such references as those at p. 61 to Aristotle, "in his *Ethics*," and "Cicero, in his *De Officiis*," are as good as useless; nor are such as the one at p. 27, "*Eth. Nicom.* b. v.," much more useful to any student who has not already so mastered the treatise as to require no reference at all to guide him to the familiar passage. Such is the style of quotation throughout Dr. Whately's notes, except, indeed, where he cites himself, where the manner is usually, though not uniformly, far more praiseworthy; as, for instance, at p. 26, "See *Lessons on Morals*, less. xviii. § 4, note." The point may seem a trifling one, but the definiteness of reference often makes the difference between a book useful or useless to the student; and the habit of recurring to the original passages can never be too greatly encouraged in any study whatever.

But to leave the annotator, for the consideration of the work which he has annotated.

Paley has devoted a long chapter to the discussion of the existence of a moral sense, in which he has stated what he conceives to be the arguments on the two sides of the question, but without expressing any decision either the one way or the other, because the desired result can, in his opinion, be arrived at by a surer road than the moral sense presents, assuming it to exist; so that the question becomes, in Paley's system, "a question of pure curiosity" (p. 22). When we arrive at the second book, we find what this surer road is; for there the author expounds his celebrated theory of moral obligation, or obligation only, as we should rather say, as the word 'moral' has no place in the definition given, or the motives suggested. "A man is said to be

obliged," says our author (p. 57), "when he is urged by a violent motive resulting from the command of another." "Then let it be asked," he proceeds, in the following chapter (p. 59), "why am I *obliged* to keep my word? and the answer will be, because I am urged to do so by a violent motive (namely, the expectation of being after this life rewarded if I do, or punished for it if I do not), resulting from the command of another (namely, of God)." The next inquiry, therefore, is as to the commands of God, which are to be come at in two ways: first, by His express declarations in Scripture; and secondly, "by what we can discover of His designs and disposition from His works" (p. 70). Of these the first requires no discussion: the second is discussed by our author in his chapter on the Divine Benevolence; and his determination on the matter, and application of it to the rule of conduct, are thus stated: "We conclude, therefore, that God wills and wishes the happiness of His creatures; and this conclusion being once established, we are at liberty to go on with the rule built upon it, namely, that the method of arriving at the will of God concerning any action by the light of nature, is to inquire into the tendency of that action to promote or diminish the general happiness" (p. 76). This is the whole scheme of moral obligation propounded by Paley in his second book.

In this scheme every thing, it will be observed, is made to hang on the selfish motive of the hope of reward or the fear of pain. Every thing, except where there is an express declaration in Scripture, depends on a calculation of the tendency of an action to promote or diminish the general happiness,—not because this general happiness in any wise commends itself to our hearts and minds, or is a thing which in itself we desire, but solely because to pursue it will be pleasing to Him who dispenses rewards and punishments, and so may get us gain hereafter. The simple utilitarian code of morals is generous and noble in comparison of this theory. "From this account of obligation it follows," as Paley observes, "that we can be obliged to nothing but what we ourselves are to gain or lose something by" (p. 58). On this scheme, too, moral approbation and disapprobation of an action go for nothing, are of no moment or account whatsoever.

It is a strange thing that men should go on debating and discussing whether there be a moral sense or not; or whether the Scriptures and utility be our only rules. Did not morality exist long before the New Testament was written? Had not the idea of the great end and destiny of man, as a moral being, seized hold of Socrates, and so wrought in him that he could not choose but preach this great truth, day by day, in the agora of Athens, and in the workshops of Piræus,—arguing ever that as each trade and craft had its definite end and object, so man

too had an end and object to his being, a call to glory and virtue? Had not Plato gone yet further in the same inquiry? Did he not sift to the very bottom the great moral problems of life? And then, again, comes Aristotle, and leaves us, in his Ethics, that imperishable memorial of his genius; a noble system of morals, based purely on a contemplation of the nature and constitution of man, without regard to future rewards or punishments, without thought even of a future life, which Aristotle, in this very treatise, denies to have any existence. How is it possible, in the face of such evidence, to deny, to question, the existence of a moral sense? Whence did these works come, if not from its utterances? Whence did all the Greek words for moral subjects get their origin and being, if man have in himself no moral sense, if he do not hold within him the *αὐτοδίδακτος ἔσωθεν θυμός*, the self-taught heart, of which Æschylus tells us?

The dispute is, whether a thing can be, after the clearest evidence that it is. If the cellars of Scepsis had done their mischief far more effectually than they did to the Mss. of Aristotle; and if Plato and Xenophon had been subjected to a like fatality, —we should have been deprived, indeed, of the most splendid moral discussions of antiquity, but the evidence of the existence of a high moral nature in man, of noble moral conclusions actually and definitely arrived at, not only without the aid of any outward Revelation, but before Christianity, would not have been less conclusive than now it is. For the whole history of ancient philosophy is an incontestable evidence to the existence of a natural morality. Whence came the conflicts of Stoics against Epicureans, of soul against sense; the endless questionings and debatings,—if not from the moral nature of man, protesting, and struggling, and fighting against the selfish nature of the individual, and the selfish customs of the race?

Moral philosophy, moral notions, moral words, every thing which had to do with morality amongst the ancients, have about them every mark of being natural growths and developments of human nature: so that there is no pretence for referring them to some remote tradition of a revelation handed down through long ages. And what is still more remarkable is, that all these moral conceptions are growths which have forced their way up into light against the pressure of selfishness. Lust, greed, passion, in a word, self, always have opposed, and must oppose, the growth of morality; and the more strongly the antagonists of the moral sense insist on the extent and power of these selfish feelings, the more remarkable are the facts, and the more inexplicable on their theory: for it is beyond doubt that morality grew up into a noble tree, of stately

trunk and abundant shade, in spite of all this opposition. If selfishness were, in fact, the only motive on which men acted, how came they to think of other motives, to invent names for them, to reduce them to rank, and order, and form? Whence did morality, as a science, gain its origin or its existence? Nay, whence came its stately growth, but from the native properties of the soil in which it grew? Whence came there amidst the intense selfishness of the heathen world, the no less intense sense of a moral principle in man that was opposed to it?

> "Who forged that other influence,
> That heat of inward evidence,
> By which he doubts against the sense?"

It had been no wonder if the selfishness of man had permanently extinguished and silenced the voice of our moral feelings. But this was not the only foe it had to deal with; for the system of the world has seemed to men as much at variance with their moral sentiments as the selfish part of their own being. For what is it but a confused medley, where the good and the evil have about equal chances of success and happiness: except, indeed, that the wicked seem to be more free from restraint, and so the better off in the scramble; and virtue has seemed to tie the hands and to lame the leg in the pursuit of what all men desire? If the order of the world had given any assurance of reward to a certain line of self-denying conduct, it would have given some support to a scheme of conduct different from that of rude self-interest; and men who played for the present or the deferred enjoyments and rewards might have been distinguished by the respective names of selfish and virtuous. But the world gives no such assurance or certain prospect of rewards; and mankind have been bewailing, from Job downwards, that the moral order of the world bestows no blessing on virtue, and no punishment on vice. The good are in distress; the wicked are in prosperity. "They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like other men," is the complaint of Asaph; and the heathen world responded to the plaint:

> "Marmoreo Licinus tumulo jacet; at Cato parvo,
> Pompeius nullo: quis putet esse deos?"

"Why," says Cotta, in Cicero's treatise on the Nature of the Gods, arguing against a moral government of the world,—"why did the Carthaginian overbear in Spain the two Scipios, the bravest and the best of men? Why did Maximus bury his already consular son? Why did Hannibal slay Marcellus? Why did the field of Cannæ snatch away Paullus? Why was the body of Regulus given up to the cruelty of the Pœni? Why did not his own roof cover our Africanus? . . . . The day would fail

me were I to tell of the evils that have befallen the righteous; nor less so were I to recount the successes of the wicked. For why did Marius die so happily in his home in a ripe old age, and consul for a seventh time? Or why did Cinna, the cruellest of all men, rule so long?" (lib. iii. c. 32.)

So that, upon the simple selfish theory of human nature, the existence of such a thing as morality,—of such a treatise, for instance, as Aristotle's *Ethics*,—is the most absurd, unaccountable, causeless thing. It is a plant that not only has been choked from its very birth by the thorns of self-interest, and the cold blasts of the world's neglect (for this is too true); but on this theory it had no soil in which to grow, no root from which to be nourished, and no air to breathe. It is a sheer impossibility: but yet there it is, a tall strong plant, the most perverse obstinate thing in the world.

The question between the two schools of moral philosophy is nothing but an issue of fact—Is there a moral faculty distinct from our selfish feelings and desires? Is there "any thing peculiar and specific in our feeling of moral approbation"? (p. 30). Is there an inherent difference between the good and the useful? Or is all moral approbation but the same sense of pleasure that we derive from successful selfishness? are virtue and bread-and-cheese, after all, one and the same thing? The question may be submitted to trial in a variety of ways—by an appeal to our consciousness, or to our actions, or to our words. Paley suggests that it should be tried by telling the horrible story about Caius Toranius to the wild boy found in Hanover, or to some similar savage, and seeing what sentiment the wild boy would experience on the relation of this story: which is much as if the doctor should propose experimenting on the bodies of birds caught by putting salt on their tails.

But what says the appeal to consciousness? Let a man ask himself, not whether all his good actions may hereafter redound to his own happiness, not whether they may be justified by an enlightened selfishness, but whether self has been the motive, and the only motive, in all that he has done, or thought, or hoped of the noble and the good? If not, what has been that other motive, except a moral feeling? The generous and the selfish motives in the heart of man are, no doubt, strangely intermingled and confused; and the keenest self-analysis will not always reveal their actual proportion; our mental geometry will not always resolve the resultant along which we move into the co-efficient forces of generosity and selfishness. But did ever a man who thought about himself independently of theory, deny that he had unselfish as well as selfish emotions? Does not every one feel that the more self preponderates, the less moral

he is, the less deserving of approbation; that the more the love of others, and of the true and good, the more praiseworthy his conduct is? Specious as it sometimes may seem, the selfish theory will not explain the real beatings of the heart, though it may afterwards justify, if need be, the doings of the man: selfish as men are, they are not always selfish, not always utilitarian; there are passions, there are emotions, that wait not on calculations of interest, that are unbribed by the prospect of present pleasure, are not bought by the mere hope of heaven, or scared alone by the fear of hell.

We repeat, that the mere fact that an action may be explained by utility, is not enough to show that a generous motive had no part in its production. Thus, for instance, in affectionate and tender actions, it may be and is true that they react on the doer with pleasure, by exciting affection in the heart and conduct of the recipient; but we must not hence conclude that there is no emotion of love but self-love. It is not enough for the selfish theory to show that some regard for self entered into the action, it must be shown that no regard for another was any ultimate ingredient in it. The degree in which these moral sentiments may prevail in our conduct, what may be their power in opposition to the selfishness of our natures, is not now the question; but only this, whether they do or do not exist. Be the unselfish and moral sentiment "ever so short, be it ever so low a degree, or ever so unhappily confined, it proves," to borrow Bishop Butler's language, "the assertion, and points out what we were designed for as really as though it were in a higher degree and more extensive."

Our own motives we can know; the actions of others we can less perfectly know and less surely interpret. But the appearances, past and present, of the world are certainly opposed to man's being a merely selfish being, with no moral sentiments. True that, as to the present, it is difficult to say how far the hope of reward or the fear of punishment in another world may be operating, as no doubt it is to a large extent; but how are we to account for all the noble deeds of heathen men, done without any such hope or fear, and done oftentimes under circumstances which prevented their ever reaping any reward here, even in the shape of honour or fame? For it is very hard to understand how mere regard for self could ever carry men to death, which by them was regarded as the extinction of self; and accordingly we see that selfish men, who will do brave things so long as they repay them with the praise of their fellows, often prove cowards when a brave death would put an end to the possibility of payment. One is almost ashamed to speak of Leonidas; but it may be worth while to consider whether any being without a purely

moral basis to his nature, could have died as he and his fellows did on that little hillock in the pass of Thermopylæ.

There can be no manner of question that Paley's theory of morals is opposed to the habitual feelings of men, as expressed in their ordinary words and phrases. All morality, according to him, consists in being urged by a violent motive resulting from the command of another—in being swayed by the desire of reward. Now nothing can be more certain than that men who speak and think naturally, and without regard to theory, will refuse to call or to consider any action as good and worthy of moral approbation, which is done under violent compulsion, which is due to the command of another, which is influenced by the hope of reward. Men do, in fact, consider freedom of action and disinterestedness of sentiment as essential to good actions; foolish they may be in so doing, but all we now say is, that such is the fact. And so the language of men ever bears evidence to their belief in this momentous distinction between virtue and expediency, between the *honestum* and the *utile*. "All the ancient heathen writers," as Archbishop Whately observes (p. 62), "use words which evidently signify what we call 'virtue,' 'duty,' 'moral-goodness;' which words could not possibly have found their way into the languages of men destitute (as most of them were) of any belief in a future state of retribution, if Paley's theory were correct. It is disproved, not by any supposed truth and *soundness* in the views of the ancient writers, but by the very *words* they employ."

Paley's theory, it will at once be seen, does away with the distinction between duty and prudence; a distinction so old, so obvious, and so natural, that it shows no little courage to propose its abolition in the way he does, more especially as he candidly admits that this difference has always been understood and recognised. His statement and solution of the question are given in the following words: "Now in what, you will ask, does the difference consist? inasmuch as, according to our account of the matter, both in the one case and the other,—in acts of duty as well as acts of prudence,—we consider solely what we ourselves shall gain or lose by the act. The difference, and the only difference, is this: that in the one case, we consider what we shall gain or lose in the present world; in the other case, we consider also what we shall gain or lose in the world to come" (p. 59).

It is almost enough refutation to state Paley's own reasoning in his own words, because every one, we suppose, must feel that a time-difference is not the only difference between virtue and prudence. It is evident, on this view of the matter, that to a man not believing in future rewards and punishments, the one distinction between virtue and prudence vanishes, and

the two become absolutely one and the same. But so far from this having been the case, virtue and prudence were never confounded by the ancient moralists; and Aristotle, who, we need not repeat, had no belief in future rewards, allots a very subordinate place in his moral system to prudence, and that whilst defining it in its largest sense as the power of rightly counselling concerning the things that are good and expedient for a man's self with regard to his whole well-being.*

The request of the sons of Zebedee to sit one on the right hand and the other on the left hand of our Lord, probably had reference to a temporal reign on this earth which they were expecting: but let us for a moment suppose that the kingdom of which they spoke was the unseen and future kingdom of God. Here is an act which most of us, in our vulgar ignorance, would think prudent, indeed, and selfish, but not challenging the name of virtue. But from Paley we learn just the contrary: the request having no reference to gain in this world, had nothing to do with prudence; having to do with gain in a world to come, it was an act of virtue. Surely this is a monstrous conclusion; surely selfishness is not virtue, though it postpone its hope of enjoyment to a future and unascertained time.

The distinction between conscience and self-interest, between virtue and prudence, was well stated by Lord Shaftesbury in his *Characteristics*. "There are two things," he says, "which to a rational creature must be horridly offensive and grievous, viz. to have the reflection in his mind of any *unjust* action or behaviour, which he knows to be naturally *odious* and *ill-deserving*; or, of any foolish action or behaviour which he knows to be prejudicial to his own interest or happiness. The former of these is alone properly called Conscience, whether in a moral or religious sense: for to have awe and terror of the Deity does not of itself imply conscience. No one is esteemed the more conscientious for the fear of evil spirits, conjurations, enchantments, or whatever may proceed from any unjust, capricious, or devilish nature. Now to fear God any otherwise than as in consequence of some justly blameable and imputable act, is to fear *a devilish* nature, not *a divine* one. Nor does the fear of hell or a thousand *terrors* of the Deity imply conscience; unless where there is an apprehension of what is *wrong, odious, morally deformed, and ill-deserving;* and where this is the case, there *conscience* must have effect, and punishment of necessity be apprehended, even though it be not expressly threatened. And thus *religious conscience* supposes *moral or natural conscience;* and though the former be understood to carry with it the fear of divine punishment, it has its force, however, from the apprehended moral deformity and odious-

* Eth. Nic. vi. 5.

ness of any act with respect purely to the divine presence, and the natural veneration due to such a suppos'd being: for in such a presence the shame of villany or vice must have its force independently on that further apprehension of the magisterial capacity of such a being, and his dispensation of particular rewards or punishments in a future state."*

Those who contend for the utilitarian origin of our moral principles, ground them, of course, on induction; and in so doing, they must either overlook or deny the peculiar axiomatic character which attaches to them. It seems to us that whoever has once conceived of the notion of a duty as such, thereupon conceives of it in all its certainty and all its generality, just as he does with regard to any proposition in Euclid. Whoever, for instance, has once understood the moral obligation to truthfulness, has hold of something which can neither be increased nor lessened in its certainty by the result of his experience as to its nature or effects. It may and does require an instance or instances to bring it home to our intellectual apprehension; it requires still more to bring it home to our moral nature; but once taken hold of by this, it is there in all its extent and fulness. This fact is by no means to be explained by the hypothesis that the moral principle is a result of other men's experience, collected into a single sentence, and thus brought before us in a compacted form; for the specific difference of the mode in which we apprehend *a priori* and absolute truths, and *a posteriori* facts which are the results of experience, depends on the nature of the facts themselves, and not on the mode of their communication; not on the question whether we derive our information from our own experience, or from the experience of others; nor whether we ourselves have gathered the multifarious instances into a single conclusion, or others have done this before us. In either case the *a posteriori* fact admits of degree; it may be increased or lessened in certainty; the only difference being, that in the one case the more or the less is applied to our own experience, in the other, to the authority of our informant.

How often are men's first thoughts their best thoughts! how often is the instant involuntary sentence of our nature more true and just and honest than our after-thoughts, when we have had room and verge for consideration of the results, and calculations perhaps of self-interest! and how repeatedly do we find persons of little experience, and little capacity to judge of the ultimate effects and workings of things, the most true and just in their moral judgments! which we should not find if moral perception and sensation were but a keen insight into self-

* Vol. ii. pp. 119, 120 (edit. 1732).

interest in the end and long-run of things. How often, again, do men, or at least those who think at all about what goes on in their own minds, feel that the doubt about any action depends not at all on a calculation of the general effects of it, but on its relation to their own inner selves! how perpetually do they feel that, so to speak, the strife and the conflict are not without themselves, but within,—that in their hearts and souls, in their contending passions and emotions, lies the stress of the fight!

τί γὰρ βάλωμεν ἔξω
μάχης ἔσω μιγείσης;

For why should we shoot abroad
When the battle is raging within?

This axiomatic nature of moral truths, of which we have been speaking, has often been more or less recognised. "Such things," said Hooker, "as soon as they are alleged, all men acknowledge to be good; they require no proof or further discourse to be assured of their goodness."* And philosophers of the most opposite schools — such, for instance, as Kant and Locke—have agreed in attributing to morality the character of an exact science. These theories are, of course, at utter variance with schemes like that of Paley, which reduce it to a question of profit and loss; they attribute to it an origin, not in the arid and ever-shifting sands of expediency, but in the clear and abiding well-spring of the human heart.

We have seen that Paley's theory, denying all distinction between duty and prudence, denies all regard to the motive, as distinguished from the effect, of an action: but this regard to motive, as opposed to effect, is so natural, so inherent to the human mind, that Paley himself, when he comes to consider particular duties, and to determine particular questions, is often fain to resort to it. "The motives and the effects of actions are the only points of comparison in which their moral quality can differ," says our author, when treating of the contracts of sale (p. 125), and showing the moral equality of designed concealment of some fault and falsehood in recommendation of the vendor's wares. "But the motive in these two cases is the same," he goes on; which is a very irrelevant remark, if the only motive acknowledged be the selfish desire of gaining by making the effects of our actions coincident with God's will, and so likely to win prizes hereafter. "As an act of satisfaction or revenge," he says (p. 134), when speaking of the imprisonment of insolvent debtors, "it is always wrong in the motive;"—language which, to him, ought to have been unmeaning and idle. Nor is it by any means the only instance in which our author is

* Eccl. Pol. i. sect. 8.

grossly inconsistent with himself. After having come to the conclusion that "God wills and wishes the happiness of His creatures" (p. 76), Paley goes on to discuss the relation of actions to the happiness of mankind alone: on which Dr. Whately justly observes:

"When Paley goes on from this to speak about doing good to *mankind*, it doubtless never occurred to him, or to thousands of his readers, that nothing had been said to warrant a preference, on our part, of our fellow-*men* to the *brute* creation, or even to *vegetables*. That there is something nobler and more virtuous, and more congenial to the best feelings of our nature, in increasing the number and promoting the welfare of the human species, than in multiplying and protecting brutes, and propagating thistles, or any other plants, seems too obvious to need being even stated. But this is because every man —Paley amongst the rest—must possess something—more or less—of those moral sentiments whose existence his theory denies." (p. 79.)

The fact is, that a writer who has to express, in words and forms of thought which throughout assume and involve the existence of moral feelings and instincts, a theory which denies such feelings and instincts, is labouring at an immense disadvantage. To use the ordinary language of moral philosophy to inculcate such a theory as Paley's, is like having to write an English essay to prove that the English language has no existence, and never had.

The existence of the conceptions of virtue and goodness has not, of course, been denied by Paley and the opponents of the moral sense; but how are they to be accounted for by them? The explanation which Paley gives is put into the mouths of these supposed disputants; for he professes too great an indifference about this "question of pure curiosity" to state any thing about it on his own behalf; and yet, from the subsequent parts of the treatise, it is impossible not to consider the statement as accepted by Paley himself.

"They say," says our author, in speaking of these opponents of the moral sense, "that the general approbation of virtue, even in instances where we have no interest of our own to induce us to it, may be accounted for without the assistance of a moral sense, thus: Having experienced in some instance a particular conduct to be beneficial to ourselves, or observed that it would be so, a sentiment of approbation rises up in our minds, which sentiment afterwards accompanies the idea or mention of the same conduct, although the private advantage which first excited it no longer exists. And this continuance of the passion after the reason of it has ceased is nothing more, say they, than what happens in other cases, especially in the love of money, which is in no person so eager as it is oftentimes found to be in a rich old miser, without family to provide for or friend to oblige by it, and to

whom consequently it is no longer (and he may be sensible of it, too) of any real use or value: yet is this man as much overjoyed with gain and mortified by losses as he was the first day he opened his shop, and when his very sustenance depended upon his success in it. By these means the custom of approving certain actions *commenced*; and when once such a custom hath got footing in the world, it is no difficult thing to explain how it is transmitted and continued; for *then* the greatest part of those who approve of virtue approve of it from authority, by imitation, and from a habit of approving such and such actions inculcated in early youth, and receiving as men grow up continual accessions of strength and vigour, from censure and encouragement, from the books they read, the conversations they hear, the current application of epithets, the general turn of language, and the various other causes by which it universally comes to pass, that a society of men touched in the feeblest degree with the same passion soon communicate to one another a great degree of it. This is the case with most of us at present; and is the cause also that the *process of association* described in the last paragraph but one is little now either perceived or wanted" (pp. 19, 20).

The first suggestion here made to account for the existence of moral sentiments is a false association of ideas. Think of it for a moment: that all that seems noble, generous, unselfish, self-denying, in human nature, in human conduct,—all that thrills us in the great and glorious deeds of all time,—springs, after all, from a blunder of association, from sheer utter stupidity and muddle-headedness, from an incapacity to discriminate between conduct that is beneficial to ourselves, and the like conduct when not beneficial to ourselves. And think how monstrously stupid men must be, when even the fact that this conduct is clearly prejudicial to their own interests will not arouse them to see the distinction, will never dispel that sentiment of approbation which once, in time past, arose because they or their grandfathers fancied a like action to be beneficial to them. If this sentiment arose because the conduct was beneficial in the one case, one would have expected it to vanish when this conduct is clearly the contrary. Men are generally found to know what is and what is not for their interest with tolerable quickness; but this theory supposes just the contrary,—that when once self-interest has approved a particular species of conduct, it goes on in stupid approbation for ever, be the consequence of that conduct what it may, whether for evil or for good to the man's self and his selfish interests, whether for riches or for poverty, for ease or for pain, for life or for death; which is, to say the least, a singular view of human nature.

Custom is the next thing to which resort is had to explain the existence of the sentiments and habits in question. But what is custom but the habit of doing this or that? and the

inquiry is how the habit arose. It is only explaining the qualities of a thing by a statement of its nature. Custom may explain what one man does; but how can it possibly explain what mankind do, or how men came to do it? It accounts for this or that man's doing this or that particular act; but never can explain the mighty motives that have swayed the hearts of mankind through long ages, the same internal principles under a thousand varying forms of custom and outward habit. It never can account for the noble actions of men, done for the sake of conscience in defiance of custom and amidst the frowns of the world. This proposed explication of the phenomena is as utterly inadequate as the celebrated explanation of the fossil shells on the Alps by the droppings from the pilgrims over the passes.

But further, the accounts which the opponents of the moral sense are by Paley supposed to give of custom seems as false as it is inadequate. It assumes that any custom, touching any society of men in the feeblest degree, inevitably spreads through the whole mass, not in the intensity in which it first existed, but to a far greater degree; and this though the habit in question arose but from a blunder of association, and was throughout its leaven-like dissemination persistently opposed by all the selfishness and all the immoral passions of every member of the society in question. Surely there is nothing in the history of human society that lends any pretence to such an account of the origin and spread of customs as that here given.

The religious aspect of the theory of moral obligation which has been propounded by Paley would well deserve a fuller discussion than we can accord to it now; more especially as there is a large class of persons, entirely opposed to him as a theologian, who, as Dr. Whately has remarked (p. 23), "from a well-intentioned but misdirected desire to exalt God's glory and set forth man's sinfulness," strenuously maintain the validity of it. The Archbishop has justly observed (p. 24), that if we attach "no meaning to the words 'good' and 'just' and 'right,' except that such is the divine command, then to say that God is good, and His commands just, is only saying in a circuitous way that He is what He is, and that what He wills He wills; which might equally be said of any being in the universe:" and further, that if we adopt this theory, we can no longer refer to the pure and moral tone of the New Testament as an internal evidence; "for if all our moral notions are entirely derived from that book, to say that the morality of the book is correct is merely to say that it is what it is" (p. 25).

But he who adopts this theory is necessarily involved in results more irreligious still: for it is evident that he worships and serves God, not because He is holy and good and true, but

because He is strong; and that if Satan could ever offer a more violent motive than God, he should be followed, and not God. It is evident that to him might makes right; that the sole distinction between God and Satan is one of strength, not of justice; and that (if we may reverently put such a supposition) had Satan and his angels conquered in the wars of heaven, he, and not the God of truth, had rightly challenged our obedience. We confess that the worship of power, as distinct from right, has ever seemed to us to be the very essence of devil-worship; and Paley is satisfied if God be but the strongest of the devils. Such a theory appears to us so revolting and irreligious, that we almost hesitate to embody its conclusion in words.

If Paley be right in his general theory of moral obligation, and in his proposition that the Scriptures are the expressed will of God, we should find in them a very simple mode of teaching. It would be simply a setting forth of certain things as commanded and others as forbidden, with the addition of a promise of heaven and a threat of hell for the doing of the one or the other class of deeds respectively: and if ever any thing beyond this were to be found, it would be somewhat about the tendency of actions to promote or diminish the general happiness: whereas the method we find employed in the Scriptures is as remote as possible from such a one. They do, indeed, enforce the commands of God with the terrible sanctions of a future state of reward or punishment; but hope and fear are never set forth as the sole or the principal reason why an action should be done or forborne; but the primary appeal ever lies to the moral nature of man, and to the eternal distinction between right and wrong. Even the reference so often made to God's will is something far different from a mere appeal to our selfish desire of pleasure or dread of pain; rather it is like vouching the authority of one whose moral qualities are so infinitely exalted, that the conscience cannot choose but presume that what is to Him well-pleasing must be immutably and eternally right.

Again, if Paley be correct, the manner in which God is described, and His attributes set before us, in the Scriptures, is impertinent and irrelevant in the last degree. For then the one thing of all account to us—the one thing, indeed, we ever could know or understand about Him—would be His strength, His power beyond any other being to give us pleasure or pain. Then all that is said about His righteousness, His justice, His truth, is but mocking us with lofty but idle words; nay, more, it is a base attempt to deceive us with the belief that He has claims on our allegiance which neither He nor any other being ever can have. If the Scriptures be true and Paley right, God would

have been set forth with the attribute of power only, not as just, and true, and righteous altogether.

The scriptural mode of inculcating duties may be well illustrated by an instance which Paley himself has given: "Obedience to parents," he remarks, "is enjoined by St. Paul to the Ephesians: 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right;' and to the Colossians, 'Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord'" (p. 245). Now surely, if Paley's theory of moral obligation be right, the sole motive set before the children would have been that obedience would hereafter bring reward, and disobedience pain: St. Paul would never have made so irrelevant an observation as that this was right; he would never have embarrassed the innocent minds of the children with such a roundabout way of stating the motive as that obedience was well-pleasing to the Lord.

Paley himself, in an unguarded moment, admitted what we are contending for. "The Scriptures," he says, "commonly presuppose in the persons to whom they speak a knowledge of the principles of natural justice; and are employed not so much to teach *new* rules of morality, as to enforce the practice of it by *new* sanctions, and by a *greater certainty;* which last seems to be the proper business of a revelation from God, and what was most wanted" (p. 16). How it is possible to reconcile this statement with the moral system subsequently laid down, is not clear or easy to understand. What has justice to do with the matter, when by Paley's definition all moral obligation consists in "the expectation of being after this life rewarded if I do, or punished if I do not"? (p. 59.) It is a simple question of command: and how can any question arise about justice?—still more, how can it be natural, when by Paley's hypothesis the nature of man is but a *tabula rasa,* a dumb dog, with no voice or utterance of its own, and influenced only by the hope of reward or the fear of punishment, according as it does or does not the behest of its tyrant? The whole sentence is an admission of that which Paley means to deny.

Morality involves two things, knowing and doing; and these are unfortunately but too distinct from one another. It seems strange that a man knowing the better should do the worse—so strange, that it was some time before men could bring themselves to the belief of it. Socrates, as all know, thought vice and ignorance one and the same thing: he conceived that men's minds were confused, that mere semblances were taken for realities, and things evil were mingled in conception with things good; and accordingly all his efforts were but to draw out from the consciences and hearts of his hearers, or rather answerers, those

truths which lay within their hearts, buried, hidden, and asleep. He never dreamed that when those truths were really aroused, when men had become distinctly conscious of them, they could or would go on doing the evil whilst thus knowing the good.

A few years, however, sufficed to dispel the illusion: a little space of time was enough to show that to know and to do were not identical or co-extensive; and the great Peripatetic was obliged to admit the existence of this failing in the soul—this impotency to do what it knows is best to be done, and what it, indeed, does desire to do. Aristotle wisely discriminated between this incapacity to follow the better, and the desire to follow the worse—between the impotency or incontinence of the soul and its intemperance, if we may strive so to distinguish vices which our English tongue has no specific words to express at all equivalent to the *ἀκρασία* and *ἀκολασία* of Aristotle.

Now it is exactly here, as it seems to us, that the great point of incidence of Christianity on the moral nature of man is to be found,—in overcoming this impotency of man to do what he knows he ought to do. It is just in this part of the battle-field, in this moment of the strife, that Christianity comes to the rescue, with its mysterious influences, its divine aids, its superhuman strength. Before it came, there was the moral law, the sense of right and wrong, the consciousness of good and evil, the desire to follow the one and to eschew the other; but there also came the passions—greed, and lust, and self in its myriad forms of evil; and all these principalities and powers were joined together in the strife of a ceaseless battle, waged with varying and uncertain issue, where the voice of conscience was drowned mid the war-cry of contending desires and the shout of triumphant passions. Then heaven was opened, and its hosts were seen ready to join in the conflict, and to subdue all this confused medley into a state of perfect harmony, where conscience is as supreme in power as before she had been in right.

We are not saying that the communication of this superhuman aid was all that Christianity has effected, or was designed to effect, even as regards morality alone. It unquestionably did much more. It not only supplied fresh motives for right practice, and fresh obligations for the pursuit of virtue, through its revelations, but it expanded and improved the text of the moral law. On this point Archbishop Whately has well observed, that "all the peculiarities of the gospel morality appear manifestly, on an attentive inspection, to consist not in departures from natural morality, but in the correction, completion, and exaltation of what had been laid down by human moralists. It is not in contradiction, but in conformity to the purest ethical principles that Christianity amends what is faulty, supplies what

is deficient, and improves what is right in human systems" (p. 66).

In the admirable essay in the *Friend*,* in which Coleridge has discussed Paley's doctrine of the utility of actions considered as the criterion of their morality, he has pointed out how our author's system is opposed to the Christian scheme in the confounding of morality with law; in the substitution of obedience for faith; and how it necessarily denies the doctrine propounded by the Scriptures of the judgment of God on our actions. For the Scriptures tell us of an Omniscient as well as All-powerful Being, who shall judge us hereafter according to the thoughts and intents of the heart, and not according as our actions have resulted in apparent good or apparent evil to our fellows: whereas Paley, in fact, tells us that motives—that is, these thoughts and intents—are of no moment at all. "One of the most persuasive, if not one of the strongest, arguments for a future state," as Coleridge remarks in the essay to which we have referred, "rests in the belief, that although by the necessity of things, our outward and temporal welfare must be regulated by our outward actions, which alone can be the objects and guides of human law, there must yet needs come a juster and more appropriate sentence hereafter, in which our intentions will be considered, and our happiness and misery made to accord with the grounds of our actions. Our fellow-creatures can only judge what we are by what we do; but in the eye of our Maker, what we do is of no worth, except as it flows from what we are. Though the fig-tree should produce no visible fruit, yet if the living sap is in it, and if it has struggled to put forth buds and blossoms, which have been prevented from maturing by inevitable contingencies of tempests or untimely frosts, the virtuous sap will be accounted as fruit; and the curse of barrenness will light on many a tree from the boughs of which hundreds have been satisfied, because the Omniscient Judge knows that the fruits were threaded to the boughs artificially by the outward working of base fear and selfish hopes, and were neither nourished by the love of God or of man, nor grew out of the graces engrafted on the stock by religion."

There is one, amongst the somewhat miscellaneous observations with which Paley concludes his first book, to which we must briefly call attention before concluding,—that, we mean, in which he lays down the well-known rule in morality about the safe side. "In every question of conduct, where one side is doubtful and the other side safe, we are bound to take the safe side." A very little consideration will tell any one that, though this may be true, it is far from being the whole truth; and Dr.

* Vol. ii. Essay xi.

Whately has some observations on it which are worth reading. "This very ancient maxim," he observes, "which is most just and valuable, is one of which the misapplication has led to an unspeakable amount of evil. I mean, when men have sought to keep *on the safe side*, but have erred as to what *is* the safe side; for (1) what *appears* to be perfectly safe and harmless, will sometimes not be really such; and (2) that which is *in itself* harmless, may, under some circumstances, carry with it the admission of a *dangerous principle*" (pp. 52, 53).

But the limitation which we should be inclined to put upon the rule, as far more natural, and therefore far sounder, is this, —that the consideration of safety should never be resorted to until the consideration of right and truth has been exhausted. We mean, that a man, in considering any question of moral conduct, should first consider what is true, what is right,—with the utmost indifference as to whether the answer to that question will redound to safety or danger, ease or disquiet, convenience or inconvenience. But if this investigation, having been honestly pursued to the end, leaves no certain result; if every means have been tried in vain, and, after all, the scales hang even and undecided,—then, and then only, may he resort to the consideration of whether of the two courses is the one of safety. We should all rightly despise a man who acted, on the hypothesis of there being future rewards and punishments, because he thought it safer, without ever giving himself the trouble to inquire what reasons there were for the belief; though we should regard as rightly prudent, and in that sense wise, a man who so acted because, after the most patient search, he still felt left in somewhat of doubt—felt that an assured decision was for him impossible.

We feel at once the miserable cowardice of flying to considerations of safety, when we ought to seek for what is true, and ought to be willing to follow that through all risks and dangers, nay, if need be, to certain destruction; so little has safety, primarily, to do with the matter. Hide nothing from us, let us know the worst, if it be the truth. *Ἐν φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον*, "Give light, and let us die," is the prayer of every true heart. The consideration of safety, whether here or hereafter, is alike secondary in any soul conscious of such a thing as truth. To try and stay our hunger after truth with considerations about our safety, is like the Indians, who fill their stomachs with earth to stave off the gnawings of want.

The cowardly nature of the maxim about the safe side, when so understood, has been so well characterised by Lord Shaftesbury, that we willingly conclude with another extract from him. "'Tis the most beggarly refuge imaginable," he says, "which

is so mightily cry'd up, and stands as a great maxim with many able men,—'that they should strive to have faith, and believe to the utmost, because if, after all, there be nothing in the matter, there will be no harm in being thus deceived; but, if there be any thing, it will be fatal for them not to have believed to the full.' But they are so far mistaken, that whilst they have this thought, 'tis certain they can never believe either to their satisfaction and happiness in this world, or with any advantage of recommendation to another. For besides that our reason, which knows the cheat, will never rest thorowly satisfy'd on such a bottom, but turn us often adrift, and toss us in a sea of doubt and perplexity; we cannot but actually grow *worse* in our religion, and entertain *a worse* opinion still of a *Supreme* Deity, whilst our belief is founded on so injurious a thought of Him."*

Art. IV.—THE BLIND.

Des Aveugles: Considérations sur leur état physique, moral et intellectuel, avec un exposé complet des moyens propres à améliorer leur sort à l'aide de l'instruction et du travail. Par P. A. Dufau, Directeur de l'Institution Nationale des Aveugles de Paris. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française. Seconde édition. Paris: Jules Renouard et Cie. 1850.

Souvenirs d'une Aveugle-née, recueillis et écrits par elle-même. Publiés par P. A. Dufau. Paris: Renouard et Cie. 1851.

The Sense [of Vision] denied and lost. By Thomas Bull, M.D. Edited by the Rev. B. G. Johns, Chaplain of the Blind School, St. George's Fields. London: Longman and Co. 1859.

The Land of Silence and the Land of Darkness. By the Rev. B. G. Johns. London: Longman and Co. 1857.

The Lost Senses. By John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. Series II.—Blindness. London: Charles Knight and Co. 1845.

Essai sur l'Instruction des Aveugles, ou exposé analytique des procédés employés pour les instruire. Par le Docteur Guillié. Seconde édition. Paris: imprimé par les Aveugles. 1819.

"In the month of August 1425, as we read in the *Journal de Paris*, under the reigns of Charles V. and Charles VI., p. 104, four blind men," says M. Dufau, "covered with armour and armed with staves, were shut up in the lists at the Hotel d'Armagnac with a pig of great size, which was to be the prize

* Characteristics, i. 37 (edit. 1732).

of the man who should kill it. When the contest began, the poor blind men, pursuing the pig and striking at random, gave one another such rude blows, to the great delight of the lookers-on, that they grew angry; for when they were most confident of hitting the pig, they hit one another; and if they had not been covered with armour, they would in truth have slain each other."*

We are reminded by this story of Sydney Smith's remark in criticising some philosophical speculations of the earlier Greek schools, that common sense was not invented then. In the fifteenth century, natural human feeling seems scarcely to have been invented. But against the incident above related it is only fair to put the foundation of the Hospice des Quinze Vingts by St. Louis IX., in 1265, as an asylum for three hundred knights who had lost their eyesight in the crusades; and of a similar institution, dating also from the thirteenth century, at Chartres. We fear, however, that while the story told in the *Journal de Paris* illustrates with only too much truth the unthinking cruelty of a barbarous age, the establishments mentioned in the last sentence are to be attributed chiefly to the personal benevolence of the saintly monarch. Impulses good and bad, of the noblest generosity and the intensest selfishness, are not unfrequent in any nation at any time. They are most frequent, perhaps, among uncultivated people. But the systematic and deliberate consideration, to which it is as a rule and duty,

> "Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels,"

is of slow growth. To whatever extent it can be said to exist now among Christian communities, it is indisputably quite modern.

Of the condition of the blind in the ancient world little is known. The fact that they form the subject of special and benevolent legislation in the Jewish code—witness the precepts, "Thou shalt not put a stumbling-block in the way of the blind, but shalt fear thy God," and "Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way"—is no doubt due to the fact, that throughout the East the blind form a very considerable proportion of the entire population. These injunctions are in contrast with the Jewish belief (possibly of later origin), that blindness was a divine judgment on, and a punishment of, sin. This belief is itself reversed in other Eastern countries, "where," as Mr. Johns remarks, "the blind are regarded in some sense as sacred persons under the special

* Des Aveugles, p. xiii.

favour of Heaven. Not long since," he adds, "an intelligent friend of ours, a great traveller, who happens to be blind, in passing through Tetuan, an old Moorish city of Africa, was welcomed and fêted with peculiar honours, chiefly on account of his blindness."*

If we do not find among ancient heathen nations any systematic provision for the relief of the blind, as little do we find any trace of inhuman feelings directed towards them. Medical works leave no doubt, M. Dufau tells us, that the blind were numerous in Italy and in Roman Asia, though one of the most prolific causes of congenital blindness did not then exist. His statement, that institutions of public benevolence are foreign to the spirit of nations among whom slavery reigns, is substantially true.† The reason is, that the necessitous in such countries are principally slaves; and that slaves, being private property, are naturally also a private charge, and not a public burden. We cannot, therefore, accept the non-existence of asylums and training-schools for the blind in Greece and Italy as an illustration of heathen indifference to suffering. M. Dufau's remarks on this subject contain a larger amount of conjecture than is consistent with sound historical judgment.

"Among the thousands of slaves," he says, "possessed by an opulent Roman, the child which was born blind, sometimes no doubt became a kind of drudge (*souffre-douleur*), exposed to the caprices of his master, and the barbarous sports of his degraded companions; oftener, perhaps, being regarded simply as a burdensome property, he was slain in his cradle; so we may reasonably conjecture, when we notice that no blind man is ever signalised among the clan of freedmen as having worked his way to liberty by his talent. How is it that the blind, if they were allowed to live, did not manifest, as in our days, that general and constant aptitude for music, which forms one of the distinctive traits of their organisation; how is it that no skilful performer on the flute or lyre is found, recommended by his very condition to the notice of writers? Moreover, to suppose the deliberate destruction of children afflicted with an important organic defect, is not to calumniate antiquity. At Sparta they were thrown into the Eurotas; and we know that, even at the present day, among some Eastern nations, infirm infants newly born pass at once from life to death."

An argument, every clause of which is introduced by a "peut-être," a "sans doute," or a "conjecture à bon droit," fails of cogency. The inference from Sparta to Rome, from the destruction of free-born children on the Eurotas to that of blind-born slaves on the Tiber, and from existing practices in

* Lands of Silence and Darkness, p. 98.

† It is not, however, entirely true, as the relief given to the ἀβίωτοι at Athens, and to the *alimentarii* at Rome, shows.

Eastern nations to the conduct of the nations of classical antiquity, involves a logical leap in which we cannot follow the author. But even if the facts he states did warrant the conclusion (in the absence of distinct testimony) that Roman slaves born blind were habitually put to death in their cradles, this circumstance would help M. Dufau but little. The great majority of blind persons (slaves no less than others) become blind in adult age; very few indeed before their eighth year; while no one (according to M. Dufau) is ever, strictly speaking, born blind.* The destruction of all slaves who lost their sight in early childhood would not materially have diminished the total number of blind slaves. Considering, moreover, that the younger among the blind would almost necessarily—from the inapplicability of the ordinary means of culture, and the non-existence of any special system of training—be intellectually less advanced than those whose sight was lost at a maturer age, it is not among the former that we should expect to find a talent capable of working its way to freedom. With regard to the fact that no mention is made, in any classical author, of slaves acquiring celebrity by musical talent, it is worth noting that music does not seem to have been among the liberal or semi-liberal arts, which slaves were sometimes encouraged to cultivate. There were *servi literati*, literary slaves, who acted as readers, amanuenses, copiers for booksellers, secretaries, short-hand writers; but we find no mention of a class of musical slaves, corresponding to the *anagnostæ* and *librarii*. The tradition which represented Homer as blind, and the description given in the Odyssey of the Phæacian bard Demodocus—

> τὸν πέρι Μοῦσ' ἐφίλησε, δίδου δ' ἀγαθόν τε κακόν τε
> ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε, δίδου δ' ἡδείαν ἀοιδήν†—

point distinctly to a sympathy with the blind, as at once chastened by and loved of the gods, to whom, as they are

> "from the cheerful ways of men
> Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
> Presented with a universal blank
> Of Nature's works, ...
> So much the rather the celestial light
> Shines inward, and the mind through all her powers
> Irradiates . . . . . .
> . . . . . that they may see and tell
> Of things invisible to mortal sight."

* "Il n'y a pas d'aveugles-nés, à proprement parler, c'est à dire d'enfants sortant aveugles du sein de leur mère, par suite de l'état spécial de l'appareil visuel." *Des Aveugles*, p. 1.

† *Odyssey*, viii. 63:

> "Dear to the Muse who gave his days to flow,
> With mighty blessings mixed with mighty woe,
> In clouds and darkness quenched his visual ray,
> Yet gave him power to raise the lofty lay." *Pope.*

In the *Œdipus at Colonus*, no doubt other elements of tragic emotion are predominant; but no reader can be insensible to the degree in which the blindness of the dethroned and wandering monarch is made to add to the pathos of the character and the situation.

The philosophers, mentioned by Diogenes Laertius—among them Democritus—who put out their eyes in order to concentrate their attention on the abstractions with which they were engaged; and the more trustworthy allusions in many of Cicero's writings to his old teacher Diodotus, whose loss of sight did not interfere with his skill in teaching geometry,—are, as far as we know, the principal documents in relation to blindness to be found in the classical writers of heathendom.

Turning to the East, there is evidence that music was an art especially cultivated in Egypt by the blind. "Among the mural tablets of the ancient Egyptians," says Dr. Kitto, "there is one, copied by Rossellini and Sir J. G. Wilkinson, which is among the very few exhibiting any thing of character or sentiment, or able to inspire any emotion. It is from the tombs of Alabastron, and represents a blind harper sitting cross-legged on the ground, attended by seven other blind men similarly seated, who sing and beat time with their hands. They are clearly professional musicians; and from this we learn that music was a source of employment in Egypt to the blind, who in that country have always been frightfully numerous. That it was no less a source of enjoyment is manifest in their countenances, lighted up with animation and interest in their work; while the artist has contrived that not only the eyes, but every feature of the face, and the position of the heads, express the *blindness* of their condition."*

In more modern times, Chardin's account of the blind Persian princes at Ispahan, whose mathematical attainments and methods of study he describes, and the more questionable stories told by Charlevoix of the college of blind men in Japan, to whose memory the public records of the empire are confided, are the chief records of this class in the East.

It would be an endless and useless task to enumerate even the names of those who, since the Christian era, have, notwithstanding the absence of what is ordinarily deemed the most essential of the inlets of knowledge, been distinguished by proficiency in the various departments of intellectual culture and research. A tolerably complete list of these will be found in the article on the Instruction of the Blind in the original edition of the *Penny Cyclopædia*. It presents us with votaries of the mathematical and physico-mathematical sciences, the sciences of observation and

* Kitto, p. 171.

experiment;—chemistry and natural history, speculative philosophy, law, medicine, and divinity, politics and history, poetry, music, and sculpture, and the various arts of mechanical construction. Unfortunately the names of those who thus pursued knowledge under difficulties, and the fact of their achievements, are all that is recorded. Stupid indifference and neglect, or scarcely more intelligent wonder (as at the tricks of trained animals, or at striking displays of untrained animal instinct), with its unfailing accompaniment of exaggeration, do not seem to have given place to any more worthy curiosity. It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that an attempt was made to realise the intellectual and moral condition of the blind. Diderot's *Lettre sur les Aveugles, à l'usage de ceux qui voient* ("Letter on the Blind, for the use of those who see"), published in 1749, first distinctly suggested and exemplified the manner in which the study of the experience and feelings of the blind might be made to throw light upon some of the most interesting problems of mental science. If it can be ascertained that the blind are, as a rule, without, or possess only in an inferior degree and undeveloped condition, ideas and perceptions which are the common property of those who see; if certain otherwise universal emotions and feelings are absent from their minds, or only feebly present to them; if a marked mental tendency, a certain cast of character differencing them as a class from other human beings, can be detected,—an important aid is gained towards the determination of the part which the faculty of vision plays in the acquisition of knowledge, the training of the intellect, and the formation of the tastes, affections, and moral dispositions. This essay of Diderot's, and a subsequent production of the same author, *Lettre sur les Sourds et Muets, à l'usage de ceux qui entendent et qui parlent* ("Letter on Deaf Mutes, for the use of those who hear and speak"), published in 1751, occupy an important place in the history, not only of the literature of our present subject, but of philosophy in France, and, through France, in Europe. They suggested the method of exposition and illustration which Condillac made use of in his *Traité des Sensations*. Speculation in France, since the publication of that work, and until the reaction during the closing years of Napoleon's reign, was simply the explanation and development of the doctrines then laid down. In it, as is well known, Condillac supposes a "statue endowed with an interior organisation like our own, but with a mind totally destitute of ideas." He further "supposes that the exterior, consisting entirely of marble, does not allow it the use of any of the senses; and reserves to himself the liberty of opening them at discretion to the different impressions of which they are susceptible." By gifting it at first

with each sense separately, and then with all the possible combinations of the different senses, he endeavours to determine the feelings and conceptions due to their action, first in isolation, and secondly in conjunction.

"The idea," say the editors of the Brussels edition (1825) of Diderot's *Philosophical Works*,—"the idea of *decomposing* a man to ascertain what he derives from each of the senses which he possesses, and that of a company of five persons each endowed with only one sense, evidently gave birth to the *Statue organisée intérieurement comme nous*, which Condillac has placed in his *Traité des Sensations*, published three years after the *Lettre sur les Sourds et Muets*.* In his *Réponse à un reproche qui m'a été fait sur le projet exécuté dans le Traité des Sensations*, Condillac has not succeeded in exculpating himself; and the *Biographie Universelle* is in error in saying, 'it is alleged that this work is contained in the Letters on the Blind and on Deaf Mutes. . . . Condillac felt the imputation; he cited two fragments from Diderot, and it is clear that the latter was not the author of Condillac's treatise;' but every one acknowledges that Condillac drew from Diderot the idea of his *Statue*. *Suum cuique.*"

It is not to the credit of English thinkers that the first really philosophical work on what Diderot calls "la morale et la métaphysique des aveugles" should have proceeded from a French writer, since his materials and his method of dealing with them certainly came from England. The doctrine which he aimed to enforce was derived (whether by a correct interpretation or not) from Locke. His method of inquiry was that of Bacon, of whose *Novum Organon* Diderot was the first French expounder. Special circumstances would seem likely to have directed attention in England to the condition of the blind, and to the various problems on which an examination of that condition might be expected to throw light. In Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, published in 1690, the question was mooted, whether a blind man restored to sight would be able to recognise by his eye, and without handling them, geometrical figures which he had known during his blindness by touch. Hobbes afterwards, we believe, discussed the same question. In 1709, Berkeley published his *Theory of Vision*. In 1728, Cheselden contributed to the *Philosophical Transactions* his celebrated report entitled, "Account of some Observations made by a young gentleman who was born blind, or lost his sight so early that he had no remembrance of ever having seen, and was couched between thirteen and fourteen years of age." Dr. Saunderson, who died in 1739, had presented the extra-

* The *Lettre sur les Sourds et Muets* was published in 1751.

ordinary spectacle of a man totally blind from his first year filling with distinction the office of Mathematical Professor at Cambridge, and instructing those who saw in the laws of light. Yet all these favouring circumstances failed to incite to intelligent curiosity. Diderot himself administered a well-deserved rebuke to this sluggish indifference: "England," he says, "is the country of philosophers, of inquirers, of men of system; nevertheless, except for Mr. Inchcliff, we should have known of Saunderson only what the most ordinary men could have told us; for example, that he recognised places into which he had once been introduced by the echo from the walls and pavements, and a hundred other things of the same kind which were common to him with nearly all blind men. What, then! are blind men of Saunderson's merit so frequently to be met with in England? and are people to be found there every day who have never seen, and who lecture on optics?" (p. 176.)

The subject opened out in Diderot's letter does not appear to have been followed up. Excepting its influence on Condillac, its only effect was one personal to the author. The heterodox opinions broached in it procured him a *lettre de cachet* and three months' imprisonment in the Bastille, of which twenty-nine days were spent in solitary confinement, without books or light. As he refused, however, to give up the name of his printer, and as his services were required for the forthcoming *Encyclopædia*, he was at length released.

To another Frenchman we owe the foundation of the first institution for the education of the blind. The success of the Abbé Epée as a teacher of the deaf and dumb suggested to Valentine Haüy (the brother of the discoverer of the derivative forms of crystals) the "idea of communicating to another class of unfortunates, hitherto not less neglected, the benefit of instruction."

"But if this generous thought became henceforth fixed in his mind, an accidental and whimsical circumstance was needed to determine him to realise it. Haüy has himself related it in the following terms: 'Many years ago, a novelty of a singular character attracted a crowd of people at the entrance of one of those public walks where honest citizens are wont to take relaxation at the fall of day: eight or ten blind men, with spectacles on nose, posted behind a desk, with music-books before them, performed a discordant symphony, which seemed very much to delight the standers-by. A feeling of quite a different kind took possession of my mind; and I conceived at that moment the possibility of turning to account for their benefit the means of which they made a pretended and ridiculous use. "Does not the blind man," I said to myself, "recognise objects by the diversity of their forms? Is he ever mistaken as to the value of a piece of money? Why should

he not distinguish an *ut* from a *sol*, an *a* from a *g*, if these characters were made palpable?" Such was the origin of the method of special instruction created by Haüy" [by means of works printed in relief].*

Having proved its practicability in the case of a single pupil, who up to this time had begged at church-doors, and whom he paid for receiving his instruction, Haüy obtained the coöperation, first of the "Philanthropic Society," and then of the government, for the purpose of experiments on a large scale. The result was the foundation of the School for the Young Blind, from which arose the National (now probably the Imperial) Institution for the Blind at Paris. In 1806, he visited St. Petersburg, at the invitation of the Russian government, in order to superintend the establishment of an institution of a similar character in that city. In this task he spent eleven years, and returned to France in 1817. The asylums and schools for the blind which now exist in almost every capital and populous town of Europe and the United States, are as certainly, if less directly, founded by Valentine Haüy as those of Paris and St. Petersburg. The systematic attention which, since the beginning of the present century, has been paid in these establishments to the condition of the blind, has been naturally directed more to the practical amelioration of their lot in life than to systematic inquiry into the points of scientific interest which their privation presents; in other words (unlike Diderot's *Lettre*), it has had for its end, not "the use of those who see," but the benefit of those who do not see. The training provided in the schools for the blind, especially those in England and in the United States, is chiefly industrial. Only the most rudimentary general education is imparted. The inmates, belonging mostly to the indigent classes, are taught such trades as they can exercise with reasonable hope of supporting themselves when they quit the asylum. In many of the continental schools, on the other hand, notably in that at Paris, a higher intellectual training is aimed at. It is this circumstance, probably, which has given to the works of foreign writers a higher value and a wider scope than can in general be predicated of those of their English and American *collaborateurs*. The latter, no doubt, contain many valuable facts and suggestions; but they seldom rise above details, and are generally too much devoted to the technicalities of what a German writer, with true German love of an imposing terminology, calls *typhlopädagogik*, to be very profitable, except to professional teachers or others practically concerned in the administration of institutions for the blind. The books, again, which address the general

* Dufau, Des Aveugles, pp. 305, 306.

public are almost purely anecdotical, not to say gossiping. Many French and German works are of a higher order. Among these, the treatise of M. Dufau stands preëminent for the evidence which it presents of exhaustive knowledge of his subject, both in its theoretic and practical aspects, for the philosophic method and powers of generalisation it displays, as well as the insight it gives into the many interesting questions of psychology to which the study of the mental life of the blind introduces us. The blind are treated of in his essay as "at once objects of social beneficence and of scientific observation;" and in either relation with equal skill. It is in the latter aspect that we propose now to view them. But before proceeding to this part of our subject, we desire to gather together such scanty statistics of blindness as have been collected. They are far from being either extensive or exact enough to warrant any very positive conclusions on the points to the clearing-up of which attention should be drawn. Among these, M. Dufau, to whom (except when another authority is expressly cited) we are indebted for the details about to be stated, enumerates the "relative extent to which blindness prevails in town and country, in agricultural and manufacturing districts, dry and marshy lands; the various degrees of blindness; the age at which in each case it has supervened; the rank in life of the sufferers," &c.

The following figures convey the proportion which the blind hold, in the undermentioned countries, to the entire population. The average of three censuses, taken in Prussia in the years 1831, 1834, and 1837, gives one blind person among 1401 inhabitants. In Belgium, in 1831, the proportion was rather higher, being one in 1316. As regards France, no reliable information appears to exist. M. Dufau, comparing it with the two neighbouring countries, states that in 1836, supposing the proportion of blind the same as in Prussia, there would have been 23,862 of this class in France; and if the ratio were equal to that of Belgium, 25,487; or, taking a mean, 24,675. In an English book published this year, *Realities of Paris Life*, the number of blind in France is estimated at 50,000. But this is mere guesswork. Among the subjects of Queen Victoria, according to Mr. Johns, the ratio is one in 1000, there being 30,000 blind among 30,000,000 who see. In Ireland one in 870 is blind; in Sweden one in 1091; in Norway one in 566. In Spain the number of blind persons is very great. In Egypt and Morocco they are rudely estimated in the ratio of one to every hundred of the population. Of the white inhabitants of the United States, one in 2824 is blind; among the coloured population the proportion is nearly twice as great, being one in 1465.* In Africa,

* Dufau, p. 217. The partial identity of these numbers with those given by

on the other hand, the white population is said to suffer more than the black from ophthalmic affections. Dr. Zeune of Berlin has drawn up a table representing the manner in which, as he believes, blindness varies according to degrees of latitude:

Latitude	20°	to	30°	1 blind in	100	individuals.
„	30	„	40	1 „	300	„
„	40	„	50	1 „	800	„
„	50	„	60	1 „	1400	„
„	60	„	70	1 „	1000	„

It is evident, however, that a definite numerical statement of this kind is as yet (to say the least) premature. Some of the details already cited conflict with it. Dr. Zeune's general principle is, however, true, that "the number of the blind, considerable in the more northern parts of the globe, diminishes in the temperate zones, and then increases more rapidly as we approach the equator, where it is at its maximum." Still it is impossible at present to draw lines of equal blindness, like the lines of equal heat which physical geographers have laid down; and it is clear that the former would, just as little as the latter, correspond exactly with the parallels of latitude. Conditions of climate, soil, and employment; social arrangements—sanitary, economical, and others; and many other circumstances which do not vary as the distances from the equator, are no doubt causes which, as they affect the physical organisation for good or ill, tend to promote or check blindness. There seems some reason to believe that mountainous districts are more favourable to the preservation of sight than flat tracts of country. In the canton of Berne, a return made in 1840 gave few blind—one in 1570. In the three more elevated provinces of Prussia, the blind were one in 1613; in the ten lower and more level provinces, one in 1308.

As regards the age at which blindness occurs, it seems established that comparatively few cases occur in childhood, or even adolescence. "In Prussia, in 1831, it was calculated that out

Mr. Johns respecting Pennsylvania alone, makes it possible that we have, in one case or the other, an inaccurate form of the same statement. "There are some points of detail connected with the statistics of blindness in America of which we can offer our readers no satisfactory explanation. For example, why should the free and independent drab-coated men of Pennsylvania, having white skins, suffer only to the amount of one in 2842; *negroes in a state of freedom*, to that of one in 370; while if they do *not* survive sugar-hoeing, and never emerge into free life, blindness attacks only one in 2645? If the statistics be true,—and we quote on the best authority, — great must be the virtues of sugar-planting and hoeing, and gross, we fear, the excesses into which liberty too often leads the free and emancipated negro:—Mrs. H. B. Stowe nevertheless and notwithstanding" (*Land of Darkness*, pp. 99, 100). If the same figures were cited of Roman bondsmen and *liberti*, they would furnish a more powerful argument than any M. Dufau has been able to bring forward to show that Roman masters were in the habit of destroying their blind slaves;—and yet an entirely false one.

of 9212 blind persons of every age, 846, or nearly one-eleventh, were between one and fifteen years of age; while in Sweden, in 1840, on a total number of 2790 blind, only 138, or one-twentieth, belonged to this category." In the duchy of Brunswick, out of 286 blind persons, 14, or one-twentieth, were under seven years of age; 18, or one-fifteenth, under fifteen years of age. Dr. Bull sets down 2500 out of 30,000 (that is, one-twelfth of the whole) as born blind in England; by which he means blind before their eighth year. In America, the adolescent blind apparently furnish a much larger percentage of a much smaller number of blind. "From a recent report of the Pennsylvania Blind-School," says Mr. Johns, "we find that there are 10,000 blind persons in the United States; of whom 8000 are under thirty-five years of age, 4000 blind at birth, or before the third year, and 5500 [including, of course, the 4000 just named] before the tenth year."* In France, in Prussia, and in Belgium, the greater number of the blind belong to the male sex.

As regards the hereditary transmission of blindness, the solitary fact stated by M. Dufau, and that without much confidence in its accuracy, is that in England such cases are four per cent. The proportion, he thinks, is probably higher. A single fact conveys the only statement we can give as to the relative prevalence of different degrees of blindness. "In the duchy of Brunswick, in 1842, of 277 [accounted] blind persons, three saw moderately (*avaient un œil médiocre*), six saw confusedly (*jouissaient d'une vue confuse*), fifty-one had what is called a point of view (*avaient ce qu'on appelle un point de vue*), the blindness of the remaining 217 was complete."†

We have now quoted all the facts on which we could lay our hands, at the risk of wearying the reader, to show the inadequacy of the existing knowledge on the subject as the basis of any but the most provisional generalisations and inferences as to the causes of blindness, and to justify our abstinence from any inquiry into those causes, which at present stand in need of more facts and less speculation on them. On most of the points referred to,—the geographical distribution of the blind; the relative numbers of blind children, adolescents, and adults; of men and women; the age at which vision disappeared; the comparative prevalence of blindness in different ranks in life, as indicated by the employments of the parents or of the sufferers themselves, —it would be quite easy in England to collect a body of exact and authentic information on the occasion of the next census. If proper explanations were offered, few would object to make the requisite returns, which could scarcely be made other than volun-

* Land of Darkness, p. 99.

† Dufau, p. 222.

tarily. Information on some of these heads was, in fact, asked for and obtained in Ireland on occasion of the last census.

In considering the characteristics of the blind as a class, we begin with their physical nature, to which Bloomfield's imaginative description of the life of the blind boy may serve as an introduction:

> "Where's the blind boy, so admirably fair,
> With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair
> That waves in every breeze? He's often seen
> Beyond yon cottage-wall, or on the green,
> With others match'd in spirit and in size,
> Health on their cheeks and rapture in their eyes.
> That full expanse of voice, to children dear,
> Soul of their sports, is duly cherished here.
> And hark! that laugh is his,—that jovial cry—
> He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
> And runs the giddy course with all his might,—
> A very child in every thing but sight;
> With circumscribed but not abated powers,
> Play the great object of his infant hours.
> In many a game he takes a noisy part,
> And shows the native gladness of his heart."

Dr. Bull, who quotes this fancy sketch, says that the picture which it contains is "touchingly and most truthfully delineated." "Foremost among his young companions in their pleasant pastime," says the Doctor in his own person, "he [the blind child] pursues his sport as active and daring as any, guided and guarded by the exquisite keenness of the perceptions of hearing and touch."* There are instances familiar to every one, which both Bloomfield's and Dr. Bull's language very faintly and inadequately portray. Such is that of John Metcalf (or, as he was called, "Blind Jack"), celebrated as a lad for his boldness in swimming, diving, fox-hunting, and all daring and athletic amusements.† So far, however, is it from being true that

* Sense [of Vision] Denied and Lost, p. 37.

† As we may afterwards have to refer to the case of Metcalf, it may be well to give some account of him here.

John Metcalf was born at Knaresborough, in 1716. He lost his sight through smallpox, when he was six years of age. At fifteen he was employed to dive for the bodies of two drowned men in the river Nid, and succeeded in bringing one of them up. He also dived for, and brought up, two packs of yarn, which were sunk in twenty-one feet of water. He rode and won a race, on his own horse; and enlisting in 1745 in Thornton's troop, fought at Culloden and elsewhere. He afterwards acted as a guide for belated travellers, and drove a stage-waggon between York and Knaresborough. After studying mensuration and engineering, "we soon find him engaged," says Dr. Bull, from whom we have abridged the foregoing statement, "as a projector and surveyor of roads and bridges. Amongst other works, he built Boroughbridge, and made roads through Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire. Dr. Bew, the intimate friend of Dr. Moyse, was well acquainted with Metcalf, and thus speaks of him: 'With the assistance only of a long staff, I have several times seen this man traversing the roads, ascending precipices, exploring valleys, and investigating their several

blind children ordinarily manifest the same bodily energy, that M. Dufau points out in them a tendency to inaction and repose which is in remarkable contrast with the incessant and restless mobility of children who see. Instead of "running the giddy course with all their might," a "more or less rapid walk, according as the place in which they may be is more or less known to them, is generally the only exercise they take." There are children who arrive at the age of reason without ever having run. "Their games," says the same authority, "are seldom animated." At work, their immobility is even more striking. "At most one sees a hand noiselessly seeking its neighbour hand: the words *Tenez-vous tranquille,* which are elsewhere always in the master's mouth, are here rarely used; it is very common to see young people, who have reached the time of life at which an ardent activity develops itself in us, remaining for a quarter of an hour at a time perfectly motionless: their closed eyes, their grave foreheads, their countenances, in which the soul fails to be reflected, then present the appearance of the calmest sleep. When their features are good, you might think them antique busts, the models of which had been borrowed from the school of Zeno."*

This picture of the young blind is, no doubt, from M. Dufau's extensive opportunities of observation, the true one. The indisposition which he remarks in them to active exercises is not to be attributed merely to the hesitation and constraint attendant upon their darkness; it must be sought for in physiological considerations. In persons whose blindness is due to a paralysis of the optic nerve, the brain and nervous system generally are often impaired. That superabundant vital energy, therefore, the spontaneous overflowings of which seem to prompt the purposeless gambols of young animals, does not exist in them. The feeble "nerve-force" (whatever it may be) gives but a feeble stimulus from within to muscular action. Again, the influence of *light* upon the nervous system is necessary to its healthy tone, as the experiments of Dr. Edwards in regard to its effects upon animal organisation conclusively show. Tad-

extents, forms, and situations, so as to further his projects in the best manner. .... Most of the roads over the Peak in Derbyshire have been altered by his directions, particularly those in the vicinity of Buxton. ... I afterwards made some inquiries respecting a new road he was making. It was really astonishing to hear with what accuracy he described the courses, and the nature of the different soils through which it was conducted. Having mentioned a boggy piece of ground it passed through, he observed that it was the only place he had doubts about, and that he was apprehensive they had, contrary to his directions, been too sparing of their materials. This extraordinary man lived to the advanced age of eighty-five, possessed of his mental faculties to the last, and died in 1802'" (Bull's Sense Denied, pp. 103-7).

* Dufau, pp. 2, 3.

poles excluded from the light, while they grew in size, did not change into frogs; other tadpoles, subjected to precisely the same treatment in every respect excepting the exclusion of light, went through the proper metamorphosis at the usual time. Dr. Edwards also observes, that those nations among whom the fashion of dress leaves a considerable surface of the body exposed to the action of light, exhibit forms more gracefully rounded and of better muscular development than are to be found elsewhere. Miners, on the other hand, and those who live much in the dark, are generally misshapen, and of "pale and leaden" hue.* *Anhæmia* (want of blood) is a consequence of their mode of living. According to M. Dufau's description, the condition of the blind bears much resemblance to this. He compares their appearance to that of pale etiolated plants which have grown up in the shade. He speaks of their imperfect sanguification, and their awkward attitudes and gestures. He further points out that of the blind those who have some imperfect visual sense are more vivacious and active than those whose darkness is total. Of the latter class, those whose blindness is due to paralysis of the optic nerve, or affection of the brain, are less inclined to movement than those in whom the visual apparatus merely is disordered. These circumstances seem to show that, independently of its effect as the cause of vision, the action of light on the eye is a powerful and healthy stimulus, through the optic nerve, of the entire nervous system, and that its action upon the surface of the body, though less effectual, is real and beneficial. When either of the factors is diminished or impaired,—when the light acts on a feebler organisation, or less light finds access to an organisation of equal vigour,—the result is a diminished nervous force and muscular activity.

While we are speaking of the physical influence of light, we may refer to a question connected with this subject which has been made a matter of controversy among the blind themselves; viz. whether those who are totally destitute of vision have any sense whatever of the presence or absence of the luminous fluid. M. Knie, who has translated into German, with notes of his own, the treatise of M. Dufau, affirms that, "in spite of his state of complete blindness, he has a feeling of the light." M. Rodenbach, who also is blind, affirms, on the other hand, that the blind man whose eye has altogether wasted away can have no sensation except of the degree of heat, moisture, &c., which coincides with the presence of the luminous ray. M. Zeune is of the same opinion. M. Dufau seems to incline to the opposite view. The question was first started by Diderot, who relates the following incident of Saunderson:

* See Encyclopædia Britannica, 8th edition, art. "Light."

"It is said that, during some astronomical observations which were one day being made in a garden in his presence, the clouds which from time to time hid the disk of the sun from the observers occasioned a change in the action of the rays upon his face, which was sufficiently sensible to him to enable him to mark the moments which were favourable for observations, and the contrary. You may perhaps suppose that some agitation capable of informing him of the presence of light, but not of the presence of objects, occurred in his eyes. I should have thought so too, if it were not certain that Saunderson had lost not only sight, but the organs of sight. Saunderson, therefore, saw by means of his skin."

As clouds would intercept heat as well as light, this instance is not conclusive. M. Dufau relates others; but they do not necessarily show more than that the blind are cognisant of a difference between day and night. This, however, may be due to the change of temperature, and of atmospheric conditions, rather than to any distinct and immediate perception of the luminous fluid itself. Nevertheless, considering that the solar rays which convey heat are different from those which convey light, and that the necessity of the *latter* to healthy organic life, vegetable and animal, is clearly established, it may very well be the case that their action upon the nerves of the skin, of which the effect probably is to quicken and exalt the vital activity, is attended with a peculiar feeling, which, like most vague and obscure sensations, escapes those who have a better clue to the presence of the object from which it proceeds. The physical (as distinguished from visual) sense of the absence of light, in a slackened energy and torpor of the entire organisation, is perhaps expressed in the complaint which Milton transfers from himself to the hero of the *Samson Agonistes:*

"Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, ...
. . . . . why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quenched?
And not, like feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
To live a life half-dead, a living death,
And buried; but oh, yet more miserable,
Myself my sepulchre, a living tomb!"

From the influence of blindness on the physical constitution generally, we pass to the effects of the absence of vision upon the remaining senses. Its well-known tendency to increase their range and quicken their susceptibility is expressed in the often-quoted lines of Rochester, which tell us,

"That if one sense should be suppressed,
It but retires into the rest;"

from which the inference would be that the perception of colours, which alone is proper to sight, is possible without it. The meaning intended to be conveyed is, however, clear and true,—that the knowledge of outward objects and their laws, which the seeing gain by the examination of one set of their qualities, the blind may acquire as certainly and accurately by attention to another. This part of our subject has been abundantly illustrated by anecdotical writers. It is the most piquant and interesting; and it would be unfair to our readers to omit it, and to confine them entirely to those more abstract and drier topics which have preceded and will follow it. Indeed, the intellectual and moral characteristics of the blind as a class are so intimately connected with, and are to a large extent so clearly the consequence of, the peculiarities of their organisation and sensibility, that some consideration of the latter is essential to the understanding of the former.

Taking the several senses in succession, we begin, for several reasons, with the *Muscular Sense*, or the feelings attending the muscular motions; the claims of which to rank as a sixth sense are now pretty generally recognised by writers on physiology and mental science. The new-born infant, in obedience, it may be probably conjectured, to an impulse from within, to a spontaneous discharge of the nervous force proceeding from its centres in the brain and spinal ganglia to the muscles, moves and tosses his limbs long before he shows any sign of being affected by impressions from without. These movements are attended with certain feelings peculiar to them, often of a very pleasurable kind, as is shown by the delight taken by children in active games, by the young of animals in their gambols, and by men of vigorous health, "muscular Christians" and others, in athletic exercises. To be incapable of this pleasure, to have a distaste for the exertions which procure it, is justly deemed a proof of a disordered or languid organisation. We have seen that this is, as a rule, the case with the blind. The chief physical enjoyments connected with the muscular system are, for them, those of conscious repose, resembling probably the agreeable sensations of rest after moderate fatigue. A slight feeling of fatigue may be considered as their ordinary condition, in regard at least to this part of their nature. Their delight in bodily inaction, or in slow and measured movements, is like that of the weak eye in a shaded light, or its preference of the milder green rays to "the common light of day." It is easy to see how this state of feeling reacts upon the intellectual character. Rapidity of mere physical motion produces a certain rapidity and intensity of mental action. Many instances of this might be adduced. The student is often compelled to sti-

mulate the sluggish flow of thought by a rapid walk up and down his chamber. Douglas Jerrold is said to have composed in this way. The violent gestures of the popular orator are often quite evidently assumed, in the first instance, to rouse in him the vehemence which they seem to express, and of which they may afterwards become the unconscious expression. Slow movements, on the other hand, have a contrary effect; they calm and soothe rather than stimulate. What is true of them in their action on special occasions, is of course equally true of them as a life-long influence. It is in harmony with these observations that the blind, as a class, are seldom characterised by that rapidity and intensity of mental action, that keenness of penetration, which pierces at once to the very heart of a matter,—that *vivida vis animi* which is the characteristic of the highest genius. Their intellects are in general cautious, calm, deliberative, slow, distinguished rather by soundness than by brilliancy. The force which they apply is accumulative rather than instantaneous. We do not mean that all these qualities are to be attributed exclusively to the single source which we have indicated, or even that all the said qualities are to be found in all blind people. What is asserted is, that the *tendency* of the condition of the muscular sensibility in the blind is to produce the characteristics acknowledged, though with many exceptions and in various degrees, to belong to them as an order. The fact that their attachments are generally of a calm and equable kind, formed on judgment and "right reason," rather than upon those inexplicable attractions which so often bind others together; the infrequency with which they seem to give way to strong impulses of affection, and a certain want of geniality and expansiveness which has often been noted in them, —may also, no doubt, in part be attributed to the same cause. Vividness of sensation, and clearness of perception, exist always in an inverse ratio; or, as Sir William Hamilton, to whom we believe the first statement of this law of mind is due, expresses it: "Above a certain point, the stronger the sensation, the weaker the perception; and the distincter the perception, the less obtrusive the sensation." Vision, which is the clearest of our modes of objective perception, is ordinarily attended with scarcely any subjective feeling; taste and smell, which give us hardly any knowledge of objects, appeal forcibly to the passive sensibility. Intense light dazzles the eye, excessive sound deafens the ear; and both prevent clear perception. The feebleness of the muscular sensations in the blind does not therefore by any means imply indistinctness in the corresponding perceptions. These are, among others, the discrimination of degrees in the weight, in the hardness and softness, the elasticity and inelasticity, of objects, as estimated by the resistance they offer to pressure,

and the consequent muscular tension needed to withstand or overcome this resistance. Without, perhaps, being peculiar to this sense, the cognition of space, and its several modes and diversities—that is to say, the magnitude, the distance and direction (which, taken together, gives the position) of objects, their form, &c.—may no doubt be gained by consciousness of differences in the sweep and contraction of the muscular movements. The nicety of discrimination acquired by the blind in regard to these qualities has received many illustrations. Diderot says of the celebrated blind man of Puesseaux, a visit to whom occasioned his *Lettre sur les Aveugles*: "He appreciates with wonderful accuracy the weights of bodies and the capacities of vessels; and he has made of his arms balances so exact, and of his fingers compasses so well tested, that on occasions on which this sort of static is called into play, I would always back our blind man against twenty who see." The lady patient of Sir Hans Sloane, who became blind, deaf, and dumb, through confluent small-pox, manifested the same fineness of muscular sensibility. "To amuse herself in the mournful and perpetual solitude and darkness to which her disorder had reduced her, she used to work much at her needle; and it is remarkable that her needlework was uncommonly neat and exact. . . . . She used also sometimes to write; and her writing was yet more extraordinary than her needlework; it was executed with the same regularity and exactness; the character was very pretty, the lines were all even, and the letters placed at equal distances from each other: but the most astonishing particular of all, with respect to her writing is, that she could by some means discover when a letter had by some mistake been omitted, and would place it over that part of the word where it should have been inserted, with a *caret* under it."*

This last-mentioned circumstance requires stronger faith or stronger testimony than we possess to convince us of the fact. There is nothing improbable in the other assertions. The blind in general, indeed, are obliged to have recourse to a special apparatus in writing, to prevent the pen from wandering over the paper. But the case of the American girl, Laura Bridgman (blind, deaf, and dumb), as well as that of Sir Hans Sloane's patient, proves that the muscular sense may be brought to a degree of perfection which enables it to dispense with artificial aids. Mr. Dickens, in his *American Notes*, says of Laura Bridgman, who wrote in his presence: "No line was indicated by any contrivance; but she wrote straight and freely." Laura Bridgman appears to have used one set of muscular movements to watch over, and correct if needful, the set in action. "I

* Encyclopædia Britannica, original edition, art. "Blind."

observed," says Mr. Dickens, "that she kept her left hand always touching and following up her right, in which of course she held the pen." The left hand in this way discharged for her the functions of superintendence and control, which with the seeing are rendered by the eye. John Metcalf (of whom an account has already been given) must in his surveying expeditions have relied principally upon the same sense. From the direction and degree of inclination of his staff, and the various amounts of resistance it encountered, he drew his inferences as to the physical features and soil of the districts he examined; and he could only know the position of the staff by the experience of the muscular tension and contraction consequent upon its changes as he shifted it about. The great number of blind persons who have been able to practise with success various manual trades and mechanical arts, from shoemaking and plain carpentry up to the making of watches and the manufacture of organs and pianos, and the pupils in almost every blind-school in which useful handicrafts are taught, are all dependent on the same faculty. Only from it can they learn the right mode of handling their tools, and the proper range, direction, and force to be given to their movements.

From the muscular feelings we proceed to the *Sense of Touch.* We assign it the second place among the modes of external perception, not only on account of its close connection with the muscular sensations (which until recently were confounded with it, and are so still by "popular" writers), but because, while any or all of the remaining senses may be lost, we cannot conceive touch absent from a sentient organism. Beings who possess *only* this sense and the muscular feelings have existed, and do exist; but the entire paralysis of the nervous system which would be necessary to destroy tactile feeling could scarcely be distinguished from death. According to Cabanis, whose doctrine on this point is adopted by Sir William Hamilton, and his able disciple and expositor Mr. Mansel, all the commonly-admitted five senses may be resolved into modifications of touch. This sense is diffused over the entire surface of the body, and has its seat in the *papillæ* of the skin. The exquisite sensibility which it habitually attains in the blind, is perhaps the best-known feature of their condition. Many, however, of the phenomena commonly attributed to it really belong to the muscular sense. That the two orders of feeling are distinct, is shown by the fact, that the susceptibility of the former is often very faint, when that of the latter is most keen and discriminating. This is the case with most handicraft labourers, the skin of whose hands is generally hard and callous, while their perceptions of weight, distance, figure, &c., are wonderfully delicate and exact. An

example, if one is needed, is presented by the blind deaf-mute Edward Meyster. Before entering the Blind Asylum at Lausanne, he had been employed in cutting wood, in consequence of which "his fingers never acquired the delicacy of touch of the other pupils."* Nevertheless he excelled all his companions in mechanical skill, and was unusually dextrous in the use of the turning-lathe.

One of the most remarkable instances of the power which this sense may acquire is presented in the history of John Gough, who lost his sight through small-pox when in his third year. He devoted himself with great ardour to the study of natural history, and made considerable progress both in zoology and botany, especially in the latter science. The sensibility of touch in his fingers was sufficient to enable him to recognise, classify, and arrange ordinary plants. "It is mentioned, that towards the end of his life a rare plant was put into his hands, which he very soon called by its name, observing that he had never met with more than one specimen of it, and that was fifty years ago." When he failed to recognise a plant by his fingers, he used to apply it to his lips and tongue; and was generally able in this way to identify it, or refer it to its botanical order. The explanation of this expedient is as follows. The experiments of Weber have shown that the tactile sensibility of the skin varies in different parts. Placing the points of a pair of compasses, blunted with sealing-wax, on the tip of the tongue, he found that the points could be recognised as different at the distance of the twentieth part of an English inch; on the lower surface of the finger, they required to be widened to the tenth part of an inch in order to be distinguished. The tactile discrimination of the tongue is therefore twice as great as that of the finger-ends; an object placed on the former appears twice as great as it does when examined by the fingers. Gough's use of his tongue corresponded strictly to the use of a glass of double magnifying power by the seeing.

"The *lips*," says Dr. Bull, "are almost as liberally supplied with the nerves of touch as the tips of the fingers [Weber's experiments show that they have greater tactile discrimination than the fingers, and very nearly as great as that of the tongue], and in one instance have done good service to a fellow-sufferer. A poor blind girl, residing in one of the provinces of France, had for many years, as her greatest comfort, perused her embossed Bible with her finger; getting out of health, and becoming partially paralysed, the hand also was affected, and gradually all power of touch was lost. Her agony of mind at her deprivation was great, and in a moment of despair she took up her Bible, bent down her head, and kissed the open leaf, by

* Bull, p. 182.

way, as she supposed, of a last farewell. In the act of doing so, to her great surprise and sudden joy, she felt the letters distinctly with her lips; and from that day this poor child has thus been reading in the Word of God, 'words more precious to her than silver or gold,—even fine gold.'" (p. 68.)

The discriminating sensibility of the fingers may, however, be indefinitely improved by practice. It varies very much in individuals. In the interesting account of Mdlle. de Salignac, which forms the postscript of Diderot's *Lettre sur les Aveugles* (and was, indeed, written more than thirty years after), several illustrations of this are given. She could read books in the ordinary type (embossed printing had not then been invented) which were printed on only one side of the page. We have also heard of a blind German who was able to read books printed on the coarse rough paper used in that country. Mdlle. de Salignac's nicety of touch enabled her to play at cards with perfect accuracy. Marks were made on each card, which she was able to distinguish, though they escaped both the eye and touch of those who saw. Dr. Guillié gives an account of a blind Dutchman who could recognise the differences of the figures on cards without this aid; the different textures of the colours, black and red, and the different forms of club and spade, heart and diamond, were palpable to his feeling. In consequence, whenever he dealt he always won. Touching all the cards of the pack as he gave them out, he had virtually seen his opponent's hands. The evidence of this power possessed by some of the blind to discern differences of colours is indeed irresistible: Sir Hans Sloane's patient,* the blind Highland tailor Maguire (mentioned in the *Philosophical Transactions*), who made tartan (parti-coloured) dresses without mistake, Madam von Paradis, the Dutchman alluded to by Leibnitz and the Count of Mansfeldt, of whom Keckermann gives an account, are instances. A more recent example is given by Dr. Bull, on the testimony of a friend.† Two eminent blind men, Dr. Blacklock and M. Ro-

* "She could distinguish the different colours of silk and flowers. . . . . A lady who was nearly related to her having an apron on that was embroidered with silk of different colours, asked her, in the manner which has been described, if she could tell what colour it was; and after applying her fingers attentively to the figures of the embroidery, she replied, that it was red, blue, and green, which was true. The same lady having a pink-coloured ribbon on her head, and being willing still further to satisfy her curiosity and her doubts, asked what colour that was. Her cousin, after feeling some time, answered that it was pink. Her answer was yet more astonishing, because it showed not only a power of distinguishing different colours, but different kinds of the same colour; the ribbon was discovered not only to be red, but the red was discovered to be of the pale kind called pink."—*Encyc. Britan.*, article "Blind."

† "Visiting, in 1847, some friends in Gloucestershire, one morning a man about twenty-five, perfectly blind, for the eyes were entirely gone, called to return thanks for his admission into a blind asylum, in which he had been residing for some years

denbach, have declared themselves totally destitute of this power, and sceptical as to its existence. But the fact that most blind people are without it, does not prove that some few do not possess it. It is not pretended that it is any thing but an exceptional faculty. Mr. Johns's remark, that "if the testimony of all the inmates of the largest blind school in Europe is to be believed, they have not the least power of detecting colour," does not prove much. The pupils in the Southwark school, to which he refers, are habitually employed in handicraft trades, the effect of which is to harden and blunt the sensibility of the skin. M. Dufau mentions that the blind have often complained to him, that the sensibility of the finger-ends diminishes as they grow up, and renders reading and similar tasks more difficult to them; and he wisely insists on the necessity of the blind guarding their touch from injury as carefully as the seeing do their eyes.*

Other examples of tactile sensibility in the blind to which we may briefly refer are the power possessed by Dr. Saunderson and Madame Paradis of distinguishing false from genuine Roman medals, which connoisseurs with eyes were unable to do; and the still more astonishing circumstance related of Dr. Moyse, who with his fingers measured the length of a stroke, which was invisible to the eye, made by an etching tool on a plate of steel. Even in the case of the seeing, minute inequalities of

past. In giving an account of what he had learnt there, he mentioned the power of distinguishing colours by the touch, and begged those present to try him. I made him feel my dress, a French merino, and he replied, 'I should say this is a reddish brown,' which it was. The next given him was one of the Rob-Roy tartan; he said, 'This is a material of two colours, red and black.' Another person made him feel her blue gauze veil. 'This is blue, but a very thin dress for the time of the year,' was the reply. The only other trial to which he was put was a printed cotton, which he pronounced to be of various colours. Being asked how he attained this power, he replied, 'A piece of cloth was given me, and its colour named, which I felt till quite familiar with it; then another, which I continued to examine until I could correctly distinguish one from the other; and so on until I knew all the colours,' and as it seemed to us, even shades of some. The darkest colours appeared to him to have most body in them. He said it required a very sensitive touch, and great patience and perseverance, and that consequently very few attain the power" (Bull, pp. 54, 55).

* M. Rodenbach relates that, while at the Musée des Aveugles in Paris, M. Fournier and he, in order to develop their sense of touch, procured some pumice-stone, with which they rubbed the index-finger, taking care to wear on the finger a covering of fine leather (*un doigtier de peau*). In the *Annual Report of the Boston Institution for* 1842 (p. 20), it is said that "an old blind soldier, in order to render the hardened skin of his fingers capable of perceiving characters in relief, applied blisters to them on several occasions." The following passage from M. Dufau's *Souvenirs d'une Aveugle-née* may be added: 'Every substance likely to injure the delicate susceptibility of the epidermis was withdrawn from my habitual contact; and my hands even were usually covered with a fine and supple skin-glove, which preserved their tactile envelope without hindering free movement. This expedient took the place with me of the glasses worn by those who wish to take precautions against the loss or enfeeblement of their sight. Had not nature, in fact, in my case placed my eyes at my finger-ends?" (p. 19.)

surface not cognisable by vision may be discerned by the touch. When the movement of the fingers is called into play, in the recognition of the forms of objects, such as the larger plants, animals, and shells,—still more in ascertaining the dimensions and shapes of rooms, &c.,—the muscular sense aids the merely tactile perceptions.

"The world of the blind," says Mr. Prescott, "is circumscribed by the little circle which they can span with their own arms. All beyond has for them no real existence" (*Essays*, p. 47). This remark is by no means true even of the blind who are confined to touch for their knowledge of the outer world. It is still less so of those who can hear also, as we shall show when we come to speak of the sense of hearing. Blind guides, like Metcalf and Simon Moyser,* and indeed all those who are able without eyes to find their own way from place to place, must, it is obvious, have some perception of objects lying beyond the "little circle which they can span with their own arms." The currents of air as they meet the face report with exactitude the direction, the proximity, the size, and the character of the objects which partially intercept and modify them, enabling the blind traveller to recognise, as he passes them, houses, trees, hedgerows, gates, posts, bridges, and other objects to be avoided or approached. Dr. Bull, who became blind in mature life, states that this faculty developed itself in him after his blindness to a degree which astonished himself, though far inferior to that in which it exists in those born blind.

"Sight and hearing," says Mr. Morell, "have been termed by some the *objective*, by others the *theoretic*, senses. These names are merely employed to designate the fact, that they stand more closely connected than others do with the intellectual powers; that they fix the mind's attention more directly upon the *object* affecting them; and that they make us less sensible than the rest of the corporeal affection apart from the objective cause."† The associated feelings of touch and movement have surely an equal claim to be ranked among the theoretic and objective sensations. By their means alone, as the cases of Saunderson, of Moyse, and of Gough‡ prove, the entire

* "Simon Moyser, who was born among the alps of Tyrol, lost his sight at two years of age; he devoted himself to so patient an exploration of the surrounding mountain-tops, that he was soon capable of directing thither the steps of all those who visited them. Carried away by a sort of passion for travelling, he pushed his excursions further and further, betook himself to Gratz, and became a messenger, carrying letters and money in these mountainous countries, in which scarcely any other method of communication is possible. In 1818, when he was thirty-three years of age, he perished in a torrent in which several seeing persons had lost their lives before him" (Dufau, p. 97).

† Elements of Psychology, part i. p. 112.

‡ We do not refer to the still more distinguished names of Euler and Huber,

circle of studies which are included in a knowledge of the external universe may be mastered. The mathematical and physico-mathematical sciences, chemistry, and natural history in its various branches, were respectively cultivated by these philosophers, the first of whom lost his sight before he was a year old, and the two last when they were only three years of age. None of them retained the slightest memory of ever having seen, or any conception derived from sight. It is impossible for us to realise the world in which they lived,—a world consisting of harder or softer, rougher or smoother impressions on the skin, and of more or less resistance offered to the muscles. The degree in which the impressions of any sense can be made to serve the purposes of intelligence and knowledge depends on the facility and distinctness with which it is possible to revive the idea of them in the absence of the object which first occasioned them. This it is easy to do in the case of sight—"our eyes see visions when they are shut;" easy also in the case of sounds, though not so easy,—

> "Music, when soft voices die,
> Vibrates in the memory;"

almost impossible to most persons with regard to muscular or tactile feelings. The idea of an absent weight or touch does not generally body itself forth as a living reality to the imagination, hanging a load on the muscles, or exciting a tingling in the finger-ends. Yet it must do so in the case of the blind, or comparison, the clear discernment of resemblances and differences, and the knowledge which depends upon it, would be impossible. "If," says Diderot, "the memory [of tactile sensations] is very transient in us, if we can scarcely form an idea of the manner in which the man born blind fixes, recalls, and combines the sensations of touch, it is in consequence of our habit, adopted from the eyes, of realising every thing in our imagination by means of colours. It has nevertheless happened to myself, in the agitation of violent passion, to experience a *frissonnement* all over my hand, to feel the impression of bodies which I had touched a long time since revive as vividly as if they had been still present to my grasp, and to perceive very distinctly that the limits of the sensation coincided precisely with those of the absent bodies." "We cannot," he says again, "make the blind man understand how the ima-

because the former, who lost his sight when he was fifty-nine years of age, no doubt made use of conceptions derived from sight in his subsequent mathematical investigations; and because the latter, who became blind at seventeen, availed himself of the eyes of others in his studies of bees, directing their observations, and forming his own conclusions from their reports, and did not employ any of his remaining senses.

gination presents absent objects to us as if they were present; but we may very well recognise in ourselves the faculty of feeling at the end of a finger a body which is no longer there. For this purpose, press the index-finger against the thumb; close your eyes; separate your fingers; examine immediately after this separation what passes within you, and tell me if the sensation does not last some time after the compression has ceased." We have only to suppose this power of recalling a perished, and perpetuating a present sensation of touch, indefinitely extended by cultivation and brought into dependence upon the will, in order to realise the physical conceptions of the blind.

The success of the blind as geometers sufficiently disproves Mr. Johns's preposterous assertion, that they have no idea whatever of space; and even the more qualified doctrine of Sir William Hamilton, that sight is necessary to the prompt and precise perception of the relations of extension, magnitude, and figure. To enter upon this question, however, would involve a discussion of one of the most controverted points of mental philosophy: we will only say, that the confusion which has arisen from unskilful questioning of the blind, and from the difficulty which they naturally experience in translating ideas derived from one sense into the language of another, has been the cause of a mistake of which the theoretic refutation may be found in many treatises on psychology, and to which the labours of Saunderson afford a practical answer like that with which the cynic controverted the proof of the impossibility of motion. Cases of the restoration of the blind to sight are interesting in connection with many controverted points of the theory of vision, but do not fall within the limits of our present subject.

We have seen that the scientific acquirements of the blind are gained principally by touch. To the peculiar conditions under which this sense operates, some of the peculiarities of their intellectual character may be traced. The prevailing *analytic* tendency of their minds, and the slowness, caution, and accuracy of their procedure, are thus explained by M. Dufau:

"In fact, their means of arriving at a knowledge of objects, if more certain, are also, it is evident, less prompt and rapid than our own; only by observing objects with care, by studying them part by part, in short, by analysing them, can they attain to a knowledge of them. To convince oneself of the justice of this distinction, we need only compare the mode in which the blind and the seeing acquire their knowledge of any object; for example, of a plant. The former casts a glance upon it, embraces it as a whole, envelops it with a look, and his task is done; he has a general idea of it, with which he usually contents himself, because it is sufficient to enable him to recognise and to name the object. The blind man, on the contrary, is obliged

to examine, to touch with the utmost care, the stalk, the branches, the leaves; to acquire, in short, a complete and detailed idea of the plant, without which it would be impossible for him to distinguish it from others. Thus it is that necessity makes analysis a habit to him, which retards his acquisition of knowledge, but at the same time renders it more positive and more certain."*

We come now to the sense of hearing; to which principally, though not exclusively, the blind owe their conception of objects which lie beyond the "narrow circle which they can span with their own arms."

"Dr. Saunderson, by the reverberation of his tread, could judge with wonderful accuracy as to the character of objects from five to twenty yards' distance. Thus he was enabled to distinguish a tree from a post at the distance of five yards, a fence from a house at fifteen or twenty yards. The sound of his footfall in a room enabled him to judge of the dimensions and character of the apartment. Having once crossed a threshold, so distinct was his individualisation of every locality, that he would at once know it again, even after the lapse of many years."†

Dr. Moyse had the same faculty. "A person," says Dr. Kitto, "who knew him relates, that whenever he entered a room he remained for some time silent. The sound directed his judgment as to the dimensions of the room, and the different voices and number of persons in it. His distinctions in these respects were very accurate; and his memory so retentive, that he was seldom mistaken."‡

"A young blind man told me one day," says M. Dufau, "that in his walks . . . he at once perceived a wall, a hedge, a mountain, any obstacle, in short, which might be before him. 'When I find myself in a vast plain,' he added, raising his hand to his ear, with a very expressive gesture, 'it seems to me that I am *à perte d'ouïe*.' This remarkable expression, imitated from our *à perte de vue* in an analogous situation, enlightened me much as to the importance of this sense to the blind."§ By means of a light cry, or a gentle tap with the foot, at the entrance of an apartment, the blind are able to tell whether any one is present in it or not, its extent, the nature of, and any alteration in, the furniture.‖ "There is now living in the city of York," says Mr. Johns, "a gentleman of fortune, who, though totally blind, is an expert archer; so expert," says our informant (who knows him well), "that out of twenty shots with the long-bow, he was far my superior. His sense of hearing was so keen, that when a boy behind the target rang a bell, the blind archer knew pre-

* Dufau, p. 43.
† Bull, p. 208.
‡ Kitto, p. 209.
§ Dufau, p. 71.
‖ Ibid.

cisely how to aim the shaft."* Diderot tells a tale of the blind man of Puisaux, who, in anger at one of his brothers, occasioned by some boyish dispute, threw a stone at him with such exact aim, that it struck him in the middle of the forehead, and levelled him with the ground.†

As a practical guide through the dark ways of their life, hearing is more valuable to the blind than touch, though inferior to it as an instrument of scientific research. It is, perhaps, most important to them as the basis of their judgments in regard to character. Their personal prepossessions and prejudices are founded on the tones and cadences of the voice, and are at least not oftener unjust than those which we derive from the general appearance and physiognomy of men. Their judgment of the physical characteristics of a speaker, his age, height, health, &c. are wonderfully exact. "The blind easily recognise hump-backed people" (as M. Rodenbach, himself blind, avers) "by the sound of their voices. He relates that at a *soirée* in Brussels, a blind man succeeded in stating with precision, according to their voices, the ages of all the persons present. His only *mistakes* were with regard to some ladies, who were not displeased at his inexactitude."‡ The ability which the blind possess of recognising a voice once heard after an interval of years, in spite of attempted disguise, is as well attested as any of their peculiar powers.

As a medium of social intercourse, hearing is to the blind much what it is to the seeing; or rather, it is more to the blind than it is to us, since they seek in the tones of the voice that commentary on the bare meaning of the words which we find in the play of features and gesture. But it is most important as being the sole inlet of emotion which they possess. Feelings of solemnity and awe, of grief and joy, of physical pleasure and pain, can only be conveyed to them through the modulation of sound. This is one reason, no doubt, of their passionate attachment to music. Notwithstanding the ingenious distinction of a German philosopher, who, with some show of truth, characterises "sight as the clearest, and hearing as the deepest of the senses," the one appealing to intellectual conviction, the other penetrating to the heart, and more deeply stirring the entire nature,—it is a fact, that the understanding of the blind is far better developed than their emotional nature. They excel in science; but no blind man has ever attained eminence in poetry.§ Blind Harry, Dr. Blacklock, Miss Frances Brown, among English writers, and one or two French and Italian

* Johns, p. 103. † Diderot, p. 136. ‡ Dufau, p. 69.

§ Poets have become blind, as Milton; but this is very different from a blind man becoming a poet.

authors mentioned by M. Dufau, exhaust the list of the blind-born who have cultivated poetry; but they do not rise above the level of smooth and agreeable versifiers. What is remarkable in them is, that their writings abound in attempted descriptions of visual scenery, made up, often very ingeniously, and with a clever avoidance of the errors to which we should suppose them liable, of epithets and phrases, derived from the works of those who saw, but unmeaning to them. Poetry is in their case strictly, as Aristotle called it, an imitative art. The metaphysical poetry, so popular in our day, which paints human emotions and dwells on the inner life of the soul,—to which we should suppose them, from their introspective, meditative, and self-centered turn of mind, particularly prone,—is quite remote from the spirit of their verse. As little does the "beauty born of murmuring sound" find any echo or expression there. No such effects (we speak of kind, and not of degree) as Tennyson's bugle-song can be quoted from any blind poet. And yet there is not a line, and only a phrase, in it which the blind man is not as competent as the seeing, or even more competent, vividly to realise:

> "Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
> Blow, bugle, answer echoes dying, dying, dying.
> O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
> And thinner, clearer, farther going!
> O sweet and far, from cliff and scar
> The horns of elfland faintly blowing.
> Blow, let us hear, the purple glens replying;
> Blow, bugle, answer echoes dying, dying, dying."

The phrase "purple glens" is the only one in these exquisite lines which would be unintelligible to the blind; and yet it is the only one which reminds us of the "poetry" which they are in the habit of writing. "Azure distances," "yellow corn," "dewy greens," &c., are the stock images of blind versifiers. It would appear as if, on the one hand, the merely sensuous feelings (which respond to music), and, on the other, the purely intellectual apprehensions, existed in their full force in the blind, but that the emotions in which thought and feeling blend were but feebly present to them. The dislike (which is said to show itself in many ways among them) of appearing different from the seeing, no doubt leads them to parody the description of "coloured nature" which they find in ordinary works. There is also some kind of mysterious attraction to them, perhaps, in realities from the knowledge of which they are excluded.

It is not necessary to say any thing of the remaining senses, *smell* and *taste*. They do not often present any peculiarities in the merely blind; though the former of them is often marvel-

lously developed in blind and deaf mutes, especially, it would appear, when the reason is somewhat weakened. It seems then to acquire something of the fineness and discrimination which it has in the lower animal races. In speaking of the special senses, we have somewhat anticipated the subject of the intellectual qualities which the absence of sight seems to foster. A remarkable power of concentrated attention, natural in those whose minds are not solicited by the attractions of the multifarious objects of vision, is the fundamental quality of their understanding. To this may be attributed the strength of memory for which as a class they are celebrated. Attention and memory are the two constituents of the faculty of comparison, or the discernment of resemblances and differences, on which all knowledge depends. We have already, in quoting from M. Dufau, shown how the successive apprehension of the several properties and parts of a complex object, alone possible to the sense of touch, favours habits of abstraction and analysis. These are just the qualities needful for success in science, and just the qualities fatal to poetry and imagination, which deal not with constituent elements, but with concrete and living wholes, and which have their source with the intuitive rather than the discursive faculties of the mind.

Of the moral qualities which generally accompany blindness it is less easy to speak with decision. Diderot attributes to them a deficiency in modesty, and also in compassionate feeling. His reasons for the latter deficiency are worth giving:

"Since of all the exterior demonstrations which arouse in us commiseration and the idea of pain, the blind are affected only by the cry of grief, I suspect them, as a general rule, of inhumanity. . . . . Do not we ourselves cease to feel compassion when the distance or the smallness of objects produces in us the same effects that the privation of sight does in the blind? so much do our virtues depend on the mode of our sensations, and on the degree in which exterior things affect us. I have no doubt, therefore, that, except for the fear of chastisement, many people would have less pain in killing a man at a distance, which made him appear no larger than a swallow, than they would have in cutting the throat of an ox with their own hands. If we have compassion for a suffering horse, and if we crush an ant without any scruple, is it not the same principle which sways us?"

To this (rather by way of compliment than of accusation) he adds an insinuation of irreligion.

Dr. Guillié expresses himself much to the same effect. He echoes Diderot's charge of want of modesty on the part of the blind; decides that they are very imperfectly acquainted with the emotions which draw us one to another, and decide our affections and attachments; and though he acquits them of atheism,

is unable "altogether to justify them from the reproach of impiety, which, with some foundation, has been urged against them. . . . Conscience, in short," he sums up by saying, "has not the influence over their actions which it has over ours. . . The moral world does not exist for the blind; . . . . he acts as if he alone existed, he refers every thing to himself. . . . Their situation, which compels them to keep on their guard against all mankind, often leads them to rank in the same category their benefactors and their enemies, and, perhaps without intending it, to show themselves ungrateful." Immodesty, inhumanity, selfishness, irreligion, and ingratitude, are the attributes which Dr. Guillié assigns to those whom he elsewhere calls "his poor adopted children" (*ces infortunés, mes enfants adoptifs*). His authority is deservedly so high on every point connected with the blind, that we are glad to find his testimony on this matter contradicted by an observer entitled to even greater deference—M. Dufau, who strenuously combats the injurious estimates of his predecessor in the Institution at Paris. The reserved, self-contained nature of the blind; their undemonstrative character; their aversion to mere sentimental effusion; and want of attention on the observers' part to the very different way in which the same feelings will express themselves in the blind and in the seeing,—have led, according to M. Dufau, to the errors of Diderot and Dr. Guillié. With regard to the first charge against them, the sense of modesty "passe chez eux de la vue à l'ouïe. . . . . Cette chasteté d'oreille exclut en général de leur langage les paroles légères et les équivoques sans décence; il en resulte aussi que des traits qui ne sont que gais pour nous dans quelqu'uns de nos meilleurs écrivains, dans nos anciens comiques, par exemple, deviennent inconvenans pour eux; si leur âme est pure, ils n'en rient pas, et restent parfois déconcertés et mal à l'aise" (p. 20). M. Rodenbach himself, a very distinguished blind man,* pronounces that three-

* "Alexander Rodenbach, born at Roulers (West Flanders) in 1786, lost his sight when he was eleven years of age. He entered the *Musée des Aveugles*, then under the direction of Haüy, and soon became one of his most distinguished pupils. On returning home he gave himself up to profound inquiries into different questions of public interest, which he afterwards discussed in several publications, which attracted to him the attention of his fellow-citizens. A lively opposition to the tendencies impressed on the country by the House of Nassau was formed. M. Rodenbach joined the ranks of the periodical press, in order to give his support to this opposition, and became one of the most active promoters of the revolution from which the Belgian nationality sprang. He was elected a member of Congress in 1830, and has ever since continued to sit in the Chamber of Representatives, where he has distinguished himself on several occasions by the soundness of his views as well as by an animated and ready style of elocution. M. Rodenbach has been elected burgomaster of the commune where he lives, near Roulers. He is member of several academies, Knight of the Order of St. Leopold, and has been decorated with the Iron Cross" (Dufau, Des Aveugles, pp. xxiii. xxiv.).

fourths of the blind men whom he has known have felt more strongly than others the need of religious consolations, and have been remarkably alive to religious feeling. The accusations of inhumanity and ingratitude are rebutted by M. Dufau, and the mistake, which has led to their being preferred, pointed out. There is probably this amount of foundation for the charges of Diderot and Dr. Guillié, that the suspicion and timidity which M. Dufau acknowledges to belong very frequently to the blind, and which may be referred to the sense of disadvantage under which they labour in regard to the seeing, do, *so far as they alone operate*, tend to produce the defects which have been too absolutely laid to their charge. And further, an isolated self-centered life is unfavourable to the development of the social qualities. Free *expression* of feeling is needful to the vitality and freshness of feeling. As regards religion, though the logical argument exists in all its force for the blind, the appeal to wonder and awe made by "the two infinities," as Pascal calls them, that surround us, and which are revealed by the telescope and the microscope, is silent for those without "eyes to see." Moreover, the prevailingly *intellectual* character of the blind presents religion to them rather on its dogmatic than on its emotional side. The same circumstance leads them to base their affections on judgment and calm preference rather than on an impulse. So far from "conscience having less effect on their actions than it has on ours," a profound sense of justice and equity is remarked by M. Dufau as a strikingly prominent feature of their characters.

Our exhausted space warns us to bring these remarks to a close. We have freely used the materials presented in the works named at the head of this article, always, we hope, with adequate acknowledgment. We shall be glad if what has been said tends in any way to awaken philanthropic and scientific interest in the condition of that large class (calculated at nearly a million over the entire earth) who journey through this world, like Virgil's travellers "through Pluto's empty mansions and shadowy kingdoms,"

> "Obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Qualem per incertam lunam sub luce maligná
> Est iter in sylvis, ubi cœlum condidit umbrâ
> Juppiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem."

Art. V.—INTEMPERANCE; ITS CAUSES AND CURES.

Suggestions for the Repression of Crime, contained in Charges delivered to Grand Juries of Birmingham, supported by additional Facts and Arguments (Charge of January 1855). By M. D. Hill. London: J. W. Parker. 1857.

On Liberty. By John Stuart Mill. London: J. W. Parker. 1859.

The Temperance Cyclopædia. Compiled by the Rev. W. Reid. London: Tweedie.

Tweedie's Temperance Almanac for 1860. London: Tweedie.

An Argument for the Legislative Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic, with Sequel [Prize Essay]. By Dr. F. R. Lees. London: Tweedie. 1857.

Reports of the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Traffic in all Intoxicating Liquors as Beverages. Alliance Offices, 41 John-Dalton Street, Manchester.

Crusading threatens to become a social danger as well as a fashionable folly of the age. Every year increases the amount of spare energy, unabsorbed in the arduous struggles of daily life, which is ready now to devote itself to the service of philanthropy, as eight centuries ago to that of the cross. The field is wide enough for all comers; the enemy mighty enough to tax their powers more severely than Saladin taxed the strength of united Christendom. And in such a warfare we ought to have no cause for aught but hope and satisfaction in seeing the increase of numbers and vigour on the right side. Unfortunately, however, the want of discipline and guidance, and the utter ignorance of the nature and conditions of the contest, too generally displayed by the volunteers, make them not seldom more dangerous to the peace of society at large than to the evils which disturb it, and against which they are enlisted. Their chiefs, competent for nothing better than guerilla command, are wholly unable to wield for good the power bestowed by an unmerited confidence, and lose from vanity the little judgment which enthusiasm had left them. And thus each host of social reformers falls into disgrace and confusion, resembling in its march rather the rabble rout of Peter the Hermit than the disciplined army of the princes of the crusade. The consequence is, that not only is much power wasted, which, wisely turned to account, might have achieved great results, but actual injury and mischief are the lasting monuments of its misguidance: not only is discredit thrown on a good cause by the folly and fanaticism of its adherents, but sober and earnest men, sympathising in the aim, are forced by the method pursued and the means adopted into

resolute opposition, and compelled to strengthen the hands of an enemy they detest as cordially as any. A "holy war," whether against infidels in arms or social evils undermining religion and society, is always liable and likely to be misdirected, and all but certain to become fanatical; and the preacher of a social crusade, were he as able, might prove nearly as mischievous as the Hermit of old. It is this divorce between judgment and benevolence, between discretion and energy, which induces cautious thinkers to look with so much distrust on a great part of the philanthropy which is the boast of the age; which leads to so much bitterness against prudence, science, and moderation, in the harangues of the enthusiast, and to that want of counsel from wiser heads which is so evident in all his practical efforts; and which has done more to hinder social reforms than all the personal passions and class interests enlisted on behalf of existing evils.

In nothing is this so manifest as in the case of what is perhaps our worst national vice and misfortune; in no part of that "war with evil" for which, as Mr. Milnes tell us, we have come forth upon the field of life, is the crusading spirit more ardent and earnest than in the struggle against intemperance: in no direction are the defects and dangers of that spirit more clearly shown. Here, if any where, we might have expected to find common sense and moderation prevalent among reformers; for never was there a case in which extravagance and violence were either more clearly foolish or more certain to defeat their own object. Here was a cause for which a sober and rational advocacy would have commanded the support and active sympathies of millions; against which extravagant pretensions and proposals were sure to array irresistible antagonism. Yet this cause we find to have been so managed by its crusaders, that sane reformers have deserted it in despair, and the field is almost wholly abandoned to a horde of ignorant and mischievous fanatics. And yet the evil is one so terrible, that nothing but utter hopelessness of effecting any good with such allies could have driven earnest well-wishers of their country and their kind to relinquish all effort to amend it; and so notorious, that nothing but the worse than folly of those who wage open war against it could have deprived them—as they are deprived—of the sympathies of society and the countenance of the educated classes.

It is possible to exaggerate the evils even of intemperance; and we all know how certainly reaction or indifference are the effects of detected exaggeration. The sins of the advocates of teetotalism—in no sense of temperance—in this respect have been perfectly enormous. It is astonishing to find statements made by men not wholly devoid of education which carry on their face their own refutation, palpable even to the meanest

capacity and the most limited knowledge. "It is certain that two millions of persons are constantly suffering from police-recognised drunkenness alone," says Dr. F. R. Lees, of whom we shall have more to say. Now, as certainly not one third (or any thing like a third) of the cases of drunkenness which occur are "recognised" by the police, which this writer himself will hardly dispute, it follows that 6,000,000, or *more than half the adult male population of the United Kingdom*, are constantly suffering from drunkenness. We put aside the number of female drunkards, as too trifling to affect the calculation. We must suppose Dr. Lees insensible to the value of such a *reductio ad absurdum;* but few of his readers can be equally obtuse. Another writer of a similar kind, the Rev. S. Sinclair, states that there are 125,000 cases of persons "taken into custody for drunkenness;" and, *as if each case represented a separate drunkard*, he bases on this an estimate which gives six hundred thousand as the number of habitual drunkards!

One of the favourite assertions of this party, put forth with their characteristic precision of statement and looseness of proof, is, that of "pauperism, three-fourths are caused by drink; of crime, three-fourths; of disease, one-half; of insanity, one-third; of suicide, one-third:" and so forth. In the one-page tract in which these monstrous crudities are published, no evidence worth attention is given,—Lord Shaftesbury, whom we would rather trust for any thing than for statistics, being the chief authority. The assertion in regard to disease carries its own refutation: in the first place, because it goes beyond the bounds of oratorical license in its monstrous extravagance; and in the second, because, of all inscrutable things, the *cause* of diseases is about the most undiscoverable. In regard to insanity, their own statistics expose the absurdity of their statement (which is but a modified version of Lord Shaftesbury's). If they and he had read even the *Temperance Cyclopædia*, they would hardly have ventured on it. In regard to pauperism, they are probably nearer the truth; though here again they exaggerate wildly, in blind reliance on the same blind guide. In regard to crime, they seem at first sight to be supported by better authority than either their own or Lord Shaftesbury's. Many of the Judges have spoken in a manner which appears to bear out more or less the statement of the teetotalers. But inquiring into the assertion a little closely, it resolves itself into this: "A large proportion of the crimes brought before the Assize and Sessions Courts were committed either by or on persons drunk, or who had been drinking, or who were in the habit of drinking." Now this is a very different thing from a deliberate statement that, as Mr. Clay and others very rashly assert, nine-tenths of crime are caused

by intoxicating drink. In the first place, crimes committed by drunken persons are always likely to be detected, probably are almost always followed by the arrest of the criminal; consequently the proportion of crimes committed by drunken persons is much greater on the list of convictions than on that of commission, drink ensuring detection nearly as much as it stimulates crime: crimes committed on persons drunk at the time are merely facilitated, not caused, by the drink. Then, the effect is mistaken for the cause: people who lead a vicious life naturally turn to sensual enjoyment as the object and reward of their evil industry, and drink because they are vicious, instead of becoming vicious because they drink. Finally, an enormous proportion of the crimes committed—greater far than the proportion of *convictions*—belongs to the professional or habitual criminals, who, according to the testimony of the police, are not and dare not be a drunken class: so far from being stimulated to their crimes by drink, they are obliged to keep strictly sober when about to commit them, in order to retain the fullest possession of all their faculties. It seems, then, that while drink has something to do, directly or indirectly, with a large proportion of the crimes *prosecuted to conviction*, the proportion even of these cases in which it is the *cause* of crime is much smaller; while its share in the crimes *committed* is probably but trifling in comparison.

It is probably true, however, even after allowance made for falsely-alleged excuses of intoxication, that a large proportion of the *crimes of violence* perpetrated, excepting those of which robbery is the object, are committed by men under the influence of drink. Even of these outrages, nevertheless, the drink is not always the *cause*. The perpetrators generally belong to a class which is drunken because it is degraded and brutal, not degraded and brutal because it is drunken; they would be violent even if they did not drink, and intoxication only aggravates and excites the passions which would be dangerous without any artificial stimulant. In those instances which occur among more respectable classes,—wife-beatings, murders, and brutal assaults by artisans, mechanics, and those still higher in the social scale,—intemperance is, beyond doubt, most often the sole cause. These outrages are horrible enough; and the fact that it causes them is a heavy item in the long roll of charges against this monster evil. But to say that intemperance causes one-half the crimes of violence, which we will admit, is one thing; to lay to this source nine-tenths of all crimes is a very different assertion, and one which we cannot allow to pass unquestioned.

Undoubtedly there is a connection between crime and intemperance; both of cause and effect, and of conjoint derivation from

the same circumstances and the same vices. Besides that portion of crime of which it is the direct and obvious source, drunkenness creates crime by pauperising hundreds, nay thousands, of honest families, reducing them to want and degradation, and driving the children among the offspring of the "perishing and dangerous" classes, recruiting the hordes of our "City Arabs." Intemperance among a large class, where general enough to affect its character as a whole, debases its morals, induces pernicious habits, diminishes the respectability and self-respect of the class, and thereby tends to render it, if not prolific of actual criminals, yet turbulent, disorderly, and comparatively worthless and unprincipled. Idleness, again, is a prolific cause both of intemperance and crime. It is for these reasons, fully as much as from any direct causation, that the two are so generally found in conjunction.*

The Teetotalers, with their usual love of personal and class imputation, have endeavoured to fix upon the "beer-shops" the charge of being in an especial sense nurseries of crime. This is, in fact, exactly reversing cause and effect. Where the criminals and beer-shops are connected, as they frequently are, it is the thieves that create the shops. The receivers and the harbourers of the habitual thief find beer-selling a profitable addition and a convenient cloak to their main business, and adopt it accordingly. But the thieves had their haunts before the beer-shop was allowed, and would have their coffee-houses if beer-shops and public-houses were at an end. The attempt to prove the beer-shop the origin of the thief exaggerates a very old kind of fallacy. "We have heard that Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands; but this is to make Goodwin Sands the cause of Tenterden steeple."

Prostitution, again, is ascribed to intemperance; quite falsely, as we believe. Gross sensualism produces the one as well as the other, and it is not likely that the man or woman who indulges excessively in sensual gratification of one kind, will be very scrupulous about another. Either vice feeds and fosters the habit of mind from which both arise, and thus fosters the other. That prostitution and intemperance aid and support one another, no one who knows human nature will doubt; that either is in any great measure *caused* directly by the other, we cannot think probable. Their frequent conjunction is sufficiently accounted for by their common origin.

* It should be remembered, that about seventy per cent of the *committals* which annually take place are for "crimes against property without violence"—thefts, and so forth, which are seldom, if ever, committed by drunken or half-drunken persons. It should be remembered, further, that the excuse of intoxication is frequently alleged in other cases without truth, as a means of winning leniency or compassion.

It would not be worth while to notice these exaggerations, but that the subject has been so little studied, except by teetotalers, that their facts and figures are almost the only ones we possess; and it is therefore necessary, before passing to the serious realities of our subject, to clear away the encumbrance of their absurdities and misstatements. There is no need for exaggeration, no need to include one doubtful item in the long list of charges against the monster evil of this country. It is due to truth, to justice, and, not least, to the cause of social improvement, not to weaken by overstatement a case overwhelmingly strong in itself; nor to endorse, even by silence, injurious fallacies and erroneous imputations, which excite irrational violence on the one hand, and stir up passionate resistance and recrimination on the other. The simplest and tamest statement of the facts is sufficient to prove the evil a great and terrible affliction to the country; endeavouring to prove more is likely to end in signal refutation and shame, wholesome enough for the intemperate advocate of "temperance," but disastrous to his cause.

There can be no manner of doubt, except in such minds as that of Dr. Lees, that intemperance has ceased to be a vice of the educated classes. We do not mean that young men of good family do not occasionally get drunk, but that they dare not do so in society, and that excesses of this description are almost confined to the mess-tables of the army, and to the *unacknowledged* haunts of fashionable dissipation. Drunkenness is no longer common even among young men; it is held even by them discreditable in those who have passed the limits of youth, and it is habitual with none but the few with whom it is a monomania as clearly marked and exceptional as any other form of insanity. We do not deny that in all classes there are examples of health ruined, high talents wasted, and fond hopes blighted by intemperate habits; but these examples are rare indeed, certainly far less numerous than the instances of similar ruin effected by other vices, which are yet not sufficiently prevalent to call forth an ostentatious crusade against them. It is with intemperance among the lower ranks of society only that we are called on to deal as with a great national vice, a serious social evil; not because they are more vicious than those above them, but because this one vice is made by circumstances their worst temptation and their most pressing danger. That it is so, is affirmed by the concurrent testimony, less apparently precise, but infinitely more reliable, than calculations on slender statistical data, of men in all walks of life, acquainted in whatever manner with the habits, feelings, temptations, perils, and vices of the working classes. Not one of those who, as employers of

labour, missionaries to the poor, philanthropic enthusiasts, or practical reformers, have been brought frequently and closely into contact with the mass of the labouring population, but tells the same tale. If the money, time, and health which is spent in deleterious indulgence at the public-house were saved for better uses, all our skilled working-men, all above the grade of common labourers, might enjoy wholesome food, respectable houses, comforts for their family, and a chance of rising in the world for themselves. Wherever any trade earned, as is the case with many, wages greatly above the average income of working-class families, the homes of all the workmen in that trade would be improved, their wives better clothed, their children better educated, and the whole family provided with more comforts and enjoyments than their fellows. At present we fear that this is very little the case; that the best-paid classes are little better off than the worst-paid; and that the condition of the wife whose husband is employed in a trade where wages range from 18*s.* to 28*s.* a week is often preferable to that of her whose husband's earnings are from 30*s.* or 35*s.* to 60*s.* a week.

Mr. Greg, in his republished Essay *On the Principles of Taxation*, estimates the average income of a *workman's family* at 20*s.* a-week. It is notorious that there are many trades in which the daily earnings of the *workman himself* range from 5*s.* or 6*s.* upwards. We ought, if there were no disturbing element, to find the families supported by these trades better off in every respect than the average of their class. There are some whose condition ought to be as good—whose income is quite as large—as that of many families in the lower grades of the middle class. Comparatively very few, however, enjoy additional comfort in proportion to the larger earnings of the "bread-winner:" and they know, and all acquainted with them know the reason why. A class of workmen in this country earning higher wages than their order at large — excepting *possibly* those cases in which the higher wages arise from the necessity of qualifications implying an unusually high average of general capacity and intelligence—do not live better than their fellows; *they simply drink more.*

We are anxious that this assertion should not be misunderstood. We confine the comparison to *classes* or *trades*, believing it not to hold good of *individuals*. On the contrary, we have reason to think that, as between man and man in the same shop, the better-paid worker is generally the more sober and respectable man. There are exceptions to this, of course, especially in particular trades, where the better workman, being liable to overwork of an exhausting kind, and other unhealthy conditions, becomes more intemperate than his fellows. But what

is the exception between man and man, is, we are afraid, the rule between class and class. Almost all the trades in which wages are peculiarly high are notorious for drunkenness. Miners, cutlers, colliers, shipwrights—even, we are afraid, engineers and printers, whose high earnings are the meed of a special education and peculiar skill—are all disgraced, as classes, by intemperance almost in proportion to their prosperity.

Miners and colliers are, as a class, notorious for habits of excess and riot. That their occupation is an unpleasant one, is undeniable; dangerous also, to some extent, but not to that degree that should make those who follow it desperate and reckless; scarcely more hazardous than many occupations which might be named, which do not seem to addict those who follow them to similar intemperance. We can scarcely doubt that the chief cause of the excessive drunkenness among miners must be sought in the unusually high wages received by a class in no respect above the average level of refinement or intelligence; whose ideas of comfort and standard of living are not higher than those of their order generally, and who consequently spend the excess of their wages above the average—if not more than this amount—in the only luxury of which they, in common with the generality of working-men, have a keen appreciation. The men employed in the potteries of the midland districts, like their mining neighbours, are drunken to an alarming extent. In the whole of these districts—collieries, mines, and potteries—we are informed that many a wife finds it hardly possible to extort from her well-paid husband sufficient money for household necessaries. Too often her only means of providing food for herself and her children, is by pawning during the week the Sunday clothes, and divers articles of household furniture, which her husband cannot refuse to redeem on Saturday night; thus spending beforehand the money which would otherwise be entirely consumed in drink. Any stronger evidence of the mischiefs worked by intemperance could hardly be required than this picture of an English home;—the husband working four days and a half or five days in the week, and drinking during the remainder; the wife carrying his and her best clothing each week to the pawnbrokers to raise money for food, while he is lavishing money on drink! This, be it remembered, is the picture not of one home, but of thousands; these are the habits, not of a few profligates, despised among their fellows, but of a numerous and important class of operatives; of a proportion, at least, of that class so considerable as to impart its tone, and bestow its character, on the whole.

Printers are a highly paid class of labourers, and, from the nature of their occupation, require and possess an amount of

knowledge and intelligence far above those of the working-classes generally. Journeymen on bookwork, in an ordinary printing-office, will earn from 30*s.* to 40*s.* a-week, and often much more. Theirs is not a laborious or unhealthy employment; and their general education is such, that we should expect to find their habits far superior to those of ordinary workmen. We fear, however, that in point of fact drunkenness among them is above, rather than below, the average; the more so as a good compositor or reader, even though a drunken man, may hope to retain his place longer than in most trades, from the difficulty of finding a successor. Newspaper printers are still worse, almost in proportion to the greater amount of their wages. Night-work is said to create a craving for drink. It would probably be more correct to say that it increases the temptation to drink; it certainly keeps men away from their homes at unusual hours, reverses the wholesome order of nature, and is no encouragement to regularity of habits. Printers employed on a daily paper earn from 10*s.* a-night upwards; the average of their wages being, it is said, as much as three pounds a-week. On this sum the temperate among them, of course, are able to keep comfortable dwellings, live well, and dress themselves and families well. Sometimes they take large houses in good situations, and let a portion of them; being thus enabled to live in a respectable street and to make a good appearance. But by far too large a proportion of newspaper compositors are habitual drunkards; drunk not only on Saturday night and Sunday, after the fashion of their compeers in other trades, but daily by the time that the paper is made up,—going home in a state of unmistakable intoxication at three or four in the morning. At paytime their wives come round the doors of the office to coax or extort from their husbands their share of the week's earnings, knowing but too well that this is the only time at which they have a chance of getting any thing at all. The publicans of the neighbourhood, we need hardly say, give every facility to these valuable customers. The beer-can and the spirit-bottle make the round of the offices regularly every night, and give every opportunity for excess to the weary worker at an unwholesome hour and in a gas-heated atmosphere. In one case, we are told, a publican—living in the neighbourhood of the chief daily papers—secures himself against any backsliding consideration for wife and children on his customers' part, by selling, on pay-nights, tickets available for liquor during the rest of the week; anticipating thus the watchfulness of the mother who comes to secure some portion of the week's earnings to feed and clothe her children. What must be the demoralisation of a class among whom such things are usual! It did not

surprise us, after this, to hear from one who knew them well, that "the behaviour and conversation that goes on in the printing-office of a daily journal is disgusting to witness." This is the work of intemperance among the best-paid and most intelligent class of operatives in the country; a class who might live in perfect comfort with wife and family, and yet save in ten years enough to set them up in business on their own account,—save between twenty-five and fifty a very comfortable independence for the rest of their lives. What the homes of these inebriates might be, we see in seeing what those of their sober companions are; what they too generally are, we will not closely inquire.

Perhaps the most instructive case in point is that of the Australian gold-diggers. The first adventurers at Bendigo and Ballarat were hard-working, uneducated men, men of the working-class, in fact, neither better nor worse than their brethren at home. They got their money hardly, at the cost of much labour and privation. When they had made a sum on which they might have lived comfortably in "the old country" for the rest of their lives, they came to Melbourne, launched out into the grossest extravagance, and got rid of all their wealth in a few weeks, during which period they were almost incessantly drunk. One digger hired a Clarence, and bought India shawls for his wife or companion; another treated a whole roomful of company to champagne at ten guineas a dozen. Yet all the time they were living in dwellings less comfortable than those of an English factory hand; houses, or rather cabins, separated from one another only by curtains of sized cloth, with floors laid "on the hencoop principle," built in streets that were almost impassable to women at all times, and to men in wet weather. These people had no better notion of the value of wealth than its power of procuring the means of ostentation and sensual pleasure. Comfort they never knew, and did not desire; but they could appreciate, and after a clumsy fashion imitate, the luxuries of certain kinds which they had seen enjoyed by the wealthy at home. India shawls for their fair companions, brandy and champagne for themselves,—these were the objects for which wealth was valuable to them; and wealth that might have ensured them a life of comfort was squandered to procure a few weeks of riotous luxury. They caricatured, but did not depart from, the habits which distinguished them in the country they had left; where high wages, instead of bringing permanent comfort, brought them the means to enjoy a luxurious dinner on Sunday, and an extra debauch at the public-house.

Putting aside, then, all clumsy exaggeration, disregarding the rhetoric of fanaticism, and forbearing to enter on the difficult attempt to calculate in figures the calamities which no

figures can enable us to realise, there is evidence overwhelming and indubitable that intemperance is emphatically the curse of our country—that it does more harm, and destroys more good, than any other plague with which England has been afflicted by the visitation of God or the sin and folly of man. We know that it is the cause of very much positive crime and misery, of the extent of which we may form some idea. But how much good it has prevented is a matter beyond the reach of calculation. It is probably one of the chief reasons which make the working-men of England, as a class, the least thrifty and the most improvident in the civilised world. It is through intemperance that Englishmen save less out of twenty shillings than Frenchmen out of twelve francs a week. It is the public-house which makes the workman's home uncomfortable and often even squalid, despite wages which in any other European country would be thought extravagant. It is the love of drink which prevents saving for old age, and gradual accumulation of comforts and of capital, from becoming common among working-men. It is the habit of drunkenness which prevents workmen in highly-paid trades from taking rank with the middle classes both in social position and in their standard of living. It is this which makes the workman-capitalist, the artisan who possesses his cottage and land in fee-simple, or has somewhere invested his 50*l.* or 100*l.* of savings, a rare phenomenon; a man distinguished by employers and stared at by his fellows. It is this, therefore, which is the chief cause of one of the worst social perplexities of our age,—the entire and lifelong distinction between employers and employed, the want of any connecting class between capitalist and labourer, partaking the interest of each. There are trades in which wages are so ample and labourers so educated, that but for this cause "the *status* of a permanent journeyman working for hire," which has so little tendency to promote good feeling between class and class, would be almost as unusual as in the middle ages. If printers were temperate and saving, for instance, how few among them but might aspire to become masters before middle age! In fact, if intemperance were to die away among us, the condition of the class of artisans would, by causes already operating in many individual cases, be materially altered; there would be *a continual movement upwards* among them; and instead of the rise of a workman into a higher class attracting notice and remark, it would be the natural and usual destiny of intelligent and resolute men:—and intelligence and resolution would be less rare among workmen than they now are. In the ill-paid trades, as that of the tailors for instance, at present notoriously and hopelessly intemperate, the effect of such a change would be nearly

as apparent. It would diminish their slavery to middlemen and employers of a low grade, and it would facilitate all endeavours to improve their condition in a degree almost incalculable. By all that might be done, if all men ceased to be intemperate, we are enabled to conceive some inadequate notion of all that is prevented by the agency, solely or chiefly, of excessive drinking.

Reasonable men, not possessed with the *rabies* of teetotal fanaticism, have estimated the cost of the liquors consumed in the United Kingdom at 60,000,000*l.* We will accept this estimate as not extravagant; and will suppose, not unfairly, that one-third of that sum represents the amount paid for the quantity worse than wasted *in excess*, in that drinking which does perceptible harm to the tippler. This will give us 20,000,000*l.* as the sum lost to the nation by excessive drinking. But this money is not all lost—a considerable portion being received directly or indirectly by the Exchequer, which must be procured in some other way if not in this. Let us take this sum at 5,000,000*l.*;* then the country, almost entirely the working-class, spends yearly 15,000,000*l.* in a way worse than flinging that amount of property into the sea. Thus the working-classes waste in drink, not in wholesome or harmless, but excessive and deleterious indulgence, the annual subsistence of some 200,000 families of their own class. Worse, they waste every year a sum which, if capitalised, would provide every year fresh employment for at least half that number of families, with all aids and materials of labour. With the sum thus consumed in self-injury, they might set on foot every year 200 *new* establishments requiring a capital of 75,000*l.* each; might form companies in every town of any size in the kingdom, and become employers and self-employers on any scale they pleased. Those who remember what we have written before now in advocacy of such institutions, will understand how deeply we regret the annual loss of opportunities so magnificent. Those who have seen the working of such institutions, and their effect on the happiness of their members, and their educational influence, will fully share our feelings. And the working classes themselves, if this view of their loss were put before them, if they could be made to understand that if they are not able to make within their own lifetime a revolution in their own condition, to choose between employment from a master and self-employment by coöperation, to secure for themselves every advantage that capital possesses, it is because they will not give up, *not* their pipe and their glass of ale, but the "drop too much," the "cup that inebriates and cheers them not,"—would be found to appre-

* The whole revenue derived from spirit-duties, both Customs and Excise, is about 11,000,000*l.* annually.

ciate this argument in favour of temperance as strongly as any other. The power of creating every year 200 such stores, corn-mills, coöperative factories, as exist at Rochdale, would be the power in a dozen years to make England a home that no man would leave for Australian diggings or American backwoods.

Our readers will have anticipated from what we have already said, that we are in no sense advocates of compulsory abstinence; that we have neither sympathy nor respect for a body like that which, under the name of the United Kingdom Alliance, has been set on foot by the disappointed teetotalers to suppress by legislative power the sale of all "alcoholic beverages." We cannot too strongly express our dissent from the proposals, or our disapproval of the conduct and demeanour, of that association. Having imposed on ourselves the duty of studying their publications, it is only just that we should give utterance to the conviction forced upon us, that, with very few exceptions, all their manifestoes and arguments are disgraceful to their character and discreditable to their sense. Their logic—if it may be so dignified—is feeble beyond comparison, their statements unreliable, their arguments too generally a tissue of libellous imputations; their language is unworthy of Christians, and would be impossible to gentlemen. We must single out for especial reprobation their chief text-book—the Prize Essay of Dr. Lees—which transcends all teetotal literature we have yet seen in incoherency of thought and violence of language. His controversy with Mr. Gough, by the way, is proof that the habit of insult and imputation is scarcely a safe one, even for a Maine-Law advocate, a man wont to vituperate his enemies being unable to school his pen to sobriety of abuse in quarrelling with an ally. It does no credit to the Alliance that such a man is about the most capable literary supporter they have found. But, to do him justice, the chief difference between him and his associates is in his greater fluency of scolding; the temper and disposition of all being pretty much alike. Great brewers, like Messrs. Bass, Barclay, and others,—including men like Sir F. Buxton and Mr. R. Hanbury,—"have already built up their fortunes out of blasphemy and beggary." "Men of station and conductors of the public press wickedly endeavour to lessen the odium which attaches to the offence of drunkenness." "*Ladies* are not unfrequently found among the victims of the fatal appetite engendered of wine. Eau-de-Cologne is sold *in gallons* to fashionable women—not *for* a scent, but to disguise one." In reply to Mr. Adderley, who "could not see" the justice of prohibition, Dr. Lees insinuates, "there are many things that people cannot see, *especially after dinner and wine.*" The publican is "a chartered libertine," a "drunkard-maker," "poison-vendor," "traf-

ficker;" the last being a nickname which seems, in the mouth of Dr. Lees, to convey some hidden sting, but in which we can see nothing but a vulgar impertinence. But when the *Saturday Review* is called a "despicable quibbler," and Mr. G. H. Lewes "a Timon, who triumphs over shame;" "a gay, deluding, philosophic knave,"—how can poor Boniface expect milder or more discriminating treatment? In one word, the Essay is a disgrace even to the Alliance; and it is painful to read on its cover the signature of such a man as the Recorder of Birmingham, affixed to a commendation of this congeries of falsehood and vulgarity. It is the authorised publication of such works, and the employment of advocates whose platform oratory is of the same stamp, which induces men of sober and reflective spirit to regard with fear and disgust the whole brood of modern "temperance" agitators.

We fear that the Maine-Law party of America are as bad as their imitators in England. The following extract from a speech of the Hon. Amasa Walker, published in England under the authority of the Alliance, is worthy of Dr. Lees himself:

> "What has the Maine Law accomplished? It has branded the seller of liquid poisons, under the form of intoxicating drinks, as a *criminal*. It has made his calling *infamous;* it has placed him in the same category with *thieves* and *robbers*, and doomed him to imprisonment in the same cells as all other *felons*."

For malignity, vituperation, and implied falsehood, it would be difficult to produce any thing surpassing this.

The violence of the Alliance is in some degree explained, if not excused, by the fact that it consists mainly of the defeated and dispirited relics of a party that has been degraded by its own folly and virulence from a position of public honour and usefulness to one of contempt and ridicule. What teetotalism was in the days of Father Mathew our readers have not forgotten; what it is now, the documents of the Alliance will convince any one who reads them. The Total Abstinence movement failed. Reclaimed drunkards returned to drinking, made worse by the consciousness of a vow solemnly taken, and broken in a moment of weakness—the little self-respect they had left being utterly and hopelessly gone. Pledged abstainers, repenting of a foolish vow hastily made,—foolish, we mean, in those who did not feel that they *could not* be temperate,—and finding no substitute provided for the public-house, retracted their promise, broke the faith given in an hour of unreasoning enthusiasm, and again sought good cheer and good company in the alehouse-parlour; they, too, somewhat the less safe for the doubtings of conscience in regard to the obligation they had cast aside. The result might have been foretold; nay, it *was*

foretold eighteen hundred years before. The unclean spirit *did* return to the house that he had left, *did* find it empty, swept, and garnished. And if "the last state of that man was worse than the first," it was the fault of those whose only notion of moral reform seemed to consist in personal abuse and partisan pledges. The best of the teetotalers retired in sorrow and disappointment; sadder, and, we hope, wiser men. Perhaps it occurred to them that a little less denunciation and invective, a little more attraction and substitution—somewhat less abuse, and somewhat more practical measures—might have achieved their purpose better. But they had never been the controlling spirits of the party, whose real leaders are and always were the most violent and fanatical declaimers among them. These, in the characteristic manner of baffled demagogues, changed the nature, and perverted the object, of the movement. Failing to make men temperate by harangues and pledges, they turned their energies to the somewhat easier object of making them teetotalers by force. And with this view their Alliance was concocted; and a measure, based on that of Maine, put forward as their suggestion for the regeneration of society.*

The intention of the Alliance, as set forth by themselves, is merely to prevent the public sale of intoxicating liquors. They would allow the people to drink, if they can get drink without paying for it. They would allow the mechanic or day-labourer to brew his own beer, or the gentleman to import his own wine, and drink it at home. But they would "destroy the traffic;" forbid the sale of that of which they dare not as yet propose to forbid the use. No party of gentlemen shall go to dine at Rich-

* Mr. George Lucas, an advocate of the Alliance, reports the following instance—one among scores—of teetotal failures. "I have here an abstract of the working of the Leeds Temperance Society from its origin to 1851. I find in 1837 there were in connection with it 14 branches, 29 weekly meeting-places, 118 speakers on the plan, a Temperance periodical issued, and a regular system of visiting established. Now, 13 of these branch societies have died out at one time or another, and I think now only four of them have an existence; while only one of them has made vital progress. The 29 meetings have been reduced to three. No speakers' plan exists, no system of visiting, no publication is issued. During the whole of the existence of this society, there has been a zealous and able committee, near 4000*l.* expended, the best advocates in the world commanded; but, in spite of all, these reverses have been endured; and none so much deplore it as the noble men who have laboured to promote the cause. Take now a few facts respecting Woodhouse Society, the one with whose history I am most familiar. It was established nineteen years ago, had an active committee, every means that ingenuity could devise to promote its success was employed during a space of ten years, when the committee took a solemn review, and were entirely discouraged. They had got the people with them; but they had gone back again, and could scarcely tell from whence their committee could be sustained. This was their condition after ten years of earnest and sacrificial industry had been devoted to the cause; and I am satisfied, so far as I have ascertained the facts relating to Gateshead and the Temperance Societies in general, that this is a summary of their history in this kingdom."

mond or Greenwich; or if they do, they must dine as teetotalers, and drink healths in lemonade or sparkling soda-water. Farmers and artisans shall no longer meet on Saturday evenings in the alehouse-parlour for their "crack o'er a glass"—the only social gatherings of the working-man. Nay, it shall not be lawful to keep open even a wholesale shop for the sale of wine or beer or spirits; there shall be no means of procuring them but by home-making, or direct importation from abroad by each individual who desires them. What this would amount to we can all understand; and after having made such proposals, it is as childish as it is dishonest on the part of the Alliance to tell us that "they do not attempt to interfere with drinking, only with the traffic in drink." Why, their object in destroying the traffic is simply to render drink unattainable to ninety-five in a hundred of the people. It is better to speak out at once the truth, which they are continually betraying in such passages as this, and others yet more decisive. "It is not the public-house with which we war; it is not the publican to whom we object; it is not even the company we find there that is necessarily objectionable: it is that which vitiates the calling of the taverner, and corrupts his company; which makes alike the trade, the trader, and the tippler objectionable to the pure and good:—*it is the use of the specific drink!*"*

The real purpose peeps out a little farther still in the following, from one of the monthly papers of the Alliance: "Absolute safety for the individual can be found only *in absolute abstinence* from that which does, in an awful number of instances, produce the drink-appetite, and *may* do so in any one. Sound legislation with regard to intemperance must be based on a recognition of this truth." What this means, if not that legislation should enforce "absolute abstinence," it would be difficult to say. Indeed, it is strange that any one should doubt that the purpose of the movement is the total prevention of the use of wine, beer, spirits of whatever kind; and that the prohibition of importation would be enforced against the higher classes, if ever by their concurrence the prohibition of purchase at home were enforced against the lower.

That a scheme so outrageous should find supporters, should be ventilated at public meetings and in periodical tracts, and even have two insignificant organs in the weekly press, would be impossible but for that crusading spirit of which we have spoken. It has, indeed, very few creditable friends even among that class. But, having already said enough of the general character of the agitation, we prefer for the future to confine ourselves as far as possible to the arguments of these few, and

* Dr. Lees' Prize Essay, p. 41; the italics are in the original.

in exposing what we consider the faults and fallacies of the prohibitive scheme, to apply ourselves to the reasonings and views of those who are with the Alliance, but not of it; confident that if Mr. Newman and Mr. M. D. Hill fail to make out their case, their arguments will not be strengthened by the aid of Dr. Lees, Mr. Pope, Mr. Dow, Mr. Dawson Burns, and the rest, whose names are appended to the class of tracts and essays we have described.

Mr. Newman, not having made the subject his especial study, has abstained, with rare conscientiousness, from entering warmly into the advocacy of the "Maine Law." His views must be sought in two letters addressed to the Editor of the *Reasoner*, in both of which his object was to vindicate rather the justice than the policy of such an enactment. In these he first defined his position, which differs *toto cœlo* from that assumed by the professed apologists of the Alliance. "We would prohibit," he says, "*not the sale, but the traffic;*" and he expresses his opinion that a salaried agent should be appointed to sell alcoholic liquors to all who might demand them, but should be prohibited from gaining a penny by the traffic. Passing over the probable quality of goods in which the vendor had no interest, we have simply to note that this plan merely proposes to do somewhat more effectually what is already done by the present law, namely, to check the encouragement of intoxication by the vendor of spirits. But to do this, not thoroughly, but a little more effectively than is done at present, it would inflict immense inconvenience on fifty sober people for the benefit of five drunkards, —a fault which seems to us sufficient to counterbalance all the good effect that could be anticipated from it. The Alliance propose something very different from this; and it is as an advocate of the principles of the Alliance, rather than as an independent adviser, that we have to deal with Mr. Newman. They propose to appoint such an agent as Mr. Newman describes, with instructions, left in blank in their "draft of a bill," but filled up sufficiently by their speakers. They would allow him to sell only for scientific, manufacturing, or medical purposes. Nay, we rather think that, in reliance on a few unknown physicians, and on Dr. A. Combe, together with some hesitating theories of Dr. Carpenter's, they would prohibit spirits, wine, and beer even as medicine. This proposal Mr. Newman apparently sees to be absurd; but if we understand him rightly, he defends the principle on which it rests. Treating the authority of the State over its subjects avowedly on the same footing as that of a general over his army, he maintained—in answer to an assertion, in the *Reasoner*, that the Maine Law was "a crime"—the right of the state to prohibit the *use* of intoxicating liquors.

He evidently conceives of the State and its functions in the true classical spirit, which ascribes to it a jurisdiction little less than universal and absolute over thought and action. His adversary took shelter under the authority of Mr. Mill, who has stated the contrary doctrine in the clearest and broadest terms:

"The organ of the Alliance, who would 'deeply deplore the recognition of any principle which could be wrested to justify bigotry and persecution,' undertakes to point out the 'broad and impassable barrier' which divides such principles from those of the association. 'All matters relating to thought, opinion, conscience, appear to me,' he says, 'to be without the sphere of legislation; all pertaining to social act, habit, relation, subject only to a discretionary power vested in the state itself, and not in the individual, to be within it.' No mention is made of a third class, different from either of these—viz. acts and habits which are not social, but individual; although it is to this class surely that the act of drinking fermented liquors belongs. Selling fermented liquors, however, is trading; and trading is a social act. But the infringement complained of is not on the liberty of the seller, but on that of the buyer and consumer; since the state might just as well forbid him to drink wine, as purposely make it impossible for him to obtain it. The secretary, however, says, 'I claim, as a citizen, a right to legislate whenever my social rights are invaded by the social act of another.' And now for the definition of these 'social rights.' 'If any thing invades my social rights, certainly the traffic in strong drink does. It destroys my primary right of security, by constantly creating and stimulating social disorder. It invades my right of equality, by deriving a profit from the creation of a misery I am taxed to support. It impedes my right to free moral and intellectual development, by surrounding my path with dangers, and by weakening and demoralising society, from which I have a right to claim mutual aid and intercourse.' A theory of 'social rights,' the like of which probably never before found its way into distinct language—being nothing short of this, that it is the absolute social right of every individual that every other individual shall act in every respect exactly as he ought; that whosoever fails thereof in the smallest particular, violates my social right, and entitles me to demand from the legislature the removal of the grievance. So monstrous a principle is far more dangerous than any single interference with liberty; there is no violation of liberty which it would not justify; it acknowledges no right to any freedom whatever, except perhaps to that of holding opinions in secret, without ever disclosing them: for the moment an opinion, which I consider noxious, passes any one's lips, it invades all the social 'rights' attributed to me by the Alliance. The doctrine ascribes to all mankind a vested interest in each other's moral, intellectual, and even physical perfection, to be defined by each claimant according to his own standard."*

* The "permissive law" last put forth by the Alliance, which would enable a certain majority of the ratepayers in any district to put down the sale of liquor

Without expressing absolute concurrence in Mr. Mill's view, we are bound to say that we consider it far preferable to that held by Mr. Newman. The notion that it is the right and duty of the State to suppress whatever it regards as dangerous to public health or happiness, although it may be the mere external occasion of social evil rather than its cause, is suited apparently to America, as it was suited to Rome and Sparta; the modern and the ancient republics alike holding personal liberty in but little esteem. But it is wholly contrary to those ideas of freedom which are essentially English, and which have made England, at this moment, the only country in the world in which individual liberty of action is practically recognised as the most valuable of human possessions.

We are sorry to find Mr. Hill echoing, in a speech on behalf of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, though but incidentally, one of the most palpably absurd of the many puerilities of the Alliance — the statement that the law, as it now stands, "encourages the traffic in drink." Taxation of the article sold, and restriction, at the discretion of the magistrates, on the right of sale, is *not* encouragement, is the very reverse of encouragement. Yet Mr. Hill talks as if taxes and limitations were bounties and facilities:

"Amongst the most fearful and irresistible (temptations) which beset them, were the 1500 public-houses (*cheers*), the 308 taverns, the 321 gin-shops, the 871 beer-houses—*the authorised temptations offered by the legislature to crime* (*Renewed cheers*). He spoke in the presence of members of both houses of parliament, and he affirmed that these fifteen hundred dens of temptation, which these great men suffered to be opened, lest the criminal who persevered in his reformation should retire to some quarter of the town to escape temptation, were the main sources of crime. They suffered any street and any alley to contain one or other of these plague-spots. Whatever door was shut against the criminal, the door of the public-house was always open. Whatever guilt he might be convicted of, so long as he had the smallest of her Majesty's coins in his possession, *the legislature furnished him with temptations*, which would cast him back again into vicious habits."

It is melancholy to find such a man condescending to speak in such a manner. The legislature has nothing to do with the temptations in question. Left to itself, the trade in drink would, like any other trade, work its own way; would certainly be larger than at present. So far from favouring, the law has forced it to yield several millions of revenue to the Exchequer, and has

within that district, differs no whit in principle from the absolute Maine Law, is more irrational and unconstitutional, and would lead to worse consequences. Mr. Mill's condemnation applies—as the cooler heads among the Alliance see—just as strongly to the one law as to the other.

placed hampering restrictions on its exercise. To accuse the legislature, then, of "offering temptations to crime," is to make a charge against it not only untrue, but the very opposite of the truth; and so fatal a misconception of the case shakes at the outset our faith in Mr. Hill's judgment upon this subject.

His argument in favour of a prohibitory law,—for it is evident from many passages that he contemplates a prohibition as entire as that of the Alliance,—rests on the same basis as theirs, and may be summed up very briefly indeed. "A fearful amount of evil is the result of intemperance. Nothing but the impossibility of obtaining liquor will stop intemperance. The moderate use of liquor produces very little pleasure or benefit, and therefore its suppression will cause little mischief. Therefore a 'Maine Law' would be advantageous. *The majority of a nation have a right to do what they please.* Therefore, when the great majority of Englishmen are brought to desire it, it would be right and wise to pass a Maine Law."

The "right divine" of the majority is a tacit assumption of all partisans of the Maine Law. In fact, only on this theory—which England has never recognised; or on that of a paternal government, which we have long since outgrown—would it be possible to defend the prohibitory law. Mr. Hill and Mr. Newman, the only two prohibitionists capable of logical reasoning, both tacitly recognise this. Mr. Newman speaks of the State, its duties and its authority, in a manner which belongs to the latter theory. Mr. Hill (*Repression of Crime*, p. 403) consciously or unconsciously assumes the former. It appears to us, that if any imaginable government has a right to pass such a law, then all governments have a right to pass it; the policy of doing so is another matter. We are certain that a majority, however great, has no right—*quâ majority*—to enforce its own will, which does not equally belong to all lawful supreme authority, in whatever manner constituted.

Passing from the question of right to that of policy, we must dispute each successive step of the Alliance argument as endorsed by Mr. Hill. We believe, for reasons already given, that intemperance is not the cause of much of the evil which he especially charges upon it. We are sure that the moderate use of wine and beer is productive of great pleasure, promotes social comfort, and adds to the enjoyment, and probably the health, of those classes which are capable of moderation, in no small degree. Its loss would be a grievance; its forcible removal a manifest injustice, seriously mulcting the innocent for the benefit of the guilty; depriving the temperate of a wholesome and harmless pleasure, in order to secure the intemperate against the consequence of their own folly and vice. And legal prohibition would

be in itself productive of great practical mischiefs. It is a great fault in any law when it puts the law-breaker even apparently in the right. It is a great fault when it works so as to keep up a constant war between informers and offenders, and so as to make the former in most cases by far the more odious of the two. It is a great fault when it creates a new crime of a kind sure to be frequently committed. Besides its other defects, a prohibitive law against the sale of liquors has all these vices. It makes the lawbreaker appear in the light of a useful neighbour, giving people an enjoyment which they feel to be their right; and thus demoralises the people by enlisting their sympathies against the law. This evil may be lightly esteemed in America; in England, where respect for law is now about as powerful as any other national sentiment, it would be a grave calamity. It would give us a spectacle every week, in our police-courts, of half-a-dozen men—one or two of them popular with all their acquaintance—tried at the instance of informers for doing what would seem an act of good-nature; and in nine cases out of ten, the offence being that of "selling a glass of beer to A. B.," the law would be laughed at and despised, and the convicted offender punished and pitied.

Finally, crime would be largely increased by the new crime of drink-selling. This Dr. Lees cannot understand, and sneers with characteristic self-complacency at those who told him of it. He compares it with the "increase of crime" by a law which should for the first time, in his own phrase, "make killing murder." Here we see the incapacity which arises from a satisfied half-comprehension of facts and principles,—incapacity to distinguish between the *malum in se* and the *malum prohibitum*. Murder is guilty, whatever the law may call it; drink-selling is *not*, and the law which makes it a crime not only adds to crime, but creates a factitious species of guilt. For law-breaking is always demoralising; and figures which indicate an increased number of breaches of law do indicate, *cæteris paribus*, increasing depravation of national character. 2000 cases of three months' imprisonment for drink-selling would indicate a mischief sufficient to form a very serious set-off against 30,000 five-shilling fines for drunkenness and 20,000 petty assaults.

To make out even a plausible case for prohibition, two things at least must be proved; first, that no other remedy can be found, and then, that prohibition would be an effectual remedy. Both these propositions are asserted on the part of the prohibitionists, and apparently accepted by Mr. Hill. We demur to both. Whether any thing else will make us a nation of total abstainers, we do not know; we hope not. But the choice is not between abstinence and drunkenness, but between moderation and excess;

and it has yet to be proved that moderation cannot be obtained without the aid of prohibition—in other words, that temperance is impossible. We know, at least, that beyond a voluntary Maine Law among themselves, and a good deal of vapid oratory, the teetotalers have tried no other method of diminishing drunkenness, and have discouraged the attempts of others to do so. With all their eulogies of "the pump," it was no teetotaler who originated the drinking-fountains of Liverpool, or opened the Liverpool playgrounds. Till every thing else has been fairly tried, it is not merely impatient folly, but consummate impertinence, to ask the legislature to do the work they undertook so boastfully some years ago.

Nor is it proved that a Maine Law would achieve its object. It might stop drinking; would it cure intemperance? It does not reach the root of the evil; its partisans discourage all attempts to do so. That root is deeper than they choose to acknowledge. It is not in the wicked solicitations of the publican; it is not in the nature of "the traffic," which supplies, if it also stimulates, a real want; it is not even in the drink itself. It is the want of something better; it is the gross sensuality which makes drink a man's sweetest pleasure; in the defective education which gives him no higher taste; in the habits of mind which make degradation tolerable and self-denial all but impossible. It is in the people, not in the beer; in their habits and circumstances, not in their drink; in the unfurnished mind, in the cheerless home, not in the flaring gin-palace or the comfortable parlour of the country alehouse. What avails it to destroy one head of a hydra, however large it be? The first effect of a Maine Law would be a sudden increase in the consumption of opium; and when we had a prohibition of opium—what next, and next? The Alliance cannot tell us, and we will not attempt to guess—it certainly would not be temperance. We may make our people as much abstainers as our prisoners, by treating them similarly,—by an army of spies and informers, and by laws which will make England one huge gaol; but we shall not have made them temperate. A people "whose belly is their god" require not to be put on a diet of bread and water, but to be emancipated from their idolatry, and educated in a better faith.*

The most fatal cause of intemperance among the working-classes is, as we have already said, the want of something better. Like all men uneducated, or so ill-educated that they have no

* We have omitted all reference to the working of the Maine Law in America for two reasons: first, that it is all but impossible to ascertain, amid conflicting assertions, the facts requisite to form a judgment upon its success; and secondly, that our argument remains unaffected by it. We do not maintain that a Maine Law may not stop *drinking*; our assertion is, that, among an uneducated people, it will not cure *intemperance*, but merely alter its form.

intellectual tastes, sensual gratifications are almost the only pleasure they can appreciate. In the midst of a high civilisation, they retain many of the characteristics of savages; with one predisposition more to intemperance in that they lead a much less healthy life. When they have warmed and fed themselves, how can they employ what remains to them of time and wealth more agreeably to themselves than in buying spirits, or beer and tobacco? In the latter they do not often indulge to excess; they have not time to do so. But they have time to get drunk at least once a-week; and they get drunk on Saturday as the music-loving Civil Servant goes that evening to the opera, or the hard-worked young merchant to the ball-room, to spend their few weekly hours of leisure in that which gives them the highest pleasure they know. Like those in higher grades of life, if they are not strong of will,—and the uneducated man is here especially inferior to the educated,—pleasure overpowers principle, and the Saturday night's indulgence becomes the occupation for which every spare hour is snatched, for which, presently, hours are taken that cannot be spared, and the man is on the road to ruin. What billiards, clubs, operas, dances, dinner-parties, are to men in one sphere of life, the public-house is to those of another, in more senses than one. It is the place where they find that enjoyment which they most value; it is the place where such other enjoyments as they have are offered them. Does this fact suggest no wiser means of dealing with drunkenness than by suppressing public-houses?

The workman, as a rule, reads but little, even where he reads at all. The penny newspaper is with him the chief literary rival of the beer-can. And if it were so with us, we doubt whether literature would carry the day. The workman's home offers to his senses none of those gratifications which the middle-class man finds in his. Its rooms are inevitably small, because, especially in towns, little space can be given for the rent he can or will pay. They are ill-furnished, because he had little money saved for furnishing when he married at two-and-twenty, and because he had not that educated intelligence which would enable men of a higher class to extract much substantial comfort out of small means. They are untidy, often unclean; for his wife is a bad manager, and her family is numerous. His supper is ill-cooked, and of course therefore unwholesome. In a word, he is thoroughly uncomfortable in body, and his mind is vacant. What wonder if he seeks comfort and amusement where only he can find them?

Again, one grievous cause of intemperance, indicated by its prevalence among workmen in well-paid trades, is the low-

standard of living adopted by the working-class. The economist says that men will multiply so as to keep their comforts down to the standard; the practical observer will be inclined to accuse Englishmen rather of drinking them down to this standard. The more that can be done to induce the workman to increase his home comforts and requirements, the more that we can encourage his dormant taste for decent accommodation, good furniture, cottage ornaments, good wardrobes,—we do not mean silk dresses and crinolines for his wife and daughters,—the more pride he can be induced to take in these things, the better man will he be, and the less drunken. Men in all classes will make great exertions and great sacrifices in order not to fall below their usual style of living,—"to keep up appearances," and avoid loss of caste; and workmen in these respects are not less proud than their employers. Once raise their standard to the average level of their earnings, once induce the formation of a higher standard in the higher ranks of the working-class, and you have struck a blow at national intemperance which it will probably never recover. Teach the workman pride in his home and in the appearance of his family, and you have done two things of most excellent effect; you have diverted his money from drink, and you have diverted his steps from the public-house towards his home.

It is a great misfortune, as bearing on this branch of improvement, that there should exist in England such a "division of society into horizontal layers" as makes a strong distinction between the highest of the working class and those above them, which separates them socially, and makes a union and association, and consequently a gradual assimilation, between classes of working-men whose habits, education, and standard of living ought naturally to be quite distinct. A compositor at 40*s.* a week is "a working-man," and his sympathies and associations lie with "the working-class;" they consequently influence his habits and ideas; and instead of aspiring to raise himself into a higher class, he is so much removed from it as not to be materially influenced by its existence, and is satisfied with being in the highest rank of his own class. His standard of habits, comforts, education, is not influenced by those above, but by those below him. And this, among the higher grades of working-men, is a grave evil. On intemperance it operates doubly; making the man both more disposed to spend his money on drink instead of on his home, and less ashamed of doing so than we might at first sight expect from his intelligence and education. For education operates less by directly teaching the folly of vice—which is obvious to most men—than by bringing to bear on educated men the opinion of an educated class. Where it

fails to do this, it loses its chief mode of influence. Again, the further removed the middle class from the upper circles of that immediately below it, the less the likelihood and the ambition of rising in those circles; an ambition, the healthful influence of which on ambitious individuals, and on society at large, can hardly be exaggerated; and which, if generally diffused, would be among the most powerful counteractives that could be applied to the vice of drunkenness.

Another influence favourable to intemperance, as to many other errors, is the moral weakness so conspicuous in the character of the working-classes. The working-man cannot stand alone: he cannot stand up against the Trades-Union, even though he knows it to be his enemy; or stand by his master, even when he has found him his friend. He cannot stand up against the noisy energy of a few demagogues, as yet unsupported by the Union, when they intrigue for a strike in some isolated factory against the deliberate judgment of two-thirds of those employed. He never can be an abstainer, except as a member of a society which can take care of itself and him; he has hardly resolution to be temperate in drinking, if his fellows urge him to excess. One of the worst embarrassments in the way of all social reforms, is that fatal facility with which the uneducated Englishman will "follow a multitude to do evil;" and it has made many a man intemperate whom, if left to himself, self-respect and quiet sense would have preserved.

Again, one fruitful source of intemperance lies in the social usages of the age, for which the working-classes are answerable only in part, and of which those that know better must—so far as blame applies to any—bear the heaviest blame. The public-house is the working-man's club, and a club of which he has more need than his betters have of theirs, inasmuch as he has less enjoyment at home. Give him a better one, and it may be he will leave this; but a club he must have. He needs society, he needs a comfortable room to sit and smoke and hear the news, to keep his mind from rusting—needs it the more because he reads so little. The manager and cashier of the Rochdale Store, himself a working-man, expressed to us what we believe to be the explanation of a very large amount of drunkenness. "The working-man, after his day's work, wants a little company and news. Mostly he can get that only at the public-house. He wants none of the drink" [we should say, would not go for the drink only]; "but as he cannot have the company without the drink, of course he takes it. The habit, in some cases, grows upon him, and he becomes a drunkard." What wonder? If he attempt to amuse himself elsewhere, he is still driven back upon the tavern or the beershop. He goes to the cheap music saloon—the publican

keeps it. He goes to the penny theatre—it is attached to the alehouse. He enters a temperance hotel—dirt, untidiness, discomfort, bad butter, sour bread, nauseous coffee, and tasteless tea drive him out again. He has to attend a benefit-club; he finds its members at the public-house, for where else could they sit? Even in Manchester such societies have sought decent accommodation in vain, except at the public-house. Can he go and enjoy his pipe and his company at home, in his one small room; his wife working there and rocking the cradle with her foot? She would scarcely thank him for bringing his associates there in an evening. A man must have some place of resort, where to meet men; the working-man has none except at the public-house.

The Trades-Unions, among their many other abuses, are fruitful of encouragement to drunkenness. We quote the following from the best teetotal book we have seen, the *Temperance Cyclopædia:*

"There are no less than 297 occasions when intoxicating liquors must be given, offered, and taken. . . . . There are very few individuals who are aware of the amount of these fines. Masters themselves are not aware of it; and it is only by an examination of the men and their families that I have found it out. For example, in foundries, a journeyman must pay 10*s.* 6*d.* on entering, whether the job is long or short; among carpenters, the fine varies from 10*s.* to 30*s.*; a young apprentice to a tailor is obliged to treat the whole shop, and 20*s.* are expected from him when his time is out; an apprentice to a sawyer is obliged to pay a guinea, to which each of the journeymen puts a shilling; a linen-lapper, after paying 20*s.* to 30*s.* on entering, is obliged to pay 2*s.* 6*d.* at the measuring of the first web; the coach-maker is obliged to pay 2*s.* 6*d.* for every new piece of work he gets; the cabinet-maker's apprentice pays 1*s.* when he puts on his apron; and when his time is out, he pays 10*s.* 6*d.*, which is called washing him out; and if he continues in the shop as a journeyman, he pays 10*s.* 6*d.* more, and that is called washing him in; he has to pay besides for every new piece of work he gets. If a child is born, the father must pay a footing; and the unfortunate wight who gets married is down for 10*s.* We must not forget the sums subscribed for tramps, and for the way-goose, and drunken bouts at the lighting of candles, amounting to from 10*s.* to 8*l.*, and, in some cases, to 20*l.* When you take this into the account, you need not be surprised to hear that a poor woman paid 4*l.* 4*s.* for her son in a rope-walk; and that another individual paid 9*l.* for his son in a cabinet-maker's establishment, every individual farthing of which was spent in drink."

No terms of denunciation can be too severe for those employers who continue, or suffer their subordinates to continue, the infamous practice of paying wages at a public-house. To do this, is deliberately to lead those over whom they have influence into the worst sort of temptation at the most dangerous time.

We would hope that few words need be spent on this point; that all, or nearly all, respectable employers have seen the evil, and given up the practice. For others, some of whom, in a subordinate position—such as "butties" of coal-mines and men of a similar class—actually keep public-houses at which the men are paid, and almost coerce them to drink, it would be well that the law should apply that corrective which a sense of duty fails to furnish, and compel the abandonment of a practice as purposeless as mischievous. Some firms, we believe, continue to pay wages "in the lump" by way of avoiding the necessity for small change; Jones receiving the wages of himself, Smith, Brown, and Jackson, and being charged to arrange the division with them. Of course they must go to the public-house—where else could they get a sufficiency of change? and they pay for the accommodation willingly granted them there by returning to the publican some considerable portion of his change in payment for drink. Where this practice, after existing for many years, has been abolished, employers find at once that the extra trouble of procuring change is more than repaid by the improvement in steadiness and sobriety which immediately takes place among their workpeople. Both usages are fair subjects either for social reprobation or legal suppression.

The payment of wages on Saturday afternoon has a decided effect in encouraging drunkenness. The money, the opportunity and the company for a Saturday night's debauch, the ample time to sleep off its effects on Sunday, form a combination of temptations too strong for the workman's power of resistance. The alteration of the pay-day has, in numerous cases, been tried; and always, we believe, with a good effect on the morals of the labourer. There is a gradual extension of the practice of paying on Friday, or even earlier, especially in those districts in which Saturday is a half holiday; and we are inclined to augur important results from such a change, if it should become general. It is most necessary that the pay-time should be dissociated completely from the period consecrated by habit, and devoted by convenience, to the public-house. "The testimony is universal that the greatest amount of drinking takes place on Saturday night, and during the hours that the houses are allowed by law to be open on Sunday," says the Report of the Select Committee of 1854. "The public-houses, beershops, and gin-palaces, are crowded on Sunday evening; the people wait at the corners to rush into the public-houses directly they are opened."

Besides those that lie in the condition and character of a class, or in the circumstances and usages which surround them, there is yet another cause of intemperance which we must not leave unnamed—that which shortsighted enthusiasts like to consider

the sole cause—the nature of the trade in strong drink. The publican has a strong personal interest adverse to the public interest. That which is mischievous to society is profitable to him. It is true that every trade has a similar interest in the excessive use of its goods; but it is clear that no other trade has the same power of making its own interest prevail over that of society. No other article is liable to be used to so great an excess; no other tradesman has equal power of inducing his customers to purchase to excess; no excess in any other article is half so dangerous to the common weal. The peculiarity of the retail trade in intoxicating drink, the trade of the alehouse-keeper and the licensed victualler, is this, that it is in the hands of a large and influential class, with an interest strongly adverse to the interest of the country at large, and with tremendous opportunities for advancing their own interest at the cost of the country. Against such a class society has a right to take what precautions it will, even to the extent of suppressing them altogether, were not their existence necessary to the legitimate use by others of the article in which they deal.

"Almost every article," says Mr. Mill, "which is bought and sold may be used in excess, and the sellers have a pecuniary interest in encouraging that excess; but no argument can be founded on this in favour, for instance, of the Maine Law, because the class of dealers in strong drinks, though interested in their abuse, are indispensably required for the sake of their legitimate use. The interest, however, of these dealers in promoting intemperance is a real evil, and justifies the State in imposing restrictions and requiring guarantees which but for that justification would be infringements of legitimate liberty."

We are not, then, according to this high authority, to interfere directly or indirectly with the *use* of strong drinks; we have a right, subject to this condition, to check the vendors in any way that may be found necessary. And the same would hold good of any other trade. We should deal in similar fashion with the dealer in opium, if opium were similarly sold and used, and if its use produced mischiefs great enough to induce parliamentary interference. Nay, we should deal similarly with the vendor of female finery, if the love of finery became a serious danger to our material interests, and if the dealers therein had equal opportunities of promoting excess. The man whose trade is one which, if carried on with a sole regard to his own profit, is dangerous to society, must expect to find society on its guard to prevent that trade from being so carried on; and, human nature being what it is, he must not expect society to trust him implicitly to protect the public interests against his own. Without desiring to cast any imputation on the publican, we

avow our conviction that he is eminently unfit to be trusted with any such self-denying charge; and without yielding in any degree to the advocates of a Maine Law, we confess that, in our opinion, the present license law is insufficient to meet the requirements of the case, and the Beer-house Act—which practically allows the establishment of places licensed to sell ale without any effective control at all, except through the right of visitation reserved to the police—a terrible legislative blunder. The suggestion made before the Committee of 1853—that the trade should be thrown entirely open, and the license be converted into a mere annual tax—is in our opinion a greater blunder still.

The number of persons in England and Wales licensed to sell either beer or spirits, or both, amounted in 1857 to 118,000. If we deduct from this number as many as 18,000 for wholesale dealers licensed to sell liquor not to be drunk on the premises, wine-merchants, brewers, &c.,—and this number is probably above the mark,—we have still 100,000 persons licensed to sell beer and spirits to be drunk on the premises; about 60,000 licensed victuallers, and 40,000 beer-house keepers. The male population of England and Wales was in that year estimated at 9,357,000, of whom not above 7,000,000 could be adults. According to this, we have one tavern or beershop to every 70 adult males; of which 70 probably as many as 20 never enter such a place. Fifty customers to each liquor-seller is then the average of England and Wales: there are districts and places in which the average would seem to be twenty to one. Is it possible, then, that the publican should live if his customers were not intemperate? is it possible that he should habitually refrain from encouraging a vice which is necessary to the maintenance of his house? These figures alone are sufficient to render it nearly certain that the trade must, as a rule, live, not by the use, but by the abuse of the liquors they sell.

We have, then, different coöperating causes of intemperance, requiring different antidotes. To class these causes in their ascending scale of influence, we have—

1. The interest of the publican in intemperance.
2. Social usages that promote intemperance.
3. Circumstances, wants, defects of character and tastes, disposing the lower orders to intemperance.

The first must be met effectually—as it is now met inadequately—by legislative action; the organised control of society over a class whose interest directly conflicts with those of the people at large. The second probably by some degree of legislative interference, and by strong social reprobation brought to bear upon offenders. The third wholly by social influences; by removing difficulties, supplying wants, improving the circum-

stances, and purifying the tastes of the labouring classes generally: above all, by *education*—moral, intellectual, and *practical.*

Of course, such agencies and methods as we propose to apply operate less violently and less immediately than a forcible suppression by law of the usual means of intemperance. We do not aspire to change in a day the habits and character of a class, nay, of a nation. More than one generation may pass away before the full effect of education, enlightenment, and social improvement is visible. But it will be felt; will be gradual, lasting, and radical: it is slow, but sure. It excites no desperate and powerful resistance; it provokes no vindictive reaction. Not such is the operation of a prohibitory law; which may be a short cut to a desirable end, but which, like other short cuts, is not a safe one. The reign of Puritanism ended in, and probably promoted, a reign of shameless and extravagant license during a whole generation. The reign of Prohibition would probably work its way to a similar termination. It is wiser to trust to slower, more regular, and, we will add, more legitimate influences, which operate without disturbing society, without compelling a strong counter-agitation, and ensuring the permanence of reactionary desires and conspiracies.

(1.) As to the legislative measures required, we express our opinion with much doubt and diffidence, especially as it differs in some respects from that of the Committee of the House of Commons, which reported on this subject in 1854. That Committee inclined to favour the plan—suggested by Mr. Robertson Gladstone, and some other gentlemen—of placing the publicans' trade on the same footing as that of the beer-shops,—allowing any one, on certain conditions, to demand a license from the magistrates. We think this undesirable, and wholly needless; the appeal to quarter-sessions appearing to afford a sufficient remedy in all well-grounded cases of complaint against the caprice or partiality of the licensing sessions. And the power of not renewing the license is far more likely to be exercised—though even this is far too rarely exercised—in cases of misconduct than that of withdrawing it, applicable only after legal proof of a species of misconduct most difficult to prove by legal evidence. We think that that suggestion which has reference to the assimilation of all retail licenses—the abolition of all distinction between beer-shops and public-houses—is shown by ample evidence to be necessary both for the protection of the revenue from illicit dealing, and for the proper maintenance of police regulations; but we would accomplish the object by repealing the Beer-house Act, and placing the granting of licenses entirely under the jurisdiction of the local magistracy, subject to appeal as at present. We would remove from wholesale

dealers all those troublesome restrictions, which cannot be obeyed, and only lead to demoralisation by inducing breaches of the law; we would make the only distinction between the merchant and the publican the permission to sell liquor "to be drunk on the premises," and make the evasion of this rule punishable by heavy penalties on both vendor and purchaser. If any thing be wanting to complete the power of police entrance and supervision, the defect should be amended, and every precaution taken to oblige the publican to carry on his business under the eye of a vigilant authority.

Following out a recommendation of the Committee, we would compel every publican, at the granting or renewal of his license, to produce two — or better, four — responsible sureties, not being brewers, or wine or spirit merchants, who should enter into recognisances for his good behaviour; to be forfeited in the event of any violation of the law by the publican himself, or, *at the discretion of the bench*, in case of the commission of certain specific offences within the house itself. Thus, in the first place, we should have the strongest possible guarantee for the observance of rules made by the law for the regulation of the trade; and in the second place, we should have obtained an important security against the establishment of what are known as "disorderly houses." No one would consent to risk the forfeiture of his money by entering into recognisances for the conduct of a house whose master he did not well know to be respectable. Receivers and returned convicts could only open their houses by a violation of the law, and would thus be absolutely at the mercy of the police; a large class of houses, occupying a position above theirs, but below that of the respectable publican, would be closed at once, and the honest part of the trade thrown into the hands of a better class of men.*

Much mischief is done by the music-saloons, dancing-rooms, and other places of amusement, attached to public-houses. They are admittedly of the lowest character; are nests of immorality

* Ample evidence has been given to show that *all* places of public refreshment —eating-houses, oyster-shops, coffee-houses, and the rest—ought to be subject to control similar to that exercised over public-houses especially so called; and the Committee of 1854 reported to this effect. Sir R. Mayne and Mr. D. W. Harvey concur in testifying, that "we find more violations of the law taking place in coffee-houses, which are not under the cognisance of the police, than in public-houses." These coffee-shops remain open in some cases the whole night; receive those whom the public-houses are obliged to turn out when the law compels them to close, and not unfrequently prove to be places for the illicit sale of spirits, exempt from the restrictions imposed on the lawful trade of their rivals. It is clear that they should be placed on a similar footing as to license and supervision; the license-fee being of course small, as we do not wish to discourage this kind of establishment, and the sureties demanded being for a less amount, and subject to less severe conditions, than in the case of houses where intoxicating liquors are to be sold.

themselves, and form a back-door through which lads and young girls, too respectable or too young to walk into the bar, are enticed into the public-house, and introduced to habits of secret drinking, to bad company, and to ultimate ruin. These allurements to a bad habit should be suppressed at once. We have no right to prevent people from drinking; but we have a right to forbid the publican to allure them by such devices as these. We demand no restriction on the use of liquors, no hindrance on those who desire to go and buy them, when we say that all places of this kind should be brought under the act which subjects theatres to the control of the Lord Chamberlain; and that officer should make it a rule to grant no license for any such establishment to the owner or occupier of a public-house, or in any place next-door to a public-house. We do not propose that this rule should be enforced by law, as such a law would inevitably prevent refreshments, such as beer or wine, from being sold in any place of entertainment; we merely wish that the Lord Chamberlain should use his discretion, by refusing to license such places as appendages to the regular business of the publican, who is sure to regard them as means of increasing the sale of his wares, and attracting customers who would otherwise be sober enough, but who, having come to see or to listen, remain to drink and to get drunk.

Sunday is the publican's harvest-day; the day on which the people have most leisure to go to him, and least liberty to go any where else. We would restrict his opportunities, and deprive him of his monopoly. There is no reason why he should enjoy a special privilege without paying for it; and we would exact an extra license-fee, and if necessary an increased amount of security, from the tavern-keepers who desired to be allowed to open on Sunday. The ordinary license should, as in the case of the (now abolished) six-day cab-licenses, be available only from Monday morning to Saturday night; a new permission should be necessary for Sunday opening, and a new payment required. This would, we believe, lead to a very general closing on Sunday, as most of the better sort of publicans would be glad to enjoy a day of rest, and many of the others would not care to pay for the right of losing it. At the same time, the man who really wanted a glass of beer or of brandy would not find it very difficult to get it; and those who did not, finding their usual resort closed, would not care to go and seek another, *especially if better places were opened to them.*

In keeping closed against the people all places of rational recreation, whether public or private property, on the people's own day, the Sabbatarians are doing the work of their Master's adversary in the most effectual manner—are aiding incalcula-

bly the degradation and depravation of their countrymen. On Sunday, the Crystal Palace and the Zoological Gardens are closed against the working-man, the Museum is shut, the Free Library is locked up; but the gin-shop is open. That or the church,—such is his only choice; and we know how he chooses. If he will not worship God, he is forced into the service of the devil. On Sunday, at the hours when he is abroad, "*whatever door is shut against the poor man, the door of the public-house is open to him;*" and we cannot shut it till we have opened another. Excursion-trains have done much, especially for the better-paid of the working-men; the Park Bands have done something; but very much remains to do. Open the libraries, the museums, the picture-galleries, the public gardens; then, and not till then, you may close five-sixths of the public-houses, and the rest are very likely to close themselves. We will not deign to argue the theory which confounds the Christian Sunday—the high feast-day of our genial Church—with the Saturday fast-day of the Hebrew law; we will only say, that any man who employs a servant that day to attend on him, has no right to denounce the employment of others to serve the public; that no "work of necessity or mercy" better deserves either title than the work of affording to the labouring man a Sunday substitute for the gin-shop.

(2.) There can be no moral reason why the law should not interfere, in some cases, with the worst of those social usages which we have indicated as a second cause of intemperance. The peremptory abolition of all fines, footings, and the like, in work-shops, now enforced by the systematic tyranny over one another which is a dark blot on the character of the working-classes, would, if practicable, be certainly beneficial. The money mis-spent on these occasions is obtained by a species of extortion which bears not a little resemblance to actual robbery; and which would justify legal coercion, if coercion should seem likely to effect the object. Employers, at all events, should set themselves resolutely to extirpate practices at once extortion-ate and pernicious; and steady, conscientious discouragement on their part of all attempts to obtain money under such pre-tences as those described above, might probably be sufficient, without the intervention of the law, to remedy the evil. Wher-ever the assistance of the legislature can be dispensed with, it ought not to be invoked: first, because every new law is a new evil in itself; and secondly, because law can only act roughly, clumsily, and by general definitions, often suppressing much good and causing much inconvenience in repressing a practice which well-directed private efforts might have cured without such drawbacks. Where, however, personal interest is too

strong for merely social means and individual strength, let law be invoked. Let employers of labour, and their foremen, be forbidden to have an interest in the drunkenness of their hands by a law which shall prevent them from keeping or taking a share in a public-house, if the practice be found to prevail so extensively that legislation is necessary. Let the payment of wages at a public-house be summarily prohibited, if it be not so fast dying out as to require no legal prohibition. In all these cases we are endeavouring, not to prevent men from drinking, if they like, but to prevent their being coerced or cajoled into drinking, whether they like it or no; and this the most earnest disciple of Mr. Mill's doctrines will not dispute our right to do.

(3.) The Committee of 1854 overstepped this line when they proposed to forbid benefit clubs and similar societies from meeting at public-houses. In the first place, these societies have a right to meet where they please, and a right to drink, with which the law ought not to interfere. Moreover, they don't know where else to go. The "Temperance Hotels" are out of the question; they are almost invariably dirty, squalid, and comfortless; coffee-houses and eating-houses are either too good and too exclusive for the working-man, or else so mean and low that no respectable club of working-men chooses to enter them. The remedy is the same that we have indicated for the whole system of drunkenness: would you wean the working-man from the tavern and the drink, *give him somewhere else to go, and something better to do.* And if the teetotalers had understood this, they would not have failed. A club-room, recreations, education,—these are cures for intemperance more radical than the Maine Law.

A working-man's club was opened in Liverpool, under the patronage of philanthropic gentlemen, and under the management of working-men. It could not be made to pay, and was eventually given up. Amusements had been provided, refreshments were served of fair quality and at moderate price, lectures were delivered, songs sung, and dramatic entertainments arranged on a small scale, for the gratification of those who attended. But the plan did not succeed. It attempted to combine too many things; and we fear that a room which was at once a concert-hall and lecture-room could hardly be a good place for easy social intercourse. Women, again, were introduced, and beer forbidden; mistakes, as we consider them, likely seriously to interfere with the success of any place intended to compete with the ale-house as a social resort for the working-man's evenings. A money payment, however small, at the doors, probably acted disadvantageously, keeping out many who would have come in and become permanent subscribers, if their first entrance could have

been gratuitous. A trifling addition to the price of refreshments, and a voluntary subscription for the special attractions offered by singers and actors, would probably have brought in an equal amount of money, and many more attendants. The failure of this "Recreative Society" is no doubt discouraging; but it need not prevent other attempts, which may possibly prove more successful—especially if any patronage afforded by men of the higher classes can be studiously kept in the background, and if the patrons will abstain from imposing, by their presence, a too frequent constraint upon the shy and suspicious class they desire to benefit. Clubs formed by working-men themselves, receiving from the kindness of others nothing beyond the use, on fair terms, of rooms furnished suitably for their object, and left to make their own rules and their own arrangements, seem to us to have the best chance of success.

Of all means of supplying the workman's desire for unconstrained social enjoyment, those offered by coöperative associations are the most suitable and promising. The newsroom of the Rochdale Store has proved itself a most powerful rival to the public-house. Society, comfortable accommodation, and easy chat are to be had there, as well at least as at the alehouse, and at no cost at all. The workman feels that he is there at home, has a right to be there, and is beholden to no one for his comfortable seat, his paper, and his company; he has no patron beneath whose eye he feels constrained and shy, no rules except those which he helped to frame. He is attracted thither by the fact that he is a member of the store; he finds himself well off when he is there, and at the same time he is brought under influences adverse to intemperance, and most conducive to thrift, self-respect, and an ambition to save money and improve his condition. And the man who has learned self-respect, thrift, and ambition, may be held as emancipated from the thraldom of drunkenness. The spread of these institutions which is now taking place in the manufacturing districts, if it be not ruined by too rapid success, seems to us likely to have in this, as in many other respects, a most healthful influence on the character and habits of the working-class; and though in no sense inclined to Socialism, we regard with unmingled satisfaction the progress of coöperation; hoping only that it will be slow enough to give its leaders time to acquire judgment and self-knowledge before it confers on them the power which success must give, and which only a laborious apprenticeship can teach them to wield.

To improve the workman's home should be among the first objects, as it certainly would be amongst the most powerful instruments, of those who desire to improve his habits. At pre-

sent the labouring classes have a keen appreciation of luxury in the gross form of delicate food and strong drink; but little love of comfort, because they are little used to it. Now nothing is so likely to diminish both their desire for, and their willingness to pay for, luxuries as an increasing love of comfort. Some feeble efforts have already been made to provide better dwellings for the working-classes; to give them sufficient air for health, sufficient accommodation for decency, sufficient space for comfort. Such efforts deserve all honour and support; and if wisely directed,—if their promoters abstain from exciting the jealousy and pride of an eminently susceptible class,—if they refrain from imposing rules and exacting conditions,—their experiments may be sufficiently successful to justify and to induce similar enterprises on a larger scale. We confess that we have little hope of permanently raising the character of any class until their homes are such as deserve the name; until their dwellings are such that, however poor, they need not be ashamed of them; are such, at least, as to admit of that degree of decency without which morality is difficult, and self-respect impossible. A man whose home is not fit to go to is sure to spend his time at the public-house; and the way to cure him is, not to close his refuge against him, but to relieve him from the want of one.

Chiefly, however, we must look to education as a means of correcting intemperance: first, as it enlightens the working-man regarding the degradation which drunkenness inflicts on himself individually, and on his order as a whole; and secondly, as it, beyond all other influences, gives him higher tastes and better occupation. We know that it has been said that education fails to alleviate intemperance; that the most educated districts are sometimes among those most noted for drunkenness. Without entering into a discussion as to the truth of this allegation, we would point out one thing,—that the knowledge of reading and writing, which is what in statistics is meant by education, has little or no inherent connection with temperance, and only affords a man the means of self-instruction, without in any way predisposing him to avail himself of those means. It gives him the key of a cabinet of the value of whose contents he has no idea, and which it will give him no little trouble to open. This is too generally all the education which working-men possess; they can read without ease, and write with much difficulty. Something more than this is wanted in an education which is to develop intellectual tastes and control sensual appetites; and something more than this an ever-increasing proportion of the rising generation receive. All *ought* to receive the best education that the country can give them; and if they do not, it is partly because we have not yet done with the squabbles of sects

and parties over the matter to be taught, and partly because, in our anxiety for the liberty of the parents, we have strangely overlooked the primary and imperative right of children to be so educated as to have every chance of becoming worthy and useful, and the indisputable right of the State to give them such a training as shall render them valuable citizens. When our errors in this respect have been gradually amended, and when education, of a kind sufficient to develop intellectual tastes and faculties, shall be the rule instead of the exception among all orders of the population, it is not likely that any sceptic will be left to question the influence of *such* education in weaning the people from intemperance.

We must not expect from education what it never can, and never will, perform—the undesirable miracle of making the working-man a purely intellectual being. It has not done so with his betters. They do not find in literature, severe or light, an all-sufficient recreation; they demand their pastimes, their social enjoyment, their physical pleasures; and he must have his. They drink wine at their dinners; he drinks beer now, and will drink it however well educated he may be. They take a dose of brandy when drenched or exhausted; he will do likewise. He has a right to his pleasures of sense as well as of intellect; and those who overlook this right put themselves hopelessly and mischievously in the wrong—in a false position, in which they can neither serve him nor do credit to themselves. All that we ought to wish is to wean him from excess; to make drink no longer his chief pleasure, the public-house no longer his best resort; to render him, not the slave of an ascetic pledge or an inquisitive law, but a free man among men, master of himself, and able to use a blessing without abusing it. We will not consent to insult him, nor encourage him to degrade himself, by accepting the idea implied alike in pledge and law—that he is too weak to be capable of temperance, too helpless to be fit for self-guidance; and that the permanent condition of three-fourths of our population must be that of ill-managed children, to whom we dare allow no fire lest they should burn themselves, and who can only be kept in safety by putting all possible means of self-injury beyond their reach.

Art. VI.—THEODORE PARKER.

Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister. London: Whitfield, 1859.*

——— *Additional Speeches, Addresses, and Occasional Sermons.* 2 vols. Boston, U.S., 1859.

——— *Four Sermons addressed to the Progressive Friends at the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting,* 1858. New York, 1858.

——— *Trial for the Misdemeanour of a Speech in Faneuil Hall against Kidnapping.* Boston, U.S., 1855.

——— *Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology.* London: Chapman, 1853.

——— *Critical and Miscellaneous Writings.* London: Chapman, 1848.

——— *Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion.* Third edition. Boston, U.S., 1847.

Theodore Parker, with all his deficiencies and exaggerations, must certainly be pronounced one of the religious powers of the age. In spite, or rather perhaps in consequence, of much clerical abuse and some clerical misrepresentation, he is widely and increasingly read. His writings meet a want that is extensively felt. By his bold and uncompromising assertion of certain great principles which the popular theology ignores, but which the awakening intelligence of society more clearly recognises every day, he has won for himself an amount of fervid and confiding sympathy which accepts his views in the gross, without very accurately discriminating the sound and unsound elements which they involve. His fearless honesty of mind and noble heroism of character justly add great moral weight to whatever proceeds from his pen; for he writes with such genuine earnestness, with so profound a faith in God and man, that amidst much which we may be compelled to throw aside, we always find that he has left with us some seed of imperishable truth, and opened to us with surprising freshness some unheeded aspect of the everlasting gospel of humanity. Like his distinguished countryman Dr. Channing, his name is gradually extending beyond the limits of his native language. His *Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion* was translated into German a few years ago by a Protestant clergyman, and has, we believe, excited considerable attention; contributing its share, with other writings of kindred tendency, to a revival of the almost extinct interest about religion among the thoughtful laity of Germany. An alarming attack on the lungs, induced, it is believed, by severe and unremitting mental exertion, has compelled him,

* This is an accurate reprint of the Boston edition, in good type, and very neatly got up.

within the last twelve months, to desist from his public ministrations, and seek the chances of recovery in a southern climate. During his first interval of rest after quitting Boston, he addressed a letter to his flock in that city, giving some account of his experience as a minister, and of his early life. The marked expressions of sympathy and personal regard which flowed in upon him from all sides on the occurrence of this calamity, and in offering which persons the most opposed to his theological position were not the least conspicuous, had touched deeply his generous and affectionate heart; and his response to them in this letter breathes a kindly and loving spirit, which to many will place his character in a new light, and show how the gentlest humanities may dwell in one nature with a stern courage, an iron will, and a passionate energy of purpose. When a strong and brave man is laid aside for a season from work, and there is a temporary lull of the fierce controversies which raged around him as their centre, the occasion seems not unsuitable for calmly estimating his character and aims, taking account of his services to truth and freedom, and attempting to determine his relation to the actual world of theological thought, in which he fills no unimportant place.

Mr. Parker was born in a village of New England not far from Boston, of a family which had distinguished itself in the War of Independence, and possessed in an eminent degree the household virtues, the healthy moral instincts, and the deep religious seriousness characteristic of the yeomanry of that part of the world, and inherited from their Puritan descent. His mother cherished in him from infancy a profound reverence for justice and freedom; and his father's strong intellect and natural aptitude for metaphysical speculation, not seldom found conjoined with deep piety in a humble condition of life, had much influence in shaping the tendencies of his opening mind. His early education was plain and rough, but invigorating. Bodily toil was intermingled with the ordinary course of education; the shop and the farm served to train him as well as the school; and so, to use his own words, "he did not fail to learn the great lesson of personal industry, and to acquire power of work—to begin early, to continue long, with strong and rapid stroke." He was not without access to some variety of good books; and those that fell into his hands were not only read but studied, and "not laid aside till well understood." The failure of a richer literary culture left room for a more valuable development. His powers of observation and continuous attention were assiduously cultivated; he made himself familiar with all natural objects—the flowers, the birds, the insects of his native woods and fields; and in these pursuits he acquired that keen percep-

tion of the features, and that exquisite enjoyment of the beauties of the outward world, of which his writings furnish so many striking proofs. The wish had possessed him from childhood to become a minister; and although the snares and difficulties of the clerical career presented themselves strongly to his mind, he thought he could resist and master them; and at length he fulfilled his purpose by entering the Theological School in Harvard University. He commenced his academic life at a time of great mental excitement and contention,—when the Unitarian controversy, then recently opened, was violently agitating the Congregationalist churches of Massachusetts, and Dr. Channing was rapidly advancing to the zenith of his influence. The professors at Harvard belonged to the new and liberal school; and Parker acknowledges with gratitude the benefit which he derived from their free, unprejudiced, and learned instructions. At college he was a laborious student, with an amazing capacity of rapid acquisition, teaching others for his own support while he learned himself. He quitted Harvard with regret, and in 1837 was ordained minister of a small country parish at West Roxbury, in the neighbourhood of Boston.

His pastoral duties being light, he had considerable leisure for study; and he read extensively on all subjects that bore on Christianity. If he had doubts, they arose not from coldness and indifference, but from deep earnestness. He had long been dissatisfied with the authoritative character claimed by theologians for the Bible indiscriminately as a whole, and had sought a foundation for his own faith in the recognition of three grand primary intuitions, of which the Bible seemed to him only one of the manifestations—the intuitions of a God, of a Moral Law, and of Immortal Life. Eager to speak the truth that was in him, yet fearful of weakening what might be a support of religion in other minds, he remained for a long time anxious and embarrassed, not knowing what course to take. He consulted old and experienced friends both among the clergy and the laity; and although they were not exempt from his own doubts, they recommended silence, as they saw no good likely to result from disclosure. In this disingenuousness he could not long acquiesce. He wrote two sermons to show that pure religion was not responsible for the contradictions in the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures; and he kept them by him for more than a year. At length, to ease his conscience, he preached them, but with fear and trembling, not venturing to look his audience in the face and see the immediate result. The result, however, was very different from what he expected. Plain, unlettered people, not the least devout of his hearers, came and thanked him for having delivered their minds from difficulties under which they

had been labouring for years. He had removed a stone of stumbling from their path. "The most thoughtful and religious," he says, "seemed the most instructed." In a country where the old Puritan reverence for the letter of Scripture was still a strong though vague and obscure feeling, doctrines such as these naturally produced uneasiness. The full extent of the demands of spiritual freedom was as yet imperfectly understood even in Massachusetts. Views akin to Parker's, and held by many devout and Christian men, were stigmatised by a distinguished biblical scholar as the "latest form of infidelity." The attorney-general brought an indictment for blasphemy against a learned minister, for having ventured to argue that the Christ of Christians was not the expected Christ of the Jews, and that the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament were not historically fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth. The editor of a newspaper, who had shown, it must be allowed, a want of fitting reverence, was thrown into prison for having written against the ecclesiastical notion of God; the last man ever punished for blasphemy in Massachusetts.

In such a state of public feeling, Parker could not expect to escape. At an Ordination Service in 1841, he preached a sermon "On the Transient and Permanent in Christianity," which caused intense excitement. An aged minister addressed a letter to the newspapers, in which he called for a prosecution of blasphemy and a condemnation to three years' imprisonment. None of the great bookselling houses in Boston could be induced to bring out the sermon. It was at last printed at the Swedenborgian press. Many of the older ministers declared "that this young man must be silenced." He found sympathy, however, in more quarters than one. Some clergymen who did not share his views, nobly stood by him amidst the general odium; and he himself, with characteristic ardour of purpose, was determined that his opinions should be heard. In the autumn of 1841, he lectured in Boston; and the lectures then delivered he afterwards published in his *Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion*, the most complete and finished, perhaps, of all his works. In the autumn of the following year, he again lectured in Boston; and in 1843, harassed by opposition and worn out by mental toil and anxiety, he sought relief in change of scene and a visit to Europe. He was cordially welcomed home again by his little flock at West Roxbury; but the ecclesiastical prejudice against him was as strong as ever, though a few Unitarian ministers continued his stedfast friends. To some extent, perhaps, he gratuitously exasperated the popular hostility by the unguarded boldness of his statements, and his undisguised contempt for what he deemed the hollowness of the prevalent theo-

logy. Yet he did not speak or write without effect. A feeling sprang up and increased, that he had some truth and right on his side, and that if it were so, it ought to be known. A few persons who thought so held a meeting, when a young man proposed a resolution, which was carried, "that the Rev. Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston." This was the occasion of his removal from West Roxbury, and of his commencing that series of public ministrations which have been followed by such remarkable results, and which gathered round him before their close every Sunday one of the largest Protestant audiences in the United States. A small but determined body had chosen their minister, but it was difficult to find a place of meeting. Every hall but one, though the most liberal terms were offered, was closed against them. However, in February 1845, the new church was opened, and began its independent and singular career. The broad rudimental principles which he announced as the basis of his preaching were three: the infinite perfection of God; the adequacy of Man for all his functions; and absolute or natural Religion. From the first he assumed the resolute attitude of a reformer. His ministry was meant to be a protest against the crying evils of his age and nation. It brought him, therefore, inevitably into frequent collision with the four great ruling powers of society—the Commercial, the Political, the Ecclesiastical, and the Literary Interest; and many things which seem strange in his sayings and doings, and shock our conventional notions of pulpit decorum, are to be traced to his peculiar view of the demands of ministerial duty. His sermons, except in a subordinate degree, rarely touched on the usual doctrinal controversies, or meddled with abstract questions of morals, but were chiefly occupied either in the development of fundamental principles on which he desired to rest a sounder theology, or in directly applying the principles so evolved to the rectification of social ills. The first of these objects placed him in antagonism with the great body of the clergy of all persuasions. The second led him to denounce and oppose, at the peril of his life, the grand iniquity of his country,—the institution of slavery—aggravated as it was by the lust of political power, and extended by the Fugitive Slave Law to states where it had no constitutional existence. During the intense excitement created in Boston by the attempt to carry this last measure into execution, he showed a martyr's courage and determination. Regarding it as a case of open conflict between the law of God and the law of man, he justified the use of physical force for the defence or rescue of runaway slaves. Some of these he harboured in his own house, where he regarded them as members of his flock; there were times, he tells us, when he wrote his

sermons with a loaded pistol in his desk. We can hardly realise this as a fact of civilised life in the middle of the nineteenth century. In consequence of his strong language on this subject, he was indicted, with several others, for a misdemeanour before the Court of the United States, and had prepared a defence; but, owing to some technical informality, the proceedings were quashed in their preliminary stage; and as there was a strong party in his favour, those who had instituted them were not sorry to let the matter drop. But the influence of wealth and social position set strongly against him. Even those whose theological opinions were not at the widest distance from his own, hung back from publicly recognising him, and viewed him with a certain distrust as a dangerous man. Only two years before his health broke down, he had been requested by the senior divinity class at Cambridge to deliver the customary address on the Sunday previous to their graduation; but the Theological Faculty, consisting of three Unitarian ministers, interposed their *veto* to prevent it. Notwithstanding his scholarly habits and devotion to study, Theodore Parker has spent a life of unremitting public activity. In addition to his regular duties as a preacher, he has constantly lectured in various parts of the Union on the subjects in which he was most desirous to excite the interest of his countrymen—the wickedness of Slavery, the dignity of Labour, the elevation of Women, and the true nature and influence of Religion. Such is a brief outline of the ministerial experience of this remarkable man, as narrated by himself.

In this rapid survey of his public life, Mr. Parker has introduced a slight and irregular sketch of his theological and philosophical system; but, writing to friends already familiar with it, he presupposes much which is not fully stated, and the want of which leaves the general reader incompetent to embrace clearly his views. His letter in this respect resembles one of the Epistles of Paul. He scatters his seed of thought on a soil prepared for it; but they who are without have first to learn what that soil is, before they can understand what fruit it will bear. From his writings of various kinds we may collect a tolerably complete idea of his fundamental principles. In his earliest work, the *Discourse*, they are alone exhibited in any thing like a systematic form. His later productions are chiefly occasional, and his principles are often disguised by the onesidedness and exaggeration almost inseparable from controversy. It must not be forgotten, too, that Theodore Parker is not so much a divine or a philosopher as a social reformer, and all that he has written must in fairness be judged from that point of view. He early convinced himself that there were radical deficiencies in the

churches and theology of his time, which drew after them great social evils; and he saw, as he thought, the truths, overlooked by the majority and hidden under artificial dogmas, which meet this want, and ought to be put forth, without fear of immediate consequences, by all who discern them. In the views which he thus circulated there was doubtless a large element of invaluable truth, which the world is deeply indebted to him for having brought so clearly out. But, like all men of strong faith and earnest purpose who are set on effecting a great change in public opinion, he seems to us to have grasped the very truth which he had discovered in too narrow and dogmatic a form, he seems not to have separated from it with sufficient discrimination certain assumptions with which it has no necessary connection, and in his eagerness to reform the present and secure a better future, to be at times unjust to the past. Indeed, he is not always consistent with himself.

Mr. Parker bases all religion on a grand primary intuition. He finds in the human soul, so universally as to make apparent exceptions of no weight in the general result, an instinctive sentiment of Deity, the germ of religiousness. In this primitive germ of sentiment lies folded up, according to him, the intuitive idea of God, subsequently developed by the Higher Reason. As men become self-conscious and reflective, the sense of the Infinite arises within them; and under its influence they silently expand this innate sentiment of the Divine, which their own wider experience and observation are continually enriching and enlarging, till it reaches the dimensions of a faith in Infinite Being, Absolute Causality, the Ground of all things, the Infinite of Power, Wisdom, and Love. So we arrive at the Intuitive Idea of God. It is a combined result of the primitive instinct and the necessary operation of our original faculties.* But the idea thus wrought out by the pure intellect is cold and abstract. Between this, the final conclusion of religious philosophy, and the dim sentiment of the half-conscious savage, there is an intervening stage of belief in which the imagination attempts, under various forms, to realise to itself the presence and working of a Divine Being. This Parker calls the Conception of God, to distinguish it from the Sentiment and the Idea of God. All the great popular religions which have held sway in the earth, embody some form of this conceptional faith; and as the conception corresponds to and represents the point of mental and moral advancement at which the people entertaining it have arrived, it must, from its very nature, be changing and progressive. The absolute idea of God's infinite perfection, with all the consequences legitimately deducible from it, as distinct from the

* Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion, book ii. ch. i.

mutable conception of the popular religions, is the corner-stone of Mr. Parker's theological system; and he lays on it a great, almost an exclusive, stress. With the idea of the Divine perfection he connects, as an inseparable consequence, that of absolute and inflexible law pervading the entire universe. This deduction compels him to deny, *à priori*, all miracle as usually understood, and all special inspiration; for these things on his theory are impossibilities, and the admission of them would subvert his fundamental idea of God. Scripture, therefore, with all its truth and beauty, is only one among many human literatures, a product of the normal working of natural human faculties, as much within the circle of unchanging and eternal law as the *Principia* of Newton or the *Kosmos* of Humboldt. It is not, and cannot be, the only, the final, and the authoritative Word of God. It exhibits various and successive forms of conceptional religion, and is at war with itself; the old Judaic dispensation being wholly irreconcilable with the gospel of love preached by Jesus Christ, though both are contained within the cover of the same book, and both are treated by Christians in general with equal regard. Mr. Parker denies the validity of the ordinary theological distinction between natural and revealed religion, between the regular and the special operations of Divine grace. He holds God to be immanent in every part of creation, and present to every human soul—but acting in and through the material and the mental worlds according to uniform and irreversible law; not, however, in any pantheistic sense, which is excluded by his definition of God, and which he distinctly repudiates.* The admission of this artificial distinction between nature and revelation has been fatal, he thinks, to a free and progressive theology, and in Protestantism has only substituted one kind of spiritual despotism for another. Slavery to the Church has been exchanged for bondage to the Bible, the reverence for which among the more rigid Scripturalists has degenerated into a blind Fetish worship. To overthrow the tyranny of the Letter, and set up in its place the free service of the Spirit; to fling off all subserviency to outward and traditional authority, and to keep the mind ever open to fresh communications from the eternal Fountain of truth and right;—this, argues Parker, should be the aim of every true reformer who would raise the churches of Christendom from their present languishing condition, and make them once more vehicles of spiritual life to the world.†

* See Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology, p. 106; a remarkable passage, where he declares himself anti-Hegelian.

† See Discourse of Matters, &c. book v. ch. vi.; Theism, Atheism, &c. p. 64; Review of Dorner's work "On the Person of Christ," in the Miscellanies; and Experience as a Minister, *passim*.

Mr. Parker affirms, that we have intuitively through our reason "a positive idea of God," "the most positive of all ideas, implied logically in every idea that we form,"—"clear and distinct, not to be confounded with any other idea," "the central truth of all other ideas whatever."* If by this be simply meant, that through an impulse inherent in the mind, men pursue cause after cause, till they rest in the idea of a final and absolute causality; that this first cause, from inability to conceive any limit to its nature and working, they necessarily invest with the attribute of infinity; and that in this form the Divine Idea endures as the immutable background of all human thought, and is involved as a fundamental element in every apprehension of phenomenal existence;—he asserts what no one will dispute; it is nothing more than what every philosophical theist has uniformly asserted. But when he sets up this Idea in opposition to the Conception of God, which he would have it supersede and exclude, and makes it a sort of boast that "it is the corner-stone of all his theological and religious teaching, the foundation, perhaps, of all that is peculiar in his system,"† he assumes more than he is entitled to, and more than even his own concessions will allow. He admits himself that this idea of the pure reason is "cold and abstract," not answering "to this complex nature of ours;" that it is made up, in fact, of successive negations, a denial of all thought and all affection in God, such as we can alone conceive them.‡ Nothing, indeed, remains, after this rigid elimination of all positive elements, but the faintest outline of metaphysical definition, which seems to us to include within it a simple vacuum, pale and colourless, till the warm flush of our human affections is shed on it, reflected from the conception of what is purest and noblest within ourselves. Only thus does God become a Reality to us, sustaining the closest vital relationship to our humanity. With so entire an exclusion of the conceptional element as we understand Mr. Parker to contend for, we do not see how, at the end of his analysis of the Idea, he can consistently get at its two most important ingredients, Knowledge and Love.

The *humanising* of the conception of God, which Mr. Parker shrinks from as a degrading limitation of the Divine Idea, we, on the contrary, within limits to be shortly specified, regard as the necessary condition of all knowledge which can act with any effect on our moral nature, and of recognising in any intelligible sense the personality of Deity. We can only set out from ourselves. We are to ourselves the first and nearest of realities. We rise to the Divine from and through the Human. Here

* Discourse, &c. pp. 150-153, third edition.
† Experience, &c. p. 78. ‡ Discourse, &c. p. 156.

alone, in our own deep, indestructible self-consciousness, has reason any footing of permanence and solidity. Instinctive feeling is the germ of religiousness. Out of this are evolved successive conceptions, less and less unworthy of their object, as human nature itself expands. Beyond these, and excited by them, the philosophic reason awakes. But its object is not to annihilate the positive elements sent up from the inner depths of the soul; rather, by a wise employment of the great abstractions of the Infinite and the Absolute, to clear away from them all needless limitations, and open before them a boundless space for future expansion. It is true, the religious faculty may embody in its conception of Deity the lower as well as the higher attributes of human nature; and when, as in the earlier stages of social development, the passions are in the ascendant, and the imagination is their minister, if visible representation be not, as in the Hebrew decalogue, sternly prohibited, a gross humanity will of course reflect itself in its visions of the Divine, and give birth to an anthropomorphic idolatry. A Baal, a Thammuz, a Melcarth, and an Astarte will be the result. But the instinct of progress is ever active in our nature. Religious reverence finds an object in higher qualities. The spirit of wisdom and the spirit of beauty, so widely diffused through all things, are at length personified in an Athene and an Apollo, and draw towards them the worship and the aspiration of mankind. Nor does the process of spiritual development stop here. Men transfer to God what they most value in humanity. Its highest development leads up to Him, and furnishes the point of view for contemplating Him, though it is seen to fall infinitely below Him. There is felt to be something more excellent and glorious than wisdom or power, something which can alone give to these attributes any title to reverence or trust—Truth, Justice, Mercy, Rectitude, Holiness, and Love. A perception of the eternal and unchangeable worth of these qualities clings to the deepest consciousness of our spiritual being, and becomes clearer and distincter with its expansion. We could not lose it entirely without ceasing to be men. And these qualities we send up into our conception of God, with a perfect confidence that they are His (though in a way and to a degree infinitely transcending our present comprehension), because we feel there is, and must be, an affinity between our spirits and the Father of Spirits. The profound sense of dependence and responsibility which the most reckless unbelief cannot entirely shake off, would be something contradictory and inexplicable without this close moral relationship between us and Him. It is through the inspirations of conscience, then, though they can only suggest a human conception, without giving the infinite idea, that we rise up to an

inadequate, but still, as far as it goes, a true and real apprehension of God. We are at least put on the right track for apprehending him. We feel there is something divine, yea infinite, in our own moral promptings, which belongs to the essence of humanity. We are sure that we are not now dealing with an intellectual abstraction, but have got hold of a spiritual substance; and though our individual being is closed from below, and we can trace it down to its commencement in the first dim pulsations of the primitive consciousness, yet above, and towards God, it ever opens wider and wider, to receive a fuller influx of the Divine. Spiritual knowledge grows out of spiritual experience. The conception advances incessantly and imperceptibly towards the idea; but as conception is the form of finite thought, while the perfect idea can only be grasped by an infinite intelligence, the inference is obvious, that the human mind in its most advanced stage of conceivable perfection will never be able to divest itself entirely of the limitations of a conceptional apprehension of God. We can deduce from this only one practical conclusion, and it is in the highest degree assuring and consolatory,—that the closer the communion of the human soul with God, the more unreservedly it loves, trusts, and serves him, the more truly it will know him, the clearer will become his revelations to it of the eternally right and true, and with deeper insight will it daily penetrate into the fathomless mysteries of his awful and glorious being. From this close involution of the knowledge of God with the moral experiences of the human soul, it results that a Divine Life will teach us more respecting him than the sublimest philosophy. The presentment in act and habitual endeavour of the entire self-surrender of a human soul to God, a manifestation to the eyes of men of that perfect trust in the infinite Wisdom, Justice, and Love which springs out of this moral blending of the human and the divine, inspires through natural sympathy a faith in that which sense cannot touch and reason cannot demonstrate; carries the mind through this beautiful moral phenomenon to something more beautiful still, which lies behind it and shines through it, and opens to men the invisible way in which they must seek God, and where they will surely find him. Jesus of Nazareth uttered an eternal truth when he said, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." The life which he lived on earth is the only access to the heavenly life. By the habitual attitude of his soul; by his heavenward aspirations; by the aim and tendency of his whole being,—he has opened a door through the veil, and consecrated for humanity a new and living way into the presence of God. Still, even through Christ we only gain a human conception of God. But then we have an endless future before us,

in which to approximate continually towards a more perfect knowledge. Every finite being *must* look up to the Infinite Being from its own point of view, and under the conditions of its special nature, and along the narrow radius which connects its diminutive point in the vast circumference of existence with the eternal Centre of Life and Blessing. Its apprehension of its object is not rendered less true, so far as it extends, but only more real, by the very limitations under which it is possible for it to apprehend at all. Mr. Parker says, "a Beaver, or a Reindeer, if possessed of religious faculties, would conceive of the Deity with the limitations of its own personality, as a Beaver or a Reindeer."* We accept his illustration, and do not shrink from its consequences. Were these animals endued, like man, with faculties open on one side towards God, and capable of progressive approximation towards him, we should be perfectly willing to admit that their Beaver or Reindeer apprehension of God would be a true and real apprehension for them. Lord Bacon long ago remarked, that we can perceive already in the dog an incipient faith and worship directed towards the higher nature of man. If there be any who think that this view makes religion, in the language of philosophy, too much of a *subjective* thing, a mere product of man's own nature, without any corresponding evidence of *objective* reality, we would refer them to Mr. Parker's excellent chapter on Spiritual Demand and Supply. The presence in the human soul of a deep religious instinct, implies the existence of its object. Our irresistible belief in a God, assures us that there must be a God. The great Kosmos to which we belong is based, not on falsehood, but on truth. As our belief in an outward material world convinces us that there it is, though we cannot prove it, so the universal recognition by humanity of a spirit transcending all phenomena is an infallible witness of its reality, though possibly lying beyond the conclusions of our finite logic. Nay, the very diversity and limitation of human modes of belief are conclusive evidence of the reality of their common object; for unless our nature be thoroughly mendacious, that must be a truth which adheres to every form of intellectual development, and has found an expression in all stages of social progress.

Our objection to Mr. Parker's statement of his fundamental doctrine of the Infinite Perfection of God is, that he constructs it in too absolute a form, as though he had himself seized the eternal idea;—that he looks at the subject from too abstract and intellectual a point of view; and from not sufficiently recognising the fact of the progressive development of religious belief with the growth of human nature, has done injustice to the great pro-

* Discourse, &c. p. 155.

phetic teachers of Religion before him. He says of this doctrine, in his *Experience* (p. 78), with an unqualified boldness that sounds very like presumption, that "it is not known to the Old Testament or the New, and that it has never been accepted by any sect in the Christian world;" and again, in one of his *Sermons to Progressive Friends* (p. 61), that "neither in the Old Testament nor in the New do we find the God of infinite perfection." With such apparent repudiation of all obligation to the past, one is tempted to ask where Mr. Parker, then, got this idea, which he says "is the grandest thought that ever came into mortal mind, and the highest result of human civilisation." He shall himself answer that question: "Let no man claim it as his original thought; it is the result of all mankind's religious experience. It lay latent in human nature once, a mere instinctive religious feeling. At length it becomes a bright particular thought in some great mind; and one day will be the universal thought in all minds, and will displace all other notions of God."* We will not make of this passage the application which it might naturally suggest, because we do not believe it was intended; but it seems certainly to imply the writer's belief, that a point is attainable in the knowledge of God, and that he himself has reached it, of which all previous religious systems fall short, and which itself will be final and impassable. The assumption, both as to the past and as to the future, seems to us equally gratuitous. All true knowledge of God must have its source, as we conceive, in the moral consciousness; and he who first clearly shows that it is so, is the great Revealer of religious truth. Not that such revelation excludes the idea of continuous development, but that it fixes the *root* of religion in the right place, and determines the *direction* of its future growth. A revelation of this description can be made effectually, as we have already indicated, only through a life, not through a doctrine. Setting aside for the moment all theological considerations, and looking simply at the effect on human history, we should say that the special service rendered by Jesus Christ to the world is to be found not so much in the doctrines which he preached and the institutions which he was indirectly the means of founding (valuable as these are in themselves), as in the decisive *turn* which he gave to religious thought and feeling by the great example of his life and death—in opening the true fountain of religious knowledge, and pointing out to men the only way in which they can find the Father. Completing his earthly mission within the narrow limits of his native land, his thoughts, his words, his acts, took inevitably an impress from the Palestinian society in which he lived, and could not have acted on it

* Sermons to Progressive Friends, p. 81.

under any other condition; and we must of course allow largely for this in disengaging the seed of "life eternal" which he brought into the world, from the Judaic integuments which wrapped it round. But the seed was there, and burst through them, and impregnated other forms, and has survived with unimpaired vitality to the present day. It is the power of the *life* of Christ which still animates all creeds and all systems which exert any renovating force on the heart and conscience of men; and for this reason, that that life expresses the true moral relation between God and man, and opens a vista to the soul, through which it will ever see more and more of the Infinite Perfection of God. Mr. Parker has substituted a philosophical terminology—a terminology, however, which did not commence with him, but has been long employed by speculative theists—for the more popular anthropomorphic forms through which Jesus of Nazareth conveyed his profound religious intuitions into the soul of his brother man. But for all spiritual substance embraced within his abstract formulas, that has any vital affinity with a human soul, Parker is indebted to those earlier intuitions of a Father-God, gleaming through the love and holiness of Christ, which he puts away among the childish things of faith. We believe, however, that those intuitions will endure, because they have their origin in the permanent and imperishable part of man, ever shooting up from the one primitive root, but continually expanding into richer and more beautiful forms as they find embodiment and expression in the lives of nobler and holier men. The form into which Mr. Parker has cast them corresponds to his philosophical habits of thought, and possibly to the demands of his theological position: but it has no more claim to finality than earlier forms; and why Mr. Parker should suppose that the intellectual development of the idea of God is to cease with him, except in a form so abstract as to be wholly without moral significance, is more, we confess, than we are able to comprehend.

The confusion of religious with intellectual phenomena which pervades his reasoning on this subject, and his failure to recognise the fact that all revelation of religious truth must be imperfect which does not come through a life, has led him to make the extraordinary statement, that "Christianity, if true at all, would be just as true if Herod or Catiline had taught it."* This might be affirmed of any intellectual product. We can easily conceive of a wicked man being the discoverer of mathematical, or physical, or even ethical truth. But it is surprising that a mind acute and devout like Mr. Parker's, should not see that so delicate and sensitive an element as religious truth, not capable of direct mea-

* Discourse, &c. p. 229.

surement and appreciation by any outward standard, but springing out of the invisible converse of the soul with its Maker, must of necessity lose its essential quality in passing through a corrupt and impure medium, from the very perversion and darkening of those higher relations of humanity with God through which alone the light of religious truth can be adequately reflected. Mr. Parker, indeed, is hardly consistent with himself in this matter. He affirms Christianity to be "absolute religion and absolute morality," and to "differ in this respect from all other religions."* But how could it be this, considering the Judaic form in which it was given to the world, unless the principle of religion, perfect trust in God,—and the principle of morality, perfect self-surrender to the sense of right—(apart from any doctrines in which they might be expressed), had been the root, and, as it were, the circulating sap of the life through which Christianity was revealed? The earnestness of Mr. Parker's piety overflows the logical boundaries of his theory. His reverence for the person of Christ, in spite of phrases which may seem at first view to bear an opposite meaning, is profound and sincere. "Rarely, almost never," says he, "do we see the vast divinity within that soul, which, new though it was in the flesh, at one step goes before the world whole thousands of years; judges the race; decides for us questions we dare not agitate as yet, and breathes the very breath of heavenly love."†

This same identification of a religious with an intellectual process has obscured, it seems to us, his doctrine of inspiration. His fundamental idea, indeed, that God is immanent in his works; that his Spirit is not shut up, but flows into every soul prepared for it as freely now as into that of Moses or Jesus thousands of years ago,—we cordially accept, and believe that the theological world will ultimately own itself largely indebted to him for having so boldly and consequentially asserted it. To us there is equal wisdom and beauty in the following words.

"As God fills all Space, so all Spirit; as He influences and constrains unconscious and necessitated Matter, so He inspires and helps free and conscious Man. This theory does not make God limited, partial, or capricious. It exalts Man. While it honours the excellence of a religious genius, of a Moses or a Jesus, it does not pronounce their character monstrous, as the supernatural, nor fanatical, as the rationalistic theory; but natural, human, and beautiful, revealing the possibility of mankind. Prayer, whether conscious or spontaneous, a word or a feeling, felt in gratitude, or penitence, or joy, or resignation, is not a soliloquy of the man, not a physiological function nor an address to a deceased man, but a sally into the infinite spiritual world, whence we bring back light and truth. There are windows towards

* Discourse, &c. p. 267. † Ibid. p. 284.

God as towards the world. . . . Each soul stands close to the omnipresent God; may feel his beautiful presence, and have familiar access to the All-Father; get truth at the first hand from its Author. Wisdom, Righteousness, and Love, are the Spirit of God in the soul of man; wherever these are, and just in proportion to their power, there is inspiration from God."*

He continues; not, we think, with the same just discrimination.

"It is plain from the nature of things that there can be but one *kind* of Inspiration, as of Truth, Faith, or Love: it is the direct and intuitive perception of some truth, either of thought or of sentiment. There can be but one *mode* of Inspiration: it is the action of the Highest within the Soul, the divine presence imparting light; this presence, as Truth, Justice, Holiness, Love, infusing itself into the soul, giving it new life; the breathing-in of Deity; the in-come of God to the soul, in the form of Truth through the Reason, of Right through the Conscience, of Love and Faith through the Affections and Religious Sentiment. Is Inspiration confined to theological matters alone? Most surely not. Is Newton less inspired than Simon Peter?"

The concluding instance indicates the error which pervades the foregoing passage. What is the specific relation of the normal action of the highest human faculties, or of that rare and peculiar exercise of them which constitutes genius, to the Great Source of all mind, we need not here attempt to discuss. It is sufficient to see that, practically, a wide difference subsists between scientific or artistic genius, and the inspiration which we associate with the influence and working of religion. Given their data and materials, the philosopher and the poet produce their results by mental processes which can be tested and verified, and are amenable to the laws of a universal logic; which can be controlled and directed by the will, and rendered more effective and complete by industry and cultivation. But in every form of religious inspiration there is an element of the transcendental which comes and goes independent of the will, which eludes the grasp of empirical rules, and carries us into a world beyond the reach of sensible experience. Men come to know God and understand their relation to him by a deep inward feeling, which is less clearly expressed by words than in the spirit of a life and character, and must be imparted to others more by sympathy than by instruction. This apprehension of the spiritual is latent indeed in all men, and its manifestations are subject to the general laws of the mental and material world; so that, in this general sense, we may say with Theodore Parker that "Inspiration, like God's omnipresence, is co-extensive with

* Discourse, &c. book ii. ch. viii.

the race." But it will not be denied that this power of seizing spiritual truth, this susceptibility of religious impression, exists with a very marked diversity of clearness and intensity in different minds, and that the degree in which it exists bears no uniform proportion, as in the case of scientific or artistic genius, to a general development of intellectual faculty, but is found rather in connection with a certain type of moral qualities—humility, simplicity, purity, reverence, warm affections, childlike trust, and a straightforward adherence to the sense of right. It is by minds of this description that the presence of God is most profoundly realised, and an intuitive insight into his moral relations with the soul most distinctly possessed. Through their own strong faith they open glimpses into the invisible world, and bring out of it flashes of unsuspected light, which minds of far higher intellectual development would never have caught for themselves, although, when the revelation is once communicated, they recognise the truth which it transmitted, and deposit it henceforth among the unquestioned elements of their future belief. How many such elements have been thrown by the prophet into the world of mind, which the mere philosopher would never have detected, but which he imbibes with his mental atmosphere and mingles unconsciously with all his trains of thought! How differently would Bacon and Descartes and Spinoza have reasoned, if Jesus of Nazareth had never lived! Yet they were probably not aware of any direct obligation to him. The inspirations of religion constitute by their nature phenomena of a very peculiar kind, if not absolutely *sui generis*, in the history of our race, which have never yet been made the subject of such thorough comprehension and unprejudiced study as their vast influence on human action and happiness deserve. Dispassionate inquiry in this field might possibly yield results that would help to solve some of our most perplexing theological problems, if it were wide enough to embrace all religions, and took in such apparently abnormal cases as those of Jacob Böhme and Swedenborg. It shows a misapprehension of the point at issue, to institute a comparison between a philosopher like Newton and a simple missionary like Simon Peter. They belong to a different class of human phenomena; and we can only ascribe it to Mr. Parker's love of system, and his eagerness to uphold the uniformity of law, that he should have thought of bringing them within the limits of the same category. That both classes are ultimately reducible to some law, we do not doubt.

Mr. Parker rejects all miraculous attestation of religion. He denies the possibility of miracles, and treats every record of them as fictitious. This idea pervades all his writings, and is inher-

ent in his theological system.* Considering the positive and unqualified tone of his language, it might have been expected of him that he should define with a little more precision the particular form of the doctrine which he is combating. Miracle is a vague term, and variously understood. But he throws all who are opposed to his own theory into one class, and supposes them to hold the same view; and then attacks a position which many of them do not pretend to occupy. It is not reasonable to pass in this way at once from one extreme of opinion to another, as if there were no tenable ground between them. Besides, as a consistent interpreter of the New Testament, he ought to be able to show how the marvellous element, inwrought into its very texture, can be wholly eliminated and leave any historical substance behind. This is a critical as well as a philosophical question, and on its philological side has difficulties which cannot be escaped. We should be the last to deny the general difficulty of the whole question. We feel it strongly, and protest against absolute dogmatism on either side. To Mr. Parker's fundamental assumption that God always acts according to law—in other words, that the infinite perfection of his nature excludes the idea of all caprice, uncertainty, and contradiction in his modes of action—we can take no exception. But it does not follow that the laws already within our intellectual ken must embrace all possible laws. There are probably laws within laws only unfolded by degrees to human view; stratifications, as it were, of spiritual agency, one underlying the other, the deepest and widest of which may only *crop out* now and then on the outer surface of human affairs. To deny this seems to us a narrow dogmatism, which presumes to arrest at a certain point the development of man's acquaintance with the ways of God, and ties up by the results of a limited experience the possibilities of future knowledge. Mr. Parker's own religious philosophy, so comprehensive and spiritual, recognising God as immanent in all things, and regarding all phenomena as the continuous effect of his omnipresent and unceasing energy, should have withheld him from sanctioning even in appearance a doctrine which would limit the divine free agency. Phenomena are but the expanding manifestations of a free and ever-active life. The universe, so far as we can trace its order, seems to be a progressive development; and whether its progress result from successive crises of new creations, or from the gradual evolution through immense spaces of time of a few rudimental types into higher forms of existence, there is in either case change, transition, advance, and the introduction of new ele-

* See in particular *Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology*, p. 113; *Additional Speeches, Addresses, &c.* p. 312.

ments into the cycle of phenomena, sufficiently marked and positive to exclude the idea of that absolute immobility in nature's order, which is sometimes assumed as a ground for denying *à priori* the possibility of any deviation from established law. In regard to every thing spiritual, extra-phenomenal, we are especially ignorant. There may be a spiritual order of things coexisting with the physical order; but of their mutual relations and inter-agencies we do not at present know enough to justify any positive denial or affirmation respecting them. We can only say that there come forth at times mysterious influences from the unseen world on the minds of men, which we cannot refer to any laws as yet accessible to us, but which permanently leave behind them influences of most powerful effect on the moral advancement of the race. Two circumstances have contributed to perplex and darken this subject: modes of thought acquired by the study of the physical sciences, and transferred at once, without any allowance for the change, to the very different region of the spiritual world; and a natural reaction against the hard, narrow, and mechanical idea of miracle peculiar to the old orthodoxy. Mr. Parker's wide range of study and spiritual philosophy should have protected him from the first of these influences; and with regard to the second, the various modifications of the miraculous theory put forth, among others, by his countrymen Furness and Bushnell, should have reminded him that there were more than two parties in this controversy, and that he might have found something worthier to grapple with than a vulgar and worn-out superstition. Indeed, he almost concedes in one passage as much as many sincere believers in Christianity would demand of him. "No man can say there was not *something* at the bottom of the Christian 'Miracles,' and of witchcrafts and possessions; I doubt not, something not yet fully understood."*

This leaves the question open for serious and devout inquiry. Religion, which makes its appeal to the soul, is not involved in the issue. One fact is well deserving of notice—that wherever in history we observe a new outbreak of religious life, it is almost always accompanied by a report of phenomena akin to the miraculous.

Mr. Parker's view of Inspiration and Miracle, and his intellectual apprehension of the Idea of God, affect, of course, his treatment of Scripture. We think that he exaggerates its deficiencies and its contradictions; and though constantly dwelling on the law of progress, does not sufficiently take it into account in explanation of those formal inconsistencies, which may always be found by those who look for them, between different

* Discourse, &c. p. 262.

stages in the historical development of an idea radically one and the same. Keeping this principle of development in view, and distinguishing between a fundamental belief and its doctrinal forms adapted to different periods of social advancement, we see no ground for the assertion that "one half the Bible repeals the other half; that the Gospel annihilates the Law; and that if Christianity and Judaism be not the same thing, there must be hostility between the Old Testament and the New Testament." In some instances he omits to consider, as he ought to do, the historical influences under which the books of the New Testament were written, and which no man more thoroughly comprehends than he; and then apparently tries them by a standard which he would not allow an orthodox believer to assume. No man knows better than Mr. Parker, that these books, the extemporised product of a great spiritual crisis, cannot be *directly* applied to questions of modern date. The following passage strikes us as exaggerated and unjust:

"The degradation of women is obvious in all forms of religion; it is terribly apparent in the Christian Church. The first three Gospels, —the last is an exception,—the writings of Paul and Peter, the book of Revelation, have small respect for women, little regard for marriage. . . . The Bible makes woman the inferior of man; his instrument of comfort, his medium of posterity. . . . Marriage in the New Testament—in the first three Gospels at least—is only for a time: 'In the kingdom of heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage.' It is a low condition here; celibacy is the better of the two."*

It is true that an expectation of the approaching conversion of heaven into earth overshadowed for some generations the natural interest in secular relationships, and that reaction against the appalling sensuality of the old civilisation gave an undue value, through many centuries, to a self-denying life of celibacy. But it is not true that any record of Christ's teachings, or any reliable transmission of his spirit, has been unfriendly to the social condition of woman. On the contrary, the relations of husband and wife, of parent and child, acquired a sanctity and a tenderness unknown to any previous religion under the peculiar influence of the Gospel. The feelings in which marriage has its origin are ripened by it into a holy spiritual affection, not unmeet for transference to the heavenly world. Nay, the Virgin Saint, under fitting circumstances, has a beauty and significance of her own. The higher sentiment of chivalry, imperfect as it was, drew its inspiration from Christianity, and furnished the transition-process to that more respectful and intelligent devotion to woman as the counterpart and equal

* Theism, Atheism, &c. p. 135.

associate of man, which, through the ever-deepening power of true Christian love, is becoming more and more the happy distinction of our age. Much that sounds harsh and unjust in Mr. Parker's language must be traced to his abhorrence of the blind, idolatrous Bible-worship of the churches. His sense of the monstrous errors which this has brought into Theology, and of the miserable uncharitableness with which it has infected all the intercourse of life, fills him with a hostility that knows no bounds; so that, in his zeal to demolish a stupid and grievous error, his heedless hand does not always spare things holy and tender associated with it. Yet he is never at heart irreverent. It would be unfair to judge of him by a few vehement passages in which his iconoclastic tendencies break forth. The occasions are innumerable on which he expresses in his own way his deep love of Christ and Christianity. How hearty and genuine is this passage!—

"I reverence the Christian Church for the great good it has done for mankind; I reverence the Mahometan Church for the good it has done,—a far less good. I reverence the Scriptures for every word of truth they teach; and they are crowded with truth and beauty from end to end. Above all men do I bow my face before that august personage, Jesus of Nazareth, who seems to have had the strength of man and the softness of woman,—man's mighty, wide-grasping, reasoning, calculating, and poetic mind; and woman's conscience, woman's heart, and woman's faith in God. He is my best historic ideal of human greatness; not without errors, not without the stain of his times, and, I presume, of course, not without sin; for men without sins exist in the dreams of girls, not in real fact: you never saw such a one, nor I; and we never shall. But Jesus of Nazareth is my best historic ideal of a religious man, and revolutionises the vulgar conception of human greatness. What are your Cæsars, Alexanders, Cromwells, Napoleons, Bacons, and Leibnitz, and Kant, and Shakespeare, and Milton even,—men of immense brain and will,—what are they all to this person of large and delicate intellect, of a great conscience, and heart and soul far mightier yet?"*

In his *Discourse* there is a beautiful passage, full of earnestness and piety, about the Bible, which we regret that we have not space to extract, but which we are sure the reader will thank us for asking him to compare with the foregoing.†

The intense earnestness of Theodore Parker's mind, entirely possessed for the moment by the sense of some great evil which must at all hazards be demolished and swept away, leads him unconsciously into a onesidedness and partial injustice, which is as conspicuous in his judgment of men and institutions as in his dealings with opinions opposed to his own. He sees nothing but

* Theism, Atheism, &c. p. 264.

† Discourse, &c. p. 302.

the error, and speaks accordingly. His condemnation of the churches and clergy of his country is sweeping and unqualified. We do not wonder that he should be regarded in some quarters as a hard and violent man,—simply destructive and dangerous. It must be confessed, he never spares the sore places where men are most sensitive; and that sometimes, in the vehemence of his hostility to wrong, he assumes undue merit to his personal efforts, and fails to render fair discriminative justice to others. His friend Dr. Edward Beecher once gave him a wise and faithful rebuke on this head.* Yet the evils which he combats are great and menacing, and demand a fearless voice like his to denounce and disperse them. He entered life with a perfect faith in God and Truth—with a religious conviction, that only in Justice and Freedom, and the intrepid admission of unchecked progress in all the directions of human thought and action, could the foundations of his country's greatness and prosperity be securely laid. But when he came into contact with men and things as they are, he found access to the all-perfect God, and to the only true Religion, obstructed by a scrupulous and timid Scripturalism, which crushed instead of nourishing the spiritual life; and the practical agency of the churches not employed in extending and strengthening, and consistently realising, the great principle of human brotherhood, but limited to narrow sectarian ends, hemmed in by the prejudices and interests of the moneyed classes, and palliating, instead of condemning and opposing, the great national sin of Slavery. In Theology and in the Church he saw a hindrance, rather than a help, to human advancement. His manly, straightforward nature could not brook what he regarded as dishonest compromise in all the great transactions of Society. He abhorred the prevalent want of consequentiality and thoroughness in the carrying out of principles distinctly avowed. There was constant talk of Freedom, without its fruits; and a great profession of Protestantism, without working out any of its legitimate results. Hence the indignant scorn with which he overwhelms the divines and preachers of his day, in language honest as his own heart, but often indiscriminate, and sometimes unjust. He complains particularly of the Unitarians as a class for not going along with himself in the fearless and consequential application of principles which he had imbibed from them, his earliest instructors; for their inquiring freely up to a certain point, and then arbitrarily stopping short; for their acknowledging and denying in the same breath an outward authority in Scripture,

* In an article inserted in the *Commonwealth*. Parker, with characteristic nobleness, printed this censure on himself entire in a note to his sermon entitled "The New Crime against Humanity," published in the second volume of *Additional Speeches, Addresses, &c.* p. 122.

on no conceivable principle but the demands of their own doctrinal system; for their occupation of an unjustifiable middle position between the servile followers of the Letter on one hand, and those who throw themselves frankly on the free Spirit of God on the other. He draws a disparaging comparison between the state of hopeful and fearless aspiration which sprang up in his youth, when the Spirit of Free Inquiry first awoke under the influence of Channing, and the cold reactionary conservatism which in his latter days had frozen up the genial current of spiritual life. His language on this subject is strong and condemnatory. But the fault may not be wholly on one side. He seems incapable of understanding minds differently constituted from his own. He judges other men by himself. He knows not what it is to doubt and to hesitate. He is essentially a dogmatist. All questions resolve themselves with him into a right and a wrong, a true and a false. When he has once made up his mind which is which, he goes to work as if no middle view, no intermediate course, were possible. All indecision and uncertainty seem to him, from that time forth, a positive dereliction of duty. He cannot conceive how men may proceed to a certain length in a course of inquiry and a course of action, and then, when all the consequences of further persisting in it open clearly before them, begin to be honestly apprehensive, and from inability to reconcile those consequences with the preservation of a truth which they feel to be inestimably precious, may be impelled conscientiously to retrace some of their later steps, and be thrown back into the ranks of conservatism. Such men can never be reformers. They are deficient in what we call nerve. Possibly there may be too large an infusion of prudence and caution in their mental temperament. But, like Erasmus at the era of the Reformation, they are not necessarily wanting either in probity or in intelligence: nay, they may often see mischiefs and perils ahead, which the more sanguine and impetuous overlook; and, however for the time they may be scorned and slighted by the movement-party, the dead-weight of their fears and their prejudices sometimes affords a seasonable counterpoise to the impetus of sweeping innovation. With regard to speculative truth, men of a positive cast of mind often fail to perceive that inability to decide, where there really is an equilibrium of reasons, is the state of mind most truly corresponding to the extant evidence, and most befitting the spirit of a philosopher. An ardent, practical character can hardly comprehend this. It suspects want of honesty, when there may be only want of insight or of a clear conviction of duty. Theodore Parker is never intentionally unjust. The generous humanity of his nature continually interposes an exculpatory word or two amidst his harshest judgments.

In fact, two natures seem constantly battling within him—the stern reformer, unyielding and inexorable, and the simple man, sweet and gentle at heart, imbued with all a brother's tenderness and compassion for his brother man. There are many beautiful passages, full of this merciful and condoning spirit, even in works where he exercises with rigid severity the functions of a judge. We know nothing in its way more pathetic and touching than the concessions with which he softens the peroration of that terrible λόγος ἐπιτάφιος once pronounced by him over the fallen Webster.*

We have desired to state without reserve, in the foregoing observations, what we think defective and mistaken in the opinions, and objectionable in the language, of Theodore Parker, lest it should be supposed that our hearty admiration of him proceeded from a blind adoption of all his views, and an insensibility to some marked imperfections of character and intellect. Granting all these, we do not hesitate to pronounce him one of the noblest of living men, and one of the truest reformers that God has raised up in our age for the rebuke of theological errors and the redress of social ills. His works are a vivid impress of the man, traversed in every direction by a rich vein of genuine poetry, and glowing with the native light of a fervid Christian piety. We wish that we had room to substantiate our assertion by copious citations. A very few must suffice as a specimen. We take them just as they offer themselves at this moment to our recollection. How beautiful is this thought of Death! how full of truthful, loving faith, though clothed in his peculiar phraseology!

"Men talk of death, and say it is a dreadful thing to come into the presence of the Living God. Are we not always in thy presence, O Living Father? Are not these flowers thy gift? And when I blossom out of the body, and the husks of the flesh drop away, is it a dreadful thing to come into thy presence, O Living God?—to be taken to the arms of the mother who bore me?"†

What a depth of religious feeling there is in the close of the first of the Four Sermons preached to Progressive Friends!

"All around us lies the world of matter, this vast world above us, and about us, and beneath: it proclaims the God of Nature; flower speaking unto flower, star quivering unto star, a God who is resident therein, his law never broke. In us is a world of consciousness; and as that mirror is made clearer by civilisation, I look down and behold the Natural Idea of God, Infinite Cause and Providence, Father and Mother to all that are. Into our reverent souls God will come as the morning light into the bosom of the opening rose. Just in proportion as we are faithful, we shall be inspired therewith, and shall frame 'con-

* Printed in the 1st vol. of *Additional Speeches, &c.*

† Theism, Atheism, &c. p. 86.

ceptions equal to the soul's desires,' and then in our practice keep those 'heights which the soul is competent to win.'"

We have space for only one more extract.

"Religion—that will not fade out of the human heart: sooner shall yonder sun, which those clouds only hide, fade out of heaven. No! With every advance of man, religion shines brighter and brighter, leading onward to its perfect day. Out of this chaos of theology how beautifully comes up the manly, and mild, and trusting faith of Jesus of Nazareth! Far off, severed from us by two thousand years of time and five thousand miles of space, we see him with his beatitudes, his parable of the Good Samaritan, of the Father who went after his prodigal son, having more joy in his heaven over the one sinner that repented than over the ninety-and-nine that never went astray. How beautifully comes up that young Nazarene, proclaiming the one religion,—love to the Father, and love to the Son—to man here on earth, for mankind is the Son of God!

Coming out of the popular theology, I feel as one who has wandered long in some dark, subterranean, mammoth cave, where the sound of running water was thunderous and sad—lit by uncertain torches, led by wandering guides—where lifeless stones grinned as horrible monsters at him, and he hesitated and stumbled at every step—where the air was contaminated by the smoke of the torches, and his steps faltered and his heart sank. I feel as one coming out into the glad light of day, where the sky is blue over me, and the sun sheds down its golden light, and the ground is green with grass, and is beautiful with summer or with autumn flowers, fragrant to every sense.

God be thanked, that we leave the cavern behind us, with its smoky lights, its paths that lead to wandering: that God's heaven is over us, and his ground is under our feet, his eternity is before us, and his Spirit in our spirit."*

Disowned by the majority of his clerical brethren, and excluded from their pulpits, Mr. Parker has availed himself of this involuntary extrication from the trammels of professional etiquette to adopt in his sermons a style of singular boldness and originality. He never sacrifices strength to grace or taste; and if a word or a phrase is likely to prove effective, he never scruples to use it, however rough and startling it may sound. But his intense earnestness, and a deep indwelling soul of beauty and tenderness, are irresistibly attractive, despite all violations of conventional decorum. In his sermons he tells stories, introduces characters with odd names and imaginary conversations, and describes scenes from nature and common life with all the freedom, and not rarely with the picturesque power, of a novelist. Old Latimer himself could not more familiarly discourse with his audience. In denouncing the dark and terrible dogmas of the Calvinistic system, he does not shrink from the harshest and

* Theism, Atheism, &c. p. 101.

most offensive comparisons. When we read such passages as the following, we do not wonder to hear of orthodox divines meeting in solemn conclave, to pray that the Almighty would darken his understanding and confound his speech, that he might no more breathe forth such horrible blasphemies.

"Such ill-entreated souls often grow idiotic in their religious sense, or else therein stark-mad, and penned up in churches and other asylums, mope and gibber in their hideous bereavement, thinking 'man is totally depraved,' and God a great ugly devil, an almighty cat, who worries his living prey, tormenting them before their time, and will forever tear them to pieces in the never-ending agony of hell."*

Fastidious and sensitive natures will be repelled by a certain vehemence and exaggeration both of speech and act with which Theodore Parker is on many occasions justly chargeable. But some onesidedness of thought, and an undue tenacity of will, are almost essential to the work of a reformer. When deep-rooted errors and evils have to be torn up and cast away, the concentrated force of a strong mind must be directed against them. The efficiency of its stroke would be enfeebled if it were held back by scrupulous consideration for the feelings of parties interested, or by fear of possible consequences. When in after times men perceive the good that has resulted from this unsparing riddance, they are not disposed to take too exact an account of a few harsh words and vehement measures, wrung from an earnest mind in the exciting crisis of some great action. Who would now endorse all that Milton and Luther wrote and did in the heat of controversy? Yet we forget these errors of temper and judgment in the splendid results of their struggle for truth and freedom. To the last of these great men Mr. Parker seems to us to bear some resemblance. He has the same massive strength of intellect and will; the same high trust in God, and fearlessness of consequences; the same poetical temperament; the same devotional fervour; the same scholarly habits of mind and reverence for learning; and withal, under a similar roughness of outward bearing, the same loving and affectionate nature within. The wide difference of their position and work need not blind us to an essential affinity in their genius. Mr. Parker's appetite for knowledge is insatiable. He is indeed a perfect *helluo librorum*. His library is said to be the richest private collection of books in Boston. Considering the constant toil and struggle of his public life, it is wonderful how he should have found time to read so much. We suspect, however, from some indications in his writings, that his learning is more varied and comprehensive

* Fourth Sermon to Progressive Friends, p. 94.

than exact. But he has gained from it a breadth of view that has been of eminent service to him in his particular vocation of a religious reformer. Perhaps no man in America is more extensively read in the great philosophers and theologians of Germany; yet the result has been a type of character very different from the ordinary *Gelehrte* of that very learned country. This has arisen from the constant application of Parker's learning to life, and his daily contact with the realities of the world. With him learning has not evaporated in refined doubts and recondite speculation, but has nursed a profound faith, and a fervid yet practical humanity. The fact is worth notice, as pointing to the obvious cure of much of that aimless and unfruitful scepticism by which the learned intellect of Germany has been so deeply infected. Freedom of thought generates mental disease, unless it is balanced by freedom of action. We think it fortunate for America, that the man who in future generations will doubtless be looked up to as one of her greatest reformers and instructors, should possess such scholarly tastes and attainments. The example will exert a salutary and refining influence on her future civilisation. Mr. Parker has filled up a failing part in the preliminary agency of the great and good Dr. Channing. Channing awakened the spiritual life, and diffused great principles, which found a reception at once, as they are still finding all over the world, in every open mind and pure heart. But he left untouched the difficult question of the connection of those principles with the sacred writings which he accepted as the depository of true religion. He did not possess the particular kind of learning which would have fitted him for the task. But the task could not ultimately be evaded. Sooner or later it must be accomplished; and Parker undertook it. That he has solved the problem which it presents, none will affirm. That he has often been rash, and wanting in thoroughness and discrimination, all must admit. But he entered on his work with courage and honesty; and he has given an impulse to theological inquiry which can never be reversed, and out of which future scholars will draw more complete and satisfactory results. With the strongest popular sympathies, and a devoted attachment to freedom in the largest sense, and thrown not unfrequently into vehement antagonism with the rich and educated classes of his countrymen, Parker's scholarly habits of mind, and historical breadth of view, have always kept him from stooping to the low arts and the levelling tendencies of the ordinary democrat. His nature is at bottom essentially noble and gentlemanlike; his spirit lofty and pure. In his harshest outbursts of passionate indignation, you never discern a trace of what is mean and vulgar. Altogether his

cast of mind is historical; and in this he seems to us distinguished from Francis Newman. Inferior to Mr. Newman in logical acuteness and subtlety, and perhaps in tenderness and refinement of spiritual taste, he has the advantage over him in the poetical and historical faculty; and this mental temperament, combined with his practical experience, has given him on the whole, notwithstanding some extravagances of expression, a sound view of the meaning and value of the Bible, and secured his substantial faith in Christianity. But it is the moral and religious qualities of his nature which constitute his distinguishing excellence—his courage, his honesty, his perfect truthfulness, his inflexible justice, his comprehensive humanity, his affectionateness and simplicity, his almost childlike trust in God and assurance of immortality. When the controversies in which he has been involved have passed away, and the passions of which he has been the object are forgotten, these qualities will shine out unobscured in the remembrance of his noble and heroic character, and find a lasting place in the love and reverence of all good men.

What should be the bearing of Christian churches towards this man of devout and Christian soul, of holy, earnest, and Christian life? The majority of his native churches have already answered this question, in the wrong sense, as we think, and to the injury of their own highest influence on the world. They have denied his title to the Christian name; and some whose avowed and hereditary principle had been his earliest stimulus to think freely, and with whom he might naturally have claimed a denominational affinity, have refused to hold out to him the right hand of fellowship and call him brother. He stands, therefore, in great measure alone among the churches of his country, recognised here and there by some insulated and independent spirit out of all Christian persuasions, and provoking inevitably by sheer contrast the invidious inquiry, whether the work of Christianity is the most efficiently discharged by those who assume as of right, or by those who are denied, the Christian name. It will be a fatal day for the existing churches, when numbers of brave, earnest, and devoted men, who faithfully represent the spirit, and are laboriously accomplishing the mission, of the primitive Gospel, shall be excluded from their communion in consequence of some imagined technical informality in the terms of their admission. Good men have said to us, "We wish we could acknowledge Mr. Parker as a Christian; there is so much in him that we truly admire." We doubt not, the difficulty is conscientiously experienced; and all honour be to conscientiousness in every form. We are sure, there are many who would gladly open their arms wider, if

they were not kept back by a feeling, that in doing so they would let Christianity escape from their grasp. The question is now becoming a vital one, and it deserves serious consideration, whether we do not gratuitously hamper ourselves by too narrow a definition of Christian belief, and whether the richness and freedom of the Christian life are not injuriously hemmed in by the artificial constructions that we have set up for its defence. Arguments are used in books on the Evidences which do not appear in the oldest Apologies. Even at the time of the Reformation, and in some of the earliest Protestant Confessions, we find the work of the Spirit in converting the soul more insisted on as the main thing, than the acceptance of proofs which the learned devised, and only the learned can appreciate. The scrupulousness of theology has raised difficulties which an open and natural faith would never have felt, had the simple message of Jesus been left to produce its unaided impression on the human heart. The consequence is that we think more of a certain class of evidence, arbitrarily selected, than of the one only important conclusion; we attach more value to the process than to the result. Many a man, barred by these artificial hindrances, halts at the threshold, and never enters the temple. Surely, if he gets to Christ, has his spirit, and does his work, we ought not to be very particular about the way. For ourselves, we practically solve the question thus: we regard every man as a Christian who sees in Christ himself an expression of true religiousness,—of the true relation between God and man; and whose own life and temper are such, that Christ, were he now on earth, doing his work amidst the altered relations of our modern society, would accept him as a disciple and fellow-worker. Some persons ask, Why should men be so anxious to keep the Christian name? There are good and devout men outside the Church's pale. Why can we not recognise each other on each side of the line without all this sensitiveness about a common denomination? The question implies a strange unacquaintance with some of the deepest feelings of the heart. They who put it, little know how dear is the Christian name to many whose speculative belief widely diverges from their own—how dear are all the associations of the Christian Church—how cherished the memory of its prayers, its hymns, its ordinances—how sweet the thought of spiritual communion with Christ, and with thousands of good and holy men who have lived in his faith and wrought in his spirit through the long conflict of the ages with human guilt and woe. And to be shut out of this blessed converse and companionship as aliens and intruders, and classed externally with those who are perhaps hostile to the very cause for which we would gladly live and die, is in our

view a great spiritual injustice, which finds its only excuse in the blindness of those who would perpetrate it, to its real character.

The world is slowly opening its eyes to the necessity of greater breadth and comprehensiveness in the bonds of Christian communion; and these liberal tendencies are not confined to any denomination. Nothing wider in principle, or nobler in spirit, can be conceived than the recommendation of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, at this time the most popular orthodox preacher in America, in his *Life Thoughts:* "You are to accept as a Christian every one whose life and disposition are Christ-like, no matter how heretical the denomination may be to which he belongs. Wherever you find faith, and righteousness, and love, and joy in the Holy Ghost, you are to look upon them as the stamped coin of Christ's kingdom, and as a legal tender from God to you."* The immediate Future of Christianity, especially in its more liberal and learned forms, seems to us to depend on the right solution of this question. Men who are really attached to their Religion, and can separate its substance from its forms, will not endure to see the science, the earnestness, the patriotism, and the philanthropy of the age drifting away from the Church, and powerfully organising themselves for good, in an attitude, if not of actual hostility, yet of absolute indifference to its institutions. We do not object to more limited clusters of fellow-workers, held together by a common conviction, and attracted by similarity of taste and sentiment, or coincidence of immediate object,—for wherever there is the earnestness of strong conviction, there will be fruitful working; but what we do desire to see realised, as the great want of this age, is the cheerful recognition of each other by all these separate groups of associated workers, as the inheritors of a common name and a common mission,—making Christianity, not what it now too generally is, an obstructive and dividing agency, but the healing and restorative principle of society; giving men power in their several positions, and from their different points of view, to coöperate for the extirpation of falsehood, ignorance, and wrong, and the establishment of a universal reign of knowledge, purity, and love. The foes to human peace and progress are so many and so malignant, that they require to be met by the hearty union of all good men. The Church, by which we mean the visible embodiment in worship and communion of the spiritual principle in humanity represented by Christ, has always gained strength by comprehension, and lost it by exclusion. The reason is obvious. Men can only enter into large associations through the attractive force of what is fundamental and essential. They separate into sects and schools on what is unessential and accidental.

* Quoted in the *Proceedings of Progressive Friends for* 1858, p. 116.

While they are united, the unessential falls into its just relation to the fundamental; when they mutually disown each other, as incapable of joint action, the unessential is artificially forced up into undue prominence, and becomes for the time, to those who are associated under it, the essential. Men are choice and delicate in selecting the elements of their Church, and are jealous of what they consider its purity. But purity in this sense may be purchased at too dear a price: it can never replace a tithe of the spiritual strength that is lost by the exclusion of one earnest and devout heretic like Theodore Parker.

Art. VII.—ENGLAND'S POLICY IN THE CONGRESS.

Fraser's Magazine for December. Last Article.

In an article entitled "A few Words on Non-intervention," published in the December Number of *Fraser*, Mr. Mill has spoken as freely, forcibly, and weightily as he is wont to do, on the necessity of clearing up from misapprehension abroad and at home the principles which should guide the foreign policy of England. Much of what Mr. Mill states or implies as to our prevailing national weakness or indolence in controlling or watching the action of our foreign statesmanship, and the complementary faults of our foreign ministers, indifference to or ignorance of the feelings of the nation they represent, is historically and unquestionably true; and much of what he says as to the excuse which our contemptuous indifference to being misunderstood by foreigners really gives their unthinking masses for summarily putting upon us the character of selfish and narrow unscrupulousness,—indicated by such nicknames as perfidious Albion, the polypus-arms of Britain, and so forth,—is equally just and to the purpose. From one cause or another, it is certain that neither the powers and peoples with whom we are brought in contact, nor the English people itself, nor those that act for that people in its relations with the outer world, appear to know intuitively on any particular occasion what the real gist of the policy of England should or will be, or what are the cardinal points to which that policy should hold. The imperfect soundings taken by the minister of the feeling of the country compel him to act upon sudden emergencies with a balancing and tentative uncertainty of the genuine strength of purpose and energy which he may count upon at his back. Instances may easily be noted in which the fortunes of political

parties have been more suddenly and completely inverted on the wheel by a single false motion in the external attitude of the government arising from this cause, than ordinarily happens in the gradual working out of a problem of domestic policy, of which the popularity or urgency has been skilfully gauged in debates and on the hustings. Between the fear of giving some unforeseen vantage-ground to sharp-eyed rivals at home, and the disadvantage of contending with traditional distrust abroad, our international policy has an unfortunate tendency to perpetuate a wavering, ill-defined, and contradictory character, both in conception and in execution.

There has been one case of late years in which our moral support was given at first in such pronounced and volunteered encouragement to one side in a great struggle, as to have warranted the disappointment and bitter revulsion of feeling among the partisans of that side which followed the discovery that actual help was not to be expected, and that moral support would almost be withdrawn when the greatest need came. There has been another case in which the determination not to run so far into a display of sympathy for the oppressed as to inveigle them into a hope never meant to be realised, reconciled its caution with the zeal for testifying pious disapprobation of irresponsible tyranny by the mild but ineffective expedient of withdrawing from all diplomatic speaking terms with the offending sovereign. There has also been a case in which the conviction of our adversaries that England was no readier to act in intelligible earnest than usual,—a mistake induced by the over-pacific tone of the statesmen then at the helm of England, who in their turn mistook or undervalued the national feeling on the question,—drifted ourselves and Russia into a war which would never have been provoked, had she known or been able to credit that we should oppose force to her aggressions. Had either her diplomatic dealings with the government of England, her social intercourse with the higher ranks of its polite life, or her careful study of its apparent resources for warlike purposes, enabled or allowed her to fathom the sentiments of the people, she would have weighed more carefully, before committing herself to a *casus belli*, the question whether the game was worth the cost of the candle. It would not be difficult to point to other instances of the inconsecutive, chance, happy-go-lucky sort of aspect worn by the foreign policy of England, when considered as a whole.

In the latest case of our diplomatic interventions (Lord Malmesbury's attempt towards a peaceful solution of the Italian difficulty), it certainly could not be fairly or plausibly asserted that our attitude of professed standing aloof was in any sense

a determining cause of the actual outburst of war. It is probable that nothing short of an absolute threat of impartial hostility to whichever side should first break the peace of Europe would have practically succeeded better than Lord Malmesbury's well-meant expostulations in holding back two combatants so eager for the fray: and such a threat it certainly was not incumbent on us (if, indeed, it had been justifiable on the part of any single nation) to utter. But it is clear that, from the moment when our various statesmen pledged themselves to the maintenance of an almost imperturbable state of neutrality, the efforts of any minister at reconciliation were sure to be as idle as the wind. There is a point in every species of argument at which it becomes necessary for the disputants to show each other the *ultima ratio* to which they mean to appeal: and when once that is known, it is superfluous to waste more time in discussing interlocutory issues. The first party, whether principal or mediator, who unnecessarily binds himself under no possible eventuality to outstep a certain line of conduct or argument, or to use any but a particular weapon of fence, virtually gives up whatever game he is playing to any player of less scrupulous character or more interested motives,—in short, to that party who is (for whatever reason) more *in earnest* in trying the luck of the cards.

It is difficult to lay down any positive rule by which we may be spared such undignified failures, and such an unsatisfactory reputation. Our conduct is hampered by our circumstances, our character, and our institutions. The occasion often comes when it is least thought of. The untying of a knot between two foreign nations cannot wait until the slow-thinking English people has made up its mind. If the question to be disentangled arises during the recess of parliament, it is natural that the minister should use his utmost endeavours to get it quietly settled or smoothed over before the next opportunity for political hay-making at his expense arrives, and so to leave no opening or pretext for a public sifting of dubious details. If the case occur while the session is going on, free and fair as the ventilation to which the subject has a chance of being submitted may seem, it is rarely that its treatment escapes a slight colouring in accordance with the understood partisan hopes and aims of parliamentary warfare. Except where personal character lends a convincing weight to their assertions, it is not easy to feel sure how far English statesmen are in earnest in their mode of discussing any given foreign topic upon its merits. Until some certainty upon this point is more easily attainable, the support of the English people to the line adopted on any particular occasion by one statesman or another will not be more intuitively

or promptly given than it is now. Anxious as it is, in the conduct of such matters, to be led by and to rely upon one who shall be better informed and better able to judge and act than itself, it finds few, if any, among our present generation of public men to whom it could point unreservedly as possessing the entire confidence, and representing wholly the thoughts, instincts, desires, and resolves of England in respect of her foreign relations. And in proportion as the sincerity and sufficiency of her agents is questioned at home, will their influence and weight be diminished in a Congress abroad.

Yet we must work with such tools as we have. Unless we are to retire completely within our insular shell, leave the work of the world for others to do without us, and stretch the doctrine of non-intervention into something equivalent to a permanent political quarantine, we must make up our minds to run such risks as are absolutely unavoidable of being misrepresented or ill served by our servants, and overreached, overruled, and misunderstood by those with whom we have to deal. There is all the more reason for avoiding such risks as are avoidable. If, as Mr. Mill holds, it is possible to draw up any such general instructions as may be available for use upon any specific emergency —to lay down bases of action which may be known and recognised as logically unassailable, and as those which England is determined to maintain—this should by all means be done, and in the broadest and strongest manner. Wherever a principle can be unmistakeably identified as one which marks the line of absolute right and wrong, good and evil, and of which an application must be made in the particular case one way or the other, affirmatively or negatively,—let us understand ourselves, and then let us make others understand, how far we are in earnest in demanding that this principle be affirmed and carried into action. To reduce such a process into practice indubitably presents many difficulties, and multiplies the chances of collision with powers whose views of international morality may differ from our own. But it is almost a truism to repeat, that no public principle can be won against opposition, except by the determination to assert it manfully, and that no public principle is fairly tried unless it is so won. Every step in advance may find its peculiar and unforeseen stumbling-block to clear out of the way; every step will probably be hampered with questions not outwardly bearing on the moral aspects of the case, which may tend to complicate the solution of the main problem, and even to neutralise the immediate visible effect of the gain in principle when it is made. But no gain in the wider acknowledgment of a true principle is ever so indifferent in its consequences to ourselves, as not to be worth struggling for at whatever cost we ca-

afford: and it follows, that in all questions involving such a principle, the habit of merely washing the nation's hands of its negation by a simple protest, whenever we can afford to do more, is the next thing in effect to joining those who enact the negation in deed.

Mr. Mill's concluding paragraph, upon the right of intervening to secure non-intervention, in the intestine quarrels of other countries where another stranger is about to interfere forcibly on one side or the other, shows at once the great practical dilemma which is sure to arise, and indicates, though only generally, the mode of meeting it:

"The doctrine of non-intervention, to be a legitimate principle of morality, must be accepted by all governments. The despots must consent to be bound by it as well as the free states. Unless they do, the profession of it by free countries comes but to this miserable issue, that the wrong side may help the wrong, but the right must not help the right. Intervention to enforce non-intervention is always rightful, always moral, if not always prudent. Though it be a mistake to give freedom to a people who do not value the boon, it cannot but be right to insist that if they do value it, they shall not be hindered from the pursuit of it by foreign coercion. It might not have been right for England (even apart from the question of prudence) to have taken part with Hungary in its noble struggle against Austria, although the Austrian government in Hungary was, in some sense, a foreign yoke; but when, the Hungarians having shown themselves likely to prevail in this struggle, the Russian despot interposed, and joining his force to that of Austria, delivered back the Hungarians, bound hand and foot, to their exasperated oppressors, it would have been an honourable and virtuous act on the part of England to have declared that this should not be, and that if Russia gave assistance to the wrong side, England would aid the right. It might not have been consistent with the regard which every nation is bound to pay to its own safety for England to have taken up this position single-handed. But England and France together could have done it; and if they had, the Russian armed intervention would never have taken place, or would have been disastrous to Russia alone: while all that those powers gained by not doing it was, that they had to fight Russia five years afterwards, under more difficult circumstances, and without Hungary for an ally."

Such intervention is always moral, but perhaps *not always prudent;* it may be inconsistent with the regard which a nation is *bound* to pay to its own safety to assert the principle single-handed. Such are the limitations which even Mr. Mill is obliged to set to the practical working of his rule, arising from the "friction," so to speak, inherent in all sublunary problems,—that indeterminable element which varies in strength with the circumstances of every particular occasion. If the balance of strength is on the side of right, then the right will prevail.

But if it is not? if the calculation of the cost, which "every nation is bound" for its own safety to make, goes to prove conclusively that we cannot afford on our own account to attempt in the special instance the enforcement by arms of the doctrine, of which we hold the negation to be utterly wicked and indefensible? if France, or whatever other ally it might be, whose help would justify our prudence in the appeal to extremes, is not to the fore,—what is then to be done? What possible course can be taken which may gain any thing for the cause of fair play? At least this. Put on record not only the protest, but the reason why it is a protest only. Let it be known and felt that we would interfere on that behalf, if we could do so with a reasonable prospect of success; and that wherever we can, we will. Instead of satisfying our own vanity by the assumption that it is not because we are afraid that we do not interfere, but by virtue of an absolute business rule of neutrality except where England's interests are immediately engaged, let us have the moral courage to say in so many words that we are afraid; and to show by our demeanour, that it is only from want of confidence in our own strength to carry the struggle to the end, that we look on for the present at what we cannot and will not approve. The real increase of risk in taking up such an attitude would not, under any circumstances, be as considerable as it might seem; and the probabilities that on any fresh instance of clearly wrongful intervention some other power would be ready to join us in our protest, or even to take the initiative in a more active measure, would be incontestably increased by the previous assurance of our readiness to assert our principles in unison with any sufficient ally holding the same. It is not, in truth, by the preponderating force of a single power, brought to bear materially upon a wrongdoer a little weaker than itself, that the dominion of an international principle is imposed. A campaign may end in a victory, and the actual struggle be determined in this way, between the parties and for the occasion; but it is by the moral weight and increasing momentum of a conviction gradually permeating the majority in the council or battle-field of civilised states, that the permanent conquest of opinion, the addition of a new article to the slowly-written code of the comity of nations, is securely won.

Of the current question of the reorganisation of Italy, France has said already that the day of armed foreign intervention in the internal affairs of that peninsula has gone by for ever. According to the treaties of Villafranca and Zurich, the ducal dynasties are still not accepted as defunct, and are (let us say, for want of a better word) restorable; according to the words of the French Emperor, neither they, nor any other foreign do-

mination, are to be imposed upon Italy by force. What, it has been asked, is the need or use of our professing a readiness to intervene for the purpose of affirming or enforcing a proposition which France has volunteered already, and which she can affirm as easily by herself? It may, perhaps, be too sanguine to hope, even after Lord John Russell's loud and early declarations as to the terms upon which alone England would be ready to take part in a Congress, and the consequent interchange of private parleys which have resulted in our actual agreement to do so, that our ministers have succeeded in making it more or less clear to themselves to what extent the Emperor's words are to be construed as identical with a pledge that the free-will of the Italians shall not be forced in any way. After the curious comment upon the value of the phrase of "Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic" supplied by the treaty of Villafranca, it was certainly not unreasonable to inquire categorically what the latest Napoleonic idea of the reconciliation of Italian freedom with the maintenance of those bases of agreement, which it was the ostensible task of the Congress to scrutinise, might chance to be. But it could scarcely be expected that the scheme of a confederation of the remaining and the restored Italian dynasties should have been avowedly supplanted in the projects of the French Emperor before the ink of Zurich was well dry; and it is useless to inquire what other alternative arrangement may have lain from the first in that *altâ mente repostum*. Yet it may be inferred, from the latest change of demeanour on the part of the French press, and from other indications of the political atmosphere of the imperial circle, that the French government is for the moment genuinely anxious to keep upon good terms with England on this and on other questions. If we have treated our mysterious imperial neighbour to a straightforward, open, and earnest explanation of the policy which it is our intention to adopt in the Congress, it is still not out of place to hope that a general concurrence on his part may be looked for, if the preliminary contradictions of the private settlement with Austria are once swept away.

It is hardly necessary at this juncture to labour the point, that in reality the truest interests of France, England, and Italy coincide. It is at least as much for the benefit of France, and therewithal for the personal benefit of the sovereign now ruling in France, as it can be for our own, that Italy should be able to guide herself without even French leading-strings, and should add a compact and considerable make-weight to the family of European powers. In regard of the unalloyed beneficial effect which the formation of a strong kingdom of North and Central Italy would have upon the Italians themselves, it is hardly too

much to say, that no single educated Englishman who has thought on the subject, and watched the events of the last half-year, feels any hesitation either of judgment or sympathy. The first December Number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that warily but unflinchingly maintained camp of refuge for liberal thought and feeling in France, affords sufficient testimony that from both of these points of view the section of French opinion which, for its moral and intellectual accuracy, is best worth regarding, coincides with our own. If the momentary pride in the military brilliancy of *la belle guerre* has yet sobered down among those who welcomed back the army of Italy, the reflective side of the French temperament may already have begun to recognise generally, that the real and solid glory to be gained in the Italian cause lies, not in the memory of Solferino, but in establishing through the Congress of Paris the only permanent result which can justify the countless expenditure of human life, energy, sorrow, and pain, of which Solferino was the type and the close. Whatever support can be given by ourselves, or by such expressions of public opinion as the French people is competent to utter, to that simple, straightforward, and only satisfactory solution which the French Emperor, whether he wish it in his secret heart or no, is precluded by diplomatic engagements and ecclesiastical ties from originating, it is our duty and our interest, as it is that of the French people, to give in the most emphatic manner. Whatever motives may have induced the imperial assent to those conditions which affect the *régime* of Central Italy, neither motives nor conditions are ours to be bound by, and it is now idle to dissect them too closely. Our task, after once entering into Congress as revising authorities of the diplomatic status of Italy, is to oppose the sternest resistance of common sense and common justice to the ratification and enforcement of those conditions by Europe; and to veto the substitution of any *mezzo termine* that may dislocate that union for which the Italians have pronounced so unanimously, which they have virtually accomplished, and which they have calmly, prudently, and patiently done every thing permitted them to render permanent and secure.

It cannot be too often repeated, that the true work of a Congress is not to pull to pieces and reconstruct *de novo* the map of Europe upon arbitrary principles, nor even upon plausible and apparently logical grounds. A Congress has no more right than the youthful Cyrus to assign, upon equitable considerations, the short boy's long coat to the tall boy, and the tall boy's short coat to the small boy; it must deal with things as it finds them, and take cognisance of accomplished facts as well as of signed documents. Those who quote as a crucial instance the prece-

dent of the Congress of Vienna, to prove by custom the jurisdiction inherent in European congresses, as enabling them to do something at once more actively arbitrary and more authoritatively binding in the transfer of title than can be done by individual states without the use of material force, omit to take into account the general disruption of historical boundaries, and the contradictory maze of inchoate titles to various national estates all over Europe, caused by the wars of the French republic and empire. The parties to the Congress of Vienna had to act as a kind of encumbered estates court, and confer a fresh title, which should thenceforward be clear of all the registered or unregistered claims and charges of past history. Such an exceptional compulsory jurisdiction was only justified by the necessities of the time; and it cannot for a moment be pretended that a similar entanglement in kind or degree is the characteristic of the Italian question of 1860. The complication of the problem is not one which has to be met, but one which has to be made. The question has worked itself clear, if the Congress will only keep it so, and not attempt the restatement of it in the old confused terms. The plenipotentiaries of the powers met in Paris have no more legitimate authority to reparcel out into the old or modified subdivisions, for the convenience of European or particular interests, those Italian provinces which have achieved their own independence and declared their own union, than the encumbered estates court has to force within its own bar the property of the first reluctant and solvent landowner, and compel him to sell it in small building-lots for the public advantage and the individual profit of chance speculative purchasers.

If, notwithstanding the presumed concord as to the bases of the meeting, England should in congress perceive that her name and weight are to be used for the purpose of adding authority to any such proceeding as this, what is the course for her to adopt? It may be hoped that our plenipotentiaries will have the clearest instructions and the most definite understanding on this head. It is not by a mere note of protest or expression of dissent, nor by the most strenuous and efficient advocacy in argument alone, that the sense of England would be adequately given. It is not even by a flat refusal to continue the deliberations under the conditions involved in such a contingency,—not even by throwing the whole responsibility of a wanton and arbitrary assumption of judicial power, the whole scandal and difficulty of execution, upon such parties as might be ready to take it up, and simply withdrawing into the cover of a disapproving neutrality,—that our national duty would be fully satisfied. For the reasons generally indicated above, it is impossible to lay down categorically beforehand any scheme

of active measures which, under the particular circumstances of such an eventuality, it might be prudent and right to take. But we do say, that this is one of the cases in which the very amplest reserve of England's freedom and power to act in any way that she might judge right under any complication arising from such a course of action on the part of the Congress, should be expressly and solemnly claimed in her name. We should not only keep ourselves innocent of the doing, and steadily disapprove the deed, but we should show ourselves ready and watchful to take advantage of any ulterior possibility, and to use at our discretion any legitimate means for annulling the consequences of an illegal transaction. There is little doubt that the thinking mass of the English nation is prepared to take at least this responsibility upon itself; and equally little doubt, that by this demeanour its influence as well as its honour will be best consulted in the approaching deliberations.

It may not impossibly be asked in the Congress as well as out of it,—if England is not only so clear on the point of her own duty and policy, but so determined not to bate a jot of her own ideas and opinions in deference to the opinions and ideas of others,—what, in her view, is the use of a Congress at all, except to endorse the fiat of England? If she starts by refusing to concede the reasonableness or feasibility of any solution but one,—and that, by the way, one in furtherance of which she has not hitherto spent a farthing or raised a finger,—how can she expect that any concession will gracefully be made in her direction, either by those who have already relinquished somewhat through the ill fortune of war, or by those who have tried the hazard boldly and unsparingly, and who have accepted loyally, in full satisfaction of their demands for Italy, such advantages as the good fortune of war gave them? If the plenipotentiaries of every nation to be represented in the Congress are to come alike provided with no margin to their positive instructions, and with no spirit of conciliation or pliancy in their general views, how is it possible that they should ever agree? Had the reconstitution of Central Italy been a question of detail, or of the simple expediency of any particular political arrangement within the undoubted competency of the forum of the great Powers of Europe, the objection to an over-jealous and dogmatic obstinacy of demeanour would be cogent enough. But the question is not one of detail, but of principle; not of expediency and convenience, but of the actual and acquired rights of a nation; not arising out of any unquestionable mandate of divine right inherent in the several kingly *personæ* or popular sovereignties of Europe when met together, but involving in itself the very root, and marking the very limit, of the juris-

diction which in their corporate capacity they can exercise. It is true, that England has spent neither blood nor money in active struggle for the cause of Italian liberty and union; true, that twelve months ago she was ready to look with the gravest and coldest suspicion on the unselfishness and sincerity of those who were forcing the question to a violent issue; and that her present attitude of hearty sympathy may well appear in extravagant contrast with her former professions of standing aloof to those who do not care to investigate, or who cannot appreciate the logic of her motives: but the issue raised in the quarrel between Austria, France, and Sardinia, whether as stated in the preliminary pleadings of the diplomatic correspondence, or as solved in the verdict taken by consent at Villafranca, was a very different one from that which has since been brought into the court of appeal of European opinion. The French Emperor was perhaps not far from the truth (though in a sense in which he did not intend his words to be taken) when he explained his acceptance of the Villafranca conditions by asserting that the dimensions of the struggle were enlarging themselves incommensurately with particular interests of France. Although the actual dimensions, as a matter of *gros bataillons*, were not grown, and would not have grown, beyond what a careful counting of the cost might have enabled an acute player to anticipate from the commencement of the game, the moral direction of the struggle was altering, and its moral importance growing, while the specific interests of France were not widening in proportion. As soon as the tendency of the Central Italians to take their destiny into their own hands became apparent through the impotence of the feelers thrown out in behalf of the Emperor's cousin, the critical point of real interest transferred itself from the open plains of Lombardy to the cities of the Duchies and the Romagna, and the critical weapons were changed from the simple method of crossed bayonets to the development of earnest thought and will within those cities. Whether or no Victor Emmanuel and his Piedmontese councillors were rightly chargeable with inordinate personal ambition in provoking Austria again to stake her supremacy in Italy on the sharpness of her sword, is a question which it has become nugatory to ask or answer, in the face of the attitude so steadily taken and maintained by the peoples of Central Italy. Not that the gain of eight millions in the place of three makes any difference in the subjective purity of motive, or justifies an immoral ambition as salutary, on the ground that the consideration was comparatively so much better worth the grasping. But the unanimity of the Central Italians, expressed in a dignified and solemn choice through the mouths of those who were at once their freely elected repre-

sentatives and their most natural and fitting leaders by station and education, has not only reflected in some sort a different colour on the personal behaviour of the King of Sardinia from the beginning, but has radically altered the point of view from which impartial bystanders must judge the morality and the rights of the case. It is no longer a question of greater or less aggrandisement of the house of Savoy, but of the free exercise of the reasonable instinct of a people, left with no contradictory *de facto* allegiance to restrain and hamper its expression.

The moral position which Victor Emmanuel might have assumed before a Congress, in regard of the provinces of Central Italy, at the date of the peace of Villafranca, differed as widely from the relation he bears to them now, as the position of the Prince of Orange towards the people of England when he landed at Torbay, from his relation to them when the estates of the realm had tendered the crown of England to William and Mary at Whitehall. The transfer of the allegiance of Central Italy is as much an accomplished fact as the palpable and entire loss of power by the Grand Dukes and the Pope in the Duchies and the Romagna: and of this fact the first and main legitimate business of the Congress is to take official cognisance. The iron crown of Lombardy has, if we are not mistaken, accompanied the retiring armies of Austria as a symbol or a trophy. But if Victor Emmanuel, "strong in the rights" (to use his own manly words) which the offer made by those several provinces has given him, does succeed in placing on his head, with the assent and recognition of the Congress, the crown of a great North Italian Kingdom, he may certainly repeat, with at least as much unmingled truthfulness as has ever been attached to its utterance on any similar occasion, the stereotyped royal phrase of *Dieu me l'a donné.*

Against this simple rule, upon which we have been mainly harping,—that an accomplished fact is not to be confounded with a theory or aspiration not reduced into action,—Mazzini has always been, and still is, a persevering offender. Any acceptance of the course recommended in Mazzini's letter of October last to Victor Emmanuel would have proclaimed the *re galantuomo* an ambitious madman, an unscrupulous gamester, careless alike of the lives of thousands and of the destinies of those states which have placed their rights in his hands, or an absolute fool. To have thrown down, as he was bid, the crown of Piedmont for that of "indivisible Italy,"—in other words, to have gratuitously invoked on his own head the whole material force of which Austrian revenge and Neapolitan rancour might dispose, while rendering it absolutely impossible for his former ally to assist him with a single Zouave or a single centime,—to

have overturned in an instant the prestige of tranquil self-knowledge and rational self-respect which has characterised the successive steps of the constituent Duchies in forming themselves provinces of a tangible and practicable united kingdom,—would have been at once an irreparable blunder and an unjustifiable crime. If there is one man in Europe who should understand by experience that peace has its victories as well as war, that man is Victor Emmanuel. The organisation of constitutional freedom and liberal government in Piedmont during the nine years of peace which followed the overthrow of Novara, has been the most indispensable condition precedent to, if not the moving cause of, the growing influence attached to his name and position within the other states of Italy; and the conquest of a stronghold of right won by him in the half year of peace that has elapsed since Villafranca is incomparably greater than any advantage which had been given him by the previous campaign, and its diplomatic close. The urgent advice of an irresponsible and impracticable dreamer was to throw back into the yawning gulf of uncertainty the gains which had been realised, and the pledges which had been undertaken :

> "Vedrai che l' uom di setta è sempre quello :
> Pronto a giocar di tutti, e a dire addio
> Al conoscente, all' amico, e al fratello."

And for what? Of the feelings of Venice there is no doubt; but it is not a whit more certain that the people of the Two Sicilies desire at this moment either absolutely to depose their reigning dynasty, or, even then, to join a kingdom containing the whole of Upper Italy, than it is certain that Canada longs to be annexed to the United States, or that the United States yearn for re-union with England. Whatever change the Sicilies may wish for, it is for them to pronounce; and not for Mazzini, Garibaldi, or Victor Emmanuel, nor for strangers in or outside of Italy. And until they have so pronounced for a change of rules or of boundaries, and carried their own decree into execution, like the inhabitants of the Duchies and the Legations, with an energy and earnestness not to be mistaken, it is the bounden duty of Europe to assume that, whatever administrative or constitutional reforms they may desire, they are content to be left within the same dynastic and territorial relations as now. If, on the other hand, the Congress resolve to treat the Central Italian provinces, which have quietly shaken off the clogs that interfered with their free action, with such measures as might be applicable to them if they were still in the gall of bitterness inseparable from the sway of the Bourbons of Naples, it will commit the very crime of arbitrary excess in the line of re-

pressive interference, which Mazzini is eager to commit in the direction of revolutionary propagandism. The reactionary conspirators will in that case unhappily have more power to carry out their own views than the republican prophet, whose extravagancies they will go as far to justify, as his scheme, if adopted, would have gone towards the palliation of theirs: and it is for this reason mainly that we have thought it necessary to analyse at such length the nature and the tendencies of the latest headstrong error of the incorrigible Mazzini.

It is now a trite observation, that the most indigestible morsel of all for the Congress to swallow will be the recognition of the independence of the Romagna. The most powerful and the most proudly unbending of all European Powers in the conclave, even were he not to appear in it by any special attorney, will undeniably be—*servus servorum.* It is impossible to draw any relevant logical distinction between the cases of the Duchies and the Legations. The concession of any alternative whatever to the Villafranca stipulations for the return of the Grand Dukes, will imply that an equal right to an equally large alternative resides in the impenitent abjurers of an infallible sovereign. Yet it is obviously more difficult for a Protestant power to interfere, with a reasonable chance of prevailing by protest or otherwise, in this special case than in any other. The plain broad ground which we have advocated as that on which England should stand all through,—that bygones are bygones, and that a Congress has no authority to reopen the questions which in the way of fact have settled themselves,—is the only ground upon which we can hope or claim to exercise upon this point an intelligible and unsuspected influence over public opinion or diplomatic deliberations. It is for the Roman Catholic Powers alone to buy off, if need be, by compensation in concordats or hard cash, the inevitable comminations of a plundered Holy Father. The spreading virulence of the Irish clamour in defence of the rights of the Head of the Church is a sufficient indication of the tone in which any special interposition of Protestant England in the matter of St. Peter's patrimony would be taken up by her adversaries. As far as our power of giving any support is concerned, the cause of the Legations will have to stand with and by that of the Duchies.

Before this paper has gone through the press, it will probably be known with more definitive or at least more official certainty who is to represent England as plenipotentiary. We have no intention of speaking disparagingly of Lord Cowley, who is understood to be selected by the Government for this purpose; but in default of any proved remarkable aptitude on his part for such a task, we could well have wished that it were intrusted

to a man whose profession was not that of ambassador at Paris. The true reasons against such a choice have been lately put forward at fuller length and more forcibly than we can reproduce them here, in one of those weighty articles, stamped with power of thought, practical knowledge, and peculiar fairness, which not unfrequently alternate with supercilious smartness in the pages of the *Saturday Review*. It is as difficult for a diplomatist habitually resident at a foreign court to retain an instinctive appreciation of the depth and breadth of the feeling of his nation upon a question which has grown into strong life by daily and homely ventilation while he has been practising political and social *finesse* abroad, as it is impossible for him to impress his familiar antagonists with a sense that he does represent the core of English opinion more directly and more inflexibly than usual. The practised facility of smoothing over little difficulties with the shallow frankness of a conventional cordiality, not incompatible with the reserve of a convenient grudge for occasional reproduction, is no good qualification for a contest, where the one pervading difficulty can neither be avoided, smoothed down, pared away, nor amicably skated over, but must be faced from the first to the last with a clearness of resolve and a promptness of demeanour, which will prove our most potent magic for the assertion and strengthening of our hereditary principle of fair play all the world over.

Art. VIII.—DARWIN ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

On the Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., F.L.S., &c., Author of "Journal of Researches during H.M.S. Beagle's Voyage round the World." London, 1859. Post 8vo, pp. 502.

On the Tendency of Varieties to depart indefinitely from the Original Type. By Alfred Russel Wallace. From "Journal of the Proceedings of the Linnæan Society," July 1, 1858.

Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy, the Unity of Worlds, and the Philosophy of Creation. By the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., F.G.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford. London, 1855. Post 8vo, pp. 503.

It has been calculated by an able naturalist,* on data which may be accepted as tolerably satisfactory, that the number of

* Swainson's Natural History and Classification of Quadrupeds, p. 28.

distinct species of Animals at present existing on the globe considerably exceeds *half-a-million;* about nineteen-twentieths of the whole being insects. Of Flowering Plants the number of species actually known to the botanist is commonly estimated at a hundred thousand; and if we include the Cryptogamia, and make allowance for the imperfect degree in which the botanical treasures of large portions of the surface of the globe have yet been searched out, the number of distinct species furnished by the vegetable kingdom would seem to be fairly set at a hundred and fifty thousand.

But even this aggregation, enormous as it is, would sink into insignificance if all the forms of organic life which have peopled our globe during the long succession of ages chronicled by the geologist, could be brought together within our mental view. For, looking to the large collection of types now extinct, which have been disinterred from a few scratches made here and there in the crust of the earth, it cannot be reasonably doubted that the whole number of fossil species of such animals as leave recognisable remains behind them must be many times as great as that of the forms which represent them at the present epoch. And if we further make due allowance for the fact, that the portion of the palæontological catalogue at present known to us really consists of but fragments of a few of the leaves of the great Stone Book, and that on the pages of that stone book a vast proportion of the past life of our planet can never by any possibility have recorded itself, we cannot fairly refuse to admit it as a probability (to which every new discovery gives additional weight), that the animal and vegetable life existing at any of that long succession of periods, each of which is marked out in geological time by a characteristic fauna and flora of its own, was at least as rich as it is at present, in regard alike to the number and to the variety of its distinct forms.

Now it seems to be a received article of faith, both amongst scientific naturalists and with the general public, that all these reputed species have (or have had) a real existence in nature; that each originated in a distinct act of creation; and that, once established, each type has continued to transmit its distinctive characters, without any essential change, from one generation to another, so long as the race has been permitted to exist. This idea of the *permanence of species*, embracing those of the common origin of all the individuals linked together by similarity of characters, and of the diverse origin of races distinguished by any marked and constant dissimilarity, is, in fact, embodied, in one shape or another, in every definition of the term which has been framed; and though some bold

speculator like Lamarck, or some ingenious theorist like the author of the *Vestiges*, has ventured from time to time to question the soundness of its basis, yet it has given no outward sign of instability, and is commonly regarded at the present time as one of those doctrines which no man altogether in his right senses will set himself up seriously to oppose.

Yet there have not been wanting indications, especially during the last few years, that a re-consideration of the whole subject is felt by several of the leading minds of our day to be called for by the progress of science; the difficulty of determining *what are* the characters as to which agreement shall be held to constitute specific identity, whilst disagreement shall be accepted as establishing specific diversity, having been found to increase instead of diminishing with the progress of knowledge. Differences of sufficient constancy and importance for the separation not merely of species, but of genera, in one group, may be found in another to be so inconstant that they cannot be admitted to rank higher than as individual varieties; and features of diversity which seem so well marked as to leave no room for hesitation when the comparison is limited to two or three individuals which exhibit them under their most pronounced aspect, are often found to shade off so gradationally when a large number of individuals are compared, that no lines of specific demarcation can be drawn among them. It has accordingly come to be recognised by many of our best zoologists and botanists, that no species can be fairly admitted as having a real existence in nature, until its *range of variation* has been determined both *over space* and *through time;* and that the species of the mere collector, who describes every form as new which does not precisely correspond with existing definitions, can only be accepted provisionally, to be verified or set aside by more extended research.*

A remarkable example of the results of an inquiry conducted in this spirit has lately made a considerable impression, alike on account of the nature of the subject and the deservedly high reputation of the naturalist by whom it has been conducted. No group of species has been more carefully or completely studied, after the ordinary fashion, than that of the British flowering plants and ferns. In Hooker and Arnott's *British Flora*, 1571 species of these were enumerated and described; whilst by Mr. Babington the number of species was raised to 1708. Within the last eighteen months, however, a new *British Flora* has been published by Mr. Bentham, one of those quiet painstaking workers who, not making fame but

* See on this subject Dr. Joseph D. Hooker's *Introduction to the New-Zealand Flora*, and Dr. Carpenter's *Memoir on Orbitolites* in the *Philosophical Transactions for* 1855, pp. 277 et sqq.

truth their goal, are content to spend as many years in the thorough investigation of a subject as other men bestow months. Mr. Bentham has devoted a large part of his time for many years past to the study of the British flowering plants, not as dried in herbaria, but as living and growing in their native habitats; and instead of confining himself to the area of our own islands, he has followed them to every part of Europe through which he has been able to trace them, carefully comparing the forms which they present under different conditions of soil, climate, exposure, &c., and diligently scrutinising with the educated eye of the really scientific botanist into the value of the distinctions, not merely among the species reputed doubtful, but among those commonly considered to be well established. The result has been, that not only has Mr. Bentham been led to add the weight of his authority to the side of those who pleaded for the wide range of variation in such genera as *Salix* and *Rubus*, regarding which there had been the greatest question; but he has shown that a considerable extent of variation is so far from being confined to willows and brambles, that the total number of well-marked species cannot fairly be reckoned at more than 1285; so that about a quarter of the reputed species of the British phanerogamic flora, on which so much pains have been bestowed and so many books written by botanists of the highest reputation, have been thus abolished "at one fell swoop."

Now this result, valuable as it is in itself, has a bearing of far deeper import upon the whole existing method of botanical and zoological systematisation; for it shows how far Nature is from tying herself down by the canons of species-mongers, and how mistaken has been the course of those who, instead of humbly searching for a knowledge of Nature's laws, have arrogated to themselves the right of making laws for Nature. The species of plants and animals which such men have added to our already overloaded catalogues, are of human, not of divine creation; and it is the business of the philosophic naturalist to get rid of all such as soon as possible. He cannot, however, proceed far in his inquiries, without having the question forced upon him as to the extent to which natural species,—that is to say, races which seem to be distinguished by certain constant characters that are transmitted by descent so far as our experience extends,—can be reasonably supposed to have varied *in time*, so as to have undergone in the lapse of ages, under the influence of natural causes, modifications at all corresponding with those which are presented by the races of plants and animals that have been subjected within a comparatively recent period to the influence of man.

This is a problem which Mr. Darwin has been for some years essaying to resolve. His attention was first directed to the inquiry by some facts which struck him in the distribution of the inhabitants of South America, and in the geological relations of the present to the past inhabitants of that continent, during that voyage on board H.M.S. *Beagle* of which he has given us so admirable a Journal. These facts seemed to him to throw some light on the origin of species—that mystery of mysteries, as one of our greatest philosophers has called it; and on his return home it occurred to him, in 1837, that something might perhaps be made out on this question by patiently accumulating and reflecting on all sorts of facts which could possibly have any bearing upon it. After five years' work, he allowed himself to speculate on the subject, and drew up some short notes; these he enlarged in 1844 into a sketch of the conclusions which then seemed to him probable; and from that time to the present he has steadily pursued the same object, with the intention of setting forth, not only his conclusions, but the mass of facts on which they are based, as soon as his imperfect health should permit him to complete a work so extensive. In the mean time it has happened that Mr. Wallace, an intelligent naturalist, who is at present engaged in studying the animal and vegetable productions of the Malay Archipelago, has arrived, without any knowledge of Mr. Darwin's inquiries, at a doctrine essentially the same as his own; namely, that a process of *natural selection* is constantly in operation, on a far grander scale, and with far more perfect results, than man can imitate; and that to this process, operating cumulatively through countless ages, we are justified in attributing an unlimited amount of divergence, not merely between species, but between genera, and, by parity of reasoning, even among the higher groups. A memoir on this subject having been sent to Mr. Darwin by Mr. Wallace, with a request that it should be forwarded to Sir C. Lyell, it was by the latter communicated to the Linnæan Society, and has been printed in its journal, together with extracts from Mr. Darwin's larger work; and as two or three years are likely still to elapse before the latter will be ready for publication, Mr. Darwin has complied with the urgent recommendations of his friends that he should at once put forth his views in a more concise form, so as to benefit the scientific world by such a knowledge of them as should enable them to take root in the minds of those who are not too much hardened by prejudice against their reception, and to bear good fruit by stimulating inquiry in the new direction he has opened up.

As the work before us is to be regarded but as the abstract of the larger treatise which Mr. Darwin has in preparation, we

feel it right to limit our discussion of it to an examination of the soundness of the main principle on which it is based. Minute criticism of details would, as it seems to us, be at present altogether misplaced. Indeed, we almost regret that the author has as yet gone into detail at all, since he has laid himself open to a great deal of objection on the score of minor difficulties, which will tend to prevent his fundamental doctrine from finding candid appreciation. And we cannot help thinking that it might have been better if, in this early stage of the inquiry, Mr. Darwin, like Mr. Wallace, had abstained from that explicit avowal of the ultimate conclusions to which it seems to him to lead, which will be pretty sure at once to frighten away many whom he might have otherwise obtained as adherents. Of course, if his principle be firmly based on truth, every thing that is legitimately deducible from it must also be true. But as it is in the nature of things impossible to obtain any thing like positive evidence on the remoter issues of the inquiry, we shall discard for the present all reference to the question whether (as Mr. Darwin thinks probable) men and tadpoles, birds and fishes, spiders and snails, insects and oysters, encrinites and sponges, had a common origin in the womb of time, and shall address ourselves only to the arguments urged by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace in support of their doctrine of the modification of specific types by natural selection.

To such as look upon this question from the purely scientific point of view, any theological objection, even to Mr. Darwin's rather startling conclusion, much more to his very modest premises, seems simply absurd. We never heard of any body who thought that a religious question was involved in the inquiry whether our breeds of dog are derived from one or from several ancestral stocks; nor should we suppose that the stoutest believers in the Mosaic cosmogony would be much dismayed if it could be shown that the dog is really a derivation from the wolf. Orthodoxy (on this side of the Atlantic at least) is decidedly in favour of the abolition of the two-and-twenty species into which man has been divided by some zoologists, and of the reference of all the strongly-diversified races of man to the Adamic stock. We do not expect to see, even in our "most straitest" sectarian organs, any accusations brought against Mr. Bentham for impiety, because he affirms that three or four hundred of the reputed species of British plants are really descendants of others from which they have gradually diverged; and if he were led by the results of further inquiry to knock off as many more, we believe that he would be left to the criticism of his brother botanists, and that his *British Flora* would not run any risk of being put into the

Index Expurgatorius, alongside of Lamarck's *Philosophie Zoologique* and the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.*

Why, then, should Mr. Darwin be attacked (as he most assuredly will be) for venturing to carry the same method of inquiry a step further; and be accused (in terms which it needs no spirit of prophecy to anticipate) of superseding the functions of the Creator, of blotting out his Attributes from the page of Nature, and of reducing Him to the level of a mere Physical Agency? To our apprehension, the Creator did not finish his labours with the creation of the protoplasts of each species; his work is always in progress; the origin and development of each new being that comes into life, is a new manifestation of his creative power; and the question is simply as to the mode in which it has pleased Him to exercise that power; whether, according to common ideas, He has every now and then swept off a greater or smaller proportion of the inhabitants of the globe, and has replaced them by new forms, brought into existence in some mode altogether unknown to us; or whether, as Mr. Darwin maintains, the apparent introduction of new forms has really been brought about by a gradual and successive modification of the old. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to say that the orderly and continuous working out of any plan which could evolve such harmony and completeness of results as the world of Nature (present and past) spreads out before us, is far more consistent with our idea of that Being who "knows no variableness, neither shadow of turning," than the intermittent action of a power that requires a succession of interferences to carry out its original design in conformity with successive changes in the physical conditions of the globe. And we have no sympathy with those who, to use the admirable language of Professor Powell (whose *Essay on the Philosophy of Creation* contains a masterly refutation of the current theological arguments bearing on this question), maintain that we "behold the Deity *more* clearly in the dark than in the light,—in confusion, interruption, and catastrophe, *more* than in order, continuity, and progress."

Our knowledge as to the Variability of Species in Time is of course mainly derived from observation of the changes induced by the agency of Man, in those species of plants and animals which have been longest subjected to the influence of cultivation and domestication; and although it may be questioned how far the modifications thus induced would tend to perpetuate themselves in a state of nature, yet we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that *the capacity for undergoing such modifications* under conditions how artificial soever, exhibits an elasticity of constitution which would equally tend to adapt these

animals to varieties of natural conditions, and thus to originate diversified races which would perpetuate themselves without man's interference. It may be well to adduce a few examples, in which peculiarities of organisation or constitution have sprung up and perpetuated themselves under the notice of competent witnesses. Such peculiarities have been ranked in two categories: those, namely, which are obviously "acquired" under the direct influence of external agencies; and those which, not seeming likely to have been thus occasioned, are spoken of as "spontaneous," or "accidental."

Of the acquirement of peculiarities, we have frequent experience in the changes which animals and plants undergo when they are transported to regions differing greatly in climatic conditions from those they previously inhabited. Thus the longest-woolled sheep that can be brought from Leicestershire or Sussex to the West Indies have their thick matted fleeces replaced in a year or two by short crisp hair; and in the lambs bred in their new country this hair is so brown as to render it somewhat difficult to distinguish them from the kids of the goats with which they are often seen associated. Sometimes the acclimatising process does not modify the character of the parent, but takes effect only on the young, born and bred under its influence. Thus, in a well-known case related by Sir C. Lyell, the English greyhounds that were taken out to hunt the hares which abound on a table-land in Mexico at an elevation of 9000 feet, were distanced in the chase by want of wind; yet the offspring of these same animals are not in the least incommoded by the rarity of the atmosphere in which they have passed their whole lives, but run down the hares with as much ease as the fleetest of their race in this country.

But peculiarities every now and then appear in the offspring at birth, which, not being traceable to any corresponding change of circumstances, are commonly regarded as "freaks of Nature;" such, for example, as the presence of a sixth finger, or of an additional joint in the thumb, on the human hand; or of that peculiar conformation of the limbs that distinguishes the "ancon" breed of sheep in New England; or the so-called "sporting" varieties of plants. No one, however, who believes in the universality of causation, can fail to perceive on reflection, that any such congenital peculiarities, like the differences among individuals of the same parentage, *must* have had their origin in the condition of the one or both parents at the time of procreation; and this inference is fully borne out by the special tendency of such peculiarities to become hereditary, though they frequently pass over a generation or two, to reappear in a subsequent one. The *latency* of such influences is often ex-

tremely remarkable; but sometimes we seem able to trace out their nature, though we cannot comprehend their mode of operation. Thus there is valid scientific evidence that the colour of the offspring of animals whose hue is disposed to vary, is influenced by strong mental impressions on the parents; and that it is in this way that variety of hue was first engendered in races previously of uniform colour, would seem to be indicated by the fact related by Mr. T. Bell, that a litter of puppies born in the Zoological Gardens from a male and female Australian dingo of pure breed, both of which were of the uniform reddish-brown hue that belongs to the race (the mother never having bred before), were all more or less spotted.

Now the art of the breeder consists first in carefully watching for this spontaneous appearance of any such peculiarities as he may deem it profitable to introduce, which then, by taking advantage of their tendency to become hereditary, especially when they are possessed by both parents, he establishes as the distinctive feature of a new race; and in this race he preserves them in full force by a rigorous weeding out of all the individuals which do not possess them. We cannot have a better example of this process than the recent creation of the Mauchamp breed of sheep, which produces a fine silky wool, distinguished by the strength as well as by the length and fineness of its fibre, and specially valuable for the manufacture of Cashmere shawls. In the year 1828, one of the ewes of the flock of merino sheep belonging to M. Graux, a farmer of Mauchamp, produced a male lamb, which, as it grew up, became remarkable for the silky character of its wool, and for the shortness of its horns; it was of small size, and of inferior general conformation. Desiring, however, to obtain other sheep having the same quality of wool, M. Graux determined to breed from this ram: at first he only obtained it in a single ram and a single ewe; in subsequent years he got it in a larger proportion of each progeny; and as his silky-woolled sheep multiplied, he was able to secure a constant succession by matching them with each other. Amongst the breed thus engendered, some resembled the ancestral ram in its physical defects as well as in its wool; but others, while possessing the same character of wool, reverted to the more symmetrical form of the breed from which this was an offset; and M. Graux, by a judicious system of crossing and intercrossing, at last established a race which not only possesses the silky wool of the first ram without the least deterioration, but is entirely free from its defects of general conformation.

The agency of Man in this procedure is that of *accumulative selection.* He can do nothing except on the basis of variations which are first given to him in some slight degree by nature

(the origin of such variations, however, being in the modifications induced by external conditions in the procreative action of the parents); these, which would soon disappear if left to themselves, by merging in the general aggregate, he not only perpetuates by selection, but augments by accumulation, adding them up (as Mr. Darwin felicitously phrases it) in certain directions useful to him. Now there are instances in which *varieties* have been thus engendered, differing so much from their original stock and from each other, that, if they were to be placed before a zoologist ignorant of their genetic relationship, he would unquestionably rank them not only as *distinct species*, but even as belonging to *distinct genera*. This is the case, for example, with the various heads of pigeons, which have been closely studied by Mr. Darwin. The English carrier, the short-faced tumbler, the runt, the barb, the pouter, and the fantail, differ from each other not merely in their plumage, but in those points of conformation of beak and skull on which generic distinctions among birds are chiefly founded; and subordinate to each of these breeds are several regularly propagating sub-breeds, which differ as much from each other in characters of minor importance as species do elsewhere. Yet there is no ground for questioning the general belief of scientific ornithologists, that all these breeds have had their origin in the rock pigeon; especially as the comparison of a large number of individuals of these breeds and sub-breeds, including those brought from distant countries, would enable an almost perfect gradational series to be formed between the types that differ most widely in structure.

It is obvious, then, that by such a process what we may designate as *Naturalists' species* might be artificially created to any extent. The question now arises, whether truly *Natural Species* can have been engendered in a similar manner; that is to say, whether any thing like accumulative selection has gone on amongst plants and animals in their feral state, by which the vast multitude of diverse forms now existing may have been evolved from a comparatively small number of original types, and that wonderful series of extinct forms may have been produced, which palæontology reveals to us as having peopled and repeopled our globe many times through the immeasurable succession of geological ages.

The answer to this question, according both to Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace, is to be found in a careful examination of the facts relating to the Struggle for Existence which all wild animals have to maintain. "The full exertion of all their faculties and all their energies," it is observed by Mr. Wallace, "is required to preserve their own existence, and provide for that of their in-

fant offspring. The possibility of procuring food during the least favourable seasons, and of escaping the attacks of their most dangerous enemies, are the primary conditions which determine the existence both of individuals and of entire species." It is remarkable how little the relative fecundity of different species influences their relative abundance or scarcity. We do not find those populations (if we may so use the term) increasing at the greatest rate, whose reproduction is the most rapid. There are many species of fish, for example, in which the eggs annually produced by each female are to be reckoned by the hundred thousand; and if but one in a thousand of her progeny were to come to maturity, the ocean-waters of the whole globe, from their surface to their lowest depths, would in a few years be turned into a mass of finny life. The multiplication of the common flesh-fly, if not kept down by natural checks, takes place at such a rate, that, according to the estimate of Linnæus, three of these insects and their progeny would devour the carcass of a dead horse more quickly than a lion would do. The Aphides, or plant-lice, have been proved to propagate so rapidly, that in the course of a few months, if all interference were excluded and adequate supplies of food were obtainable, no fewer than 1,000,000,000,000,000,000 would be evolved from a single individual; an amount which only becomes conceivable, when we learn that this mass of life would weigh somewhere about as much as *five hundred millions* of stout men.

Yet we find no reason to believe that there is a permanent increase in the number of any one of these or other productions of the inexhaustible fertility of nature. Our seas are so far from being glutted with fish, that the complaint is rather of their diminished abundance; and though this might be attributed with a show of reason to the hostile influence of man, yet when we bear in mind that even the vast shoals of herrings, pilchards, and mackerel, which he captures, *might* be the offspring of a few score of individuals, it is obvious that these would be replaced at least as rapidly as they are withdrawn, if there were no more powerful check to the increase of their respective tribes. So again, although we are sometimes inconvenienced by the swarms of flesh-flies that have been bred in some neighbouring mass of putrescence which the neglect of man has left to be removed by these scavengers of nature, we are not eaten out of house and home by them, as we very soon should be, if their reproduction were not kept most efficiently in check by the voracity of other animals to which they serve as a prey. Our roses and our hops are most seriously damaged every now and then by the excessive multiplication of the species of plant-lice which respectively attack them; but all the

roses and all the hops in the world would soon be destroyed, if the occasional increase of their insect blights were not restrained within bounds by the destruction, through natural agencies, of a vast proportion of every brood engendered. The population of each tribe is, in fact, kept down to a certain general average, subject to occasional excess or reduction, within no very wide limits.

There is no need, however, to go beyond the limits of our own familiar experience in search of evidence of the same general fact; an apposite illustration of which is found, both by Mr. Wallace and Mr. Darwin, in the class of birds. If we take *four* as the average annual production of a single pair, it is easily shown that, if there were no check to the multiplication of its progeny, this would increase within fifteen years to nearly *ten millions*. Yet we have no reason to believe that the bird-population of any country is undergoing an increase. And hence it becomes evident that in each year *as many birds perish as are born;* that is, the progeny being twice as numerous as the parents, whatever be the average number of individuals existing in any given country, *twice that number must perish annually*, either serving as food to hawks and kites, wild cats and weasels, or dying of cold and hunger as winter comes on.

How much more the multiplication of individuals of any type depends upon the general capabilities of the species than upon the number of its progeny, is remarkably illustrated by the case of the American passenger-pigeon, cited by Mr. Wallace. Though this bird lays but one or two eggs, and is said generally to rear but a single young one, yet it is far more abundant than other species which produce two or three times as many young; the vast flocks of these pigeons, whose migrations in search of food are so graphically described by Audubon, being the most extraordinary aggregations of animal life of which we have any knowledge. How are we to account for the maintenance of this wonderful bird-population, which probably exceeds that of any other half-dozen species in the American continent? Obviously by the fact that the food most suitable to this species is abundantly distributed over a very extensive region, offering such differences of soil and climate, that in one part or other of the area the supply never fails; whilst, on the other side, the organisation of the bird enables it to take advantage of this wide distribution of its means of sustenance, its powers of flight being remarkable both as to swiftness and endurance, so that it can pass without fatigue over the whole of the district it inhabits, and thus, when the supply of food begins to fail in one place, it is able to migrate in search of a fresh feeding-ground even at a remote distance. In no other birds are these conditions so strik-

ingly combined; for either their food is more liable to failure, or they have not sufficient power of wing to search for it over an extensive area, or during some season of the year it becomes very scarce, and less wholesome substitutes have to be found; and thus, though more fertile in offspring, they can never increase beyond the supply of food in the least favourable seasons.

Nothing is easier, as Mr. Darwin justly remarks, than to admit in words the truth of this universal struggle for life; nothing more difficult than to trace out this general fact in all its bearings. The system of checks and counter-checks provided in the economy of nature is a most complicated one; and we are for the most part only let a little way into the secrets of her arrangement, by some local disturbance in its harmonious working. Thus in Paraguay neither cattle nor horses nor dogs have ever run wild, although they swarm both southward and northward, in a feral state; and this limitation is due to the greater abundance in that area of a certain fly, which lays its eggs in the navels of these animals when first born. The increase of these flies, numerous as they are, must be habitually kept in check by some means, probably by birds. Hence, if certain insectivorous birds (whose numbers are probably regulated by hawks or beasts of prey) were to increase in Paraguay, the flies would decrease; then cattle and horses would become feral, and this would greatly alter the vegetation (as Mr. Darwin has himself observed in parts of South America); this, again, would largely modify the insects; this would affect the insectivorous birds, and so on in ever-extending circles of complexity. "Battle within battle must ever be recurring, with varying success; and yet in the long-run the forces are so nicely balanced, that the face of nature remains uniform for long periods of time, though assuredly the merest trifle would often give the victory to one organic being over another."

A very close connection often exists between agencies that would not at first be supposed to have any mutual relation. How, for example, could the number of domestic cats in a village be imagined to influence the Flora of the neighbourhood? Mr. Darwin shall make answer in his own words:

"I have reason to believe that humble-bees are indispensable to the fertilisation of the heartsease; for other bees do not visit this flower. From experiments which I have tried, I have found that the visits of bees, if not indispensable, are at least highly beneficial to the fertilisation of our clovers; but humble-bees alone visit the common red clover, as other bees cannot reach the nectar. Hence I have very little doubt that if the whole genus of humble-bees became extinct or very rare in England, the heartsease and red clover would become very

rare, or wholly disappear. The number of humble-bees in any district depends in a great degree on the number of field-mice, which destroy their combs and nests; and Mr. H. Newman, who has long attended to the habits of humble-bees, believes that 'more than two-thirds of them are thus destroyed all over England.' Now the number of mice is largely dependent, as every one knows, on the number of cats; and Mr. Newman says, 'Near villages and small towns I have found the nests of humble-bees more numerous than elsewhere, which I attribute to the number of cats that destroy the mice.' Hence it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine, through the intervention first of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district."

One would almost think, in reading Mr. Darwin's string of sequences, that the ingenious author of *The House that Jack built* had intended to imbue the infant mind with a knowledge of high scientific truths; for the whole of the foregoing extract may be concisely expressed, after the fashion of that immortal legend, in the following brief sentence: "This is the old woman, that kept the cat, that ate the mouse, that killed the humble-bee, that fertilised the clover." And it is obvious that if our country were in the condition of Paraguay, an abundance of wild clover would favour the increase of feral herds of cattle, which, in its turn, would operate extensively in modifying the general flora and fauna of the country.

It is only in a somewhat metaphorical sense that the term "struggle for existence" can be used with respect to plants; but when so understood, it is as applicable to their life as to that of animals. A plant which annually produces a hundred seeds, of which, on an average, only one comes to maturity, may be said to struggle against the other plants which tend to crowd out both itself and its progeny, against the animals which feed upon it in every stage of its development, and against all the physical conditions which are unfavourable to it, whether as to soil or exposure, heat or cold, drought or excessive moisture, or the like. We have many instances of the rapid multiplication and diffusion of particular species, which seem extraordinary only because they are exceptional; the peculiarity depending, not on any unusually rapid production, but simply on the absence of the ordinary repressing agencies. Cases could be given of introduced plants, which have become common throughout whole islands in a period of less than ten years; and in some of the most remarkable of these the extension has not been so much effected by seeds as by the ordinarily slower process of budding. Thus the *Anacharis alsinastrum*,' a water-weed, which was imported into this country a few years ago from Canada, has made its way into almost every one of our rivers

and canals, and into many of our isolated lakes and ponds, which can only be kept from being choked with it by the employment of artificial means for its destruction; yet this plant has never flowered in Britain, and the thousands of tons of its stalks and leaves which might be annually collected from various parts of our island, are really all extensions of the single individual originally imported. We believe that the like may be said of the Indian couch-grass, which is rapidly extending itself through the cultivated pastures of New South Wales, and which will probably ere long displace other grasses in the remoter parts of that colony, whence it will extend over the rest of Australia. Several of the plants now most numerous over the wide plains of La Plata, clothing square leagues of surface, almost to the exclusion of other plants, have been introduced from Europe; and there are plants now ranging in India from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya, which have been imported from America since its discovery. There is no reason whatever to suppose that in such cases (of which many more might be cited) the fertility of the plants has been temporarily increased in any sensible degree. The obvious explanation is, that, on the one hand, the conditions of life have been sufficiently favourable to promote their vigorous growth and reproduction; whilst, on the other, there has been an absence in their new habitats of those checks which previously restrained their exuberance.

Of the nature of these checks we shall cite an illustration or two from Mr. Darwin. Every one knows that an immense destruction of seeds in process of ripening is occasioned by the voracity of granivorous birds; but even when seeds have fallen into a favourable soil, and have begun to germinate, the young plants have from the first to struggle for their lives, partly against the other plants which already thickly stock the ground, partly against the animals to which they serve as food at that stage of their existence. On a piece of ground three feet long and two wide, dug and cleared, in which there could have been no choking from other plants, Mr. Darwin marked all the seedlings of our native weeds as they came up; and out of 357, no fewer than 295 were destroyed, chiefly by slugs and insects. If turf which has long been mown, or turf which has been closely browsed by quadrupeds, be let to grow, the more vigorous plants gradually kill the less vigorous though fully grown plants; thus out of twenty species growing on a little plot of turf (three feet by four), nine species perished from the other species being allowed to grow up freely.

The competition which it has to sustain with other tribes of plants, is considered by Mr. Darwin to be an agency at least as important as climate in determining the geographical range

of any particular species. If we look at a plant in the midst of its range, we see that it is not climate that restrains it from doubling or quadrupling its numbers; for we know that it can perfectly withstand a little more heat or cold, a little more dampness or dryness, since elsewhere it ranges into slightly hotter or colder, damper or drier districts. But towards the confines of its climatic range it will be subject to the competition of other plants, whether of its own kind or of some other, for the spots most favourable to it in regard to warmth or coolness, exposure or protection, dryness or moisture. And thus it seems probable that few plants (and the same will be true also of animals) range so far that they are destroyed by the rigour of the climate alone. It is from this circumstance that so large a proportion of the plants which have been introduced into this country from foreign sources, and which have become perfectly acclimatised, are still restricted to our gardens; being incapable of perfect naturalisation, since they cannot compete with our native plants, nor resist destruction by our native animals.

It is impossible now to pursue the inquiry as to this system of checks and counter-checks in any further detail, so countless are its ramifications, and so complex are its interlacements. And it is far better for our present purpose to fix our minds upon the general fact, about which there can be no kind of doubt or dispute, that each organic being is striving to increase in a geometrical ratio; but that, either through the whole of its life or at particular periods of it, either during each generation or at frequently-recurring intervals, it is subject to heavy destruction, by which its multiplication is so restrained that its numbers are merely kept up to a certain average, without more than temporary excess or diminution, so long as the conditions remain the same. Lighten any check, mitigate the destruction ever so little, and the number of the species will almost instantaneously increase to any amount; as we see in the increase of cockchafer-grubs and wire-worms that ensues on the foolish destruction of a rookery. Where, on the other hand, the excessive multiplication of a newly-introduced species becomes (as in the case of the *Anacharis*) a serious inconvenience, it is obvious that the only effectual check is to be found in the encouragement of its natural enemies, the species of animals (whatever they may be) to which it serves as food.

But how will this constant struggle for existence tend to the modification of specific types? We shall let Mr. Darwin answer this question in his own words, since these words convey, not only with scientific conciseness, but with philosophical caution, the fundamental idea of his whole treatise:

"Let it be borne in mind in what an endless number of strange peculiarities our domestic productions, and in a lesser degree those under nature, vary, and how strong the hereditary tendency is. Under domestication it may be truly said that the whole organisation becomes in some degree plastic. Let it be borne in mind how infinitely complex and close-fitting are the mutual relations of all organic beings to each other, and to their physical conditions of life. Can it, then, be thought improbable, seeing that variations useful to man have undoubtedly occurred, that other variations, useful in some way to each being in the great and complex battle of life, should sometimes occur in the course of thousands of generations? If such do occur, can we doubt (remembering that many more individuals are born than can possibly survive) that individuals having any advantage, however slight, over others, would have the best chance of surviving, and of propagating their kind? On the other hand, we may feel sure that any variation in the least degree injurious would be rigidly destroyed. This preservation of favourable variations, and the rejection of injurious variations, I call Natural Selection. Variations neither useful nor injurious would not be affected by natural selection, and would be left a fluctuating element, as perhaps we see in the species called polymorphic."

Now by so much the more diversified the descendants from any one species become in structure, constitution, and habits, by so much will they be better enabled to seize on many and widely diversified places in the polity of nature, and so be enabled to increase in numbers. It is easily shown that the advantage of diversification among the inhabitants of the same region, is really the same as that of the physiological division of labour in the animal body; a greater number of plants and animals of different kinds being able to subsist within a limited area, than could find support if they were all of one type. It is obvious, then, that natural selection will favour divergence of character, and that the tendency of each specific type will be not only to diffuse itself over as wide an area as it is capable of occupying, but to undergo as many diversified modifications as its constitution may permit, in conformity with the diversities of climate, locality, food, and the countless other conditions with which it comes into relation; those diversified forms establishing themselves permanently as *new races*, which are best fitted to fight their way in the struggle for existence. Even a very limited experience affords many instances of natural specialisation of habit, which often bear an obvious relation to specialisation of structure. It is well known that one Cat is prone to catch rats rather than mice, and that this tendency is often inherited; other cats exhibit sporting propensities of different kinds, one bringing home winged game, another hares or rabbits, while another hunts on marshy ground, and almost nightly catches woodcocks or snipes. Recent observations on the Cuckoo have

shown that this bird deposits its eggs in the nests of no fewer than twenty-eight different species, and that the cuckoo's egg almost invariably agrees so closely in colour with the eggs among which it is laid, as only to be distinguished from them by a practised eye. This curious fact has been accounted for on the hypothesis that the sight of the eggs amongst which she is about to lay her own, operates through the consciousness of the parent in determining the colour of its shell. But as observation shows that the same individual cuckoo always lays eggs of the same colour; that the cuckoo's eggs are laid upon the ground in the first instance, and are afterwards conveyed in its mouth to the nest of the foster parent upon whose charge the young cuckoo is forced; and that when a nest with eggs of the corresponding colour is not accessible, the egg is deposited in that of some other species,—it seems clear that the colour of the egg is predetermined in the organisation of the parent, and that it is connected with an instinct which leads different individuals constantly to resort to different nests.

Again, the Catskill mountains of the United States are inhabited by two varieties of the Wolf: one with a light greyhound-like form, which pursues deer; and the other more bulky, with shorter legs, which more frequently attacks shepherds' flocks. Here we can readily see how very divergent varieties might originate from a common stock, and be perpetuated by the operation of natural selection. Wolves inhabiting a mountainous district, and those frequenting the lowlands, would naturally be forced to hunt different prey; any slight change of organisation that might specially adapt an individual wolf to either mode of life would give it the advantage in the struggle for existence, and would favour not only the prolongation of its own life, but its chance of leaving offspring; some of its young would probably inherit the same peculiarities, and would in like manner transmit them to their descendants; and thus, from the preferential preservation of the individuals best fitted to the requirements of each locality, two types distinct in structure and habits, not merely from each other, but also from their common progenitor, would gradually be evolved. Supposing, again, that the conditions of the country changed in such a manner as to affect the supply of food,—the deer, for example, increasing in numbers, and the other prey decreasing in abundance,—during the season of the year when the wolf is most hardly pressed for subsistence; it is quite obvious that a large proportion of the lowland variety must soon perish from starvation, through the failure of their ordinary means of support, the greater abundance of deer being of no use to animals which had lost the capability of profiting by it; whilst, under the

same circumstances, the mountain variety would both increase in numbers and would improve in swiftness. And conversely, if the supply of deer were to diminish, and the wolves were obliged to depend upon prey which it requires strength rather than swiftness to master, the mountain variety would be reduced in numbers; whilst the more bulky lowlanders would both increase in population, and would improve in special adaptation to the requirements of their mode of life.

A number of very marked examples of the influence of natural selection in the establishment and perpetuation of races having special adaptations to particular climatic conditions would be found, we have reason to believe, among the feral descendants of the domesticated quadrupeds first introduced into South America by the Spaniards; and we anticipate that much novel information on the subject will be made public in Mr. Darwin's more detailed treatise. But the following instance, recorded by M. Roulin, seems to us to be so peculiarly apposite to the present inquiry as to deserve special mention. In some of the hottest provinces of South America, a race of oxen has spontaneously sprung up, distinguished by the peculiar clothing of its hide, which consists of a fine but extremely scanty fur. This race is incapable of maintaining itself elsewhere, the "pelones" (as these oxen are termed) being too delicate in constitution to bear the cold of the Cordilleras, to which the cattle are driven for the provision of the towns situated upon them; and the breed is therefore not encouraged by human agency. On the other hand, when oxen of other breeds are driven into the provinces inhabited by these "pelones," they either speedily die out, or they become gradually and with difficulty acclimatised. In the same hot provinces another curious variety of oxen presents itself, characterised by the entire absence of hair; these naked-skinned oxen, termed "calougos," are even more delicate in constitution than the "pelones," being utterly unable to bear a climate colder than their own. Here, then, we have the spontaneous establishment, within a limited area, of breeds of oxen distinguished by peculiarities quite striking enough to be elsewhere accounted characteristic of different species. These peculiarities, whilst such as adapt them to a set of circumstances which are highly unfavourable to the continued existence of the type from which they sprang, on the other hand render them incapable of maintaining their ground under conditions which are eminently favourable to their ancestral race. And it seems impossible to account for the phenomenon upon any other principle than that of *natural selection*, as advocated by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace.

This case further illustrates the marked difference in the

conditions and results of *natural* and *artificial* selection; a difference which prevents the deduction as to the permanence of species, which has been drawn from the instability of the peculiarities impressed on domesticated races by the agency of man, from being in the least applicable to divergent forms that have developed themselves in conformity with the peculiarities of their natural conditions. As Mr. Darwin has justly remarked, "man selects only for his own food, nature for that of the being which she tends." Many of the qualities which are most valued in the state of domesticity, are such as would render the animal utterly unfit to maintain its ground in the struggle for life when left to its own resources. The sleek-coated London carriage-horse, and the stall-fed dairy-cow that gives her twenty or even thirty quarts of milk per day, can only be kept up to such an artificial standard of perfection by a treatment that seriously impairs their constitutional stamina; so that they succumb to depressing influences which would have no effect upon hardy Dartmoor ponies or vigorous Ayrshire cattle: just as the massive bulk and vast strength of the brewer's drayman are often suddenly laid low by the results of an injury which in a truly healthy countryman would be too slight to require attention. Our breeds of quickly-fattening pigs, short-legged sheep, poodle-dogs, pouter-pigeons, and the like, never could have established themselves in a state of nature, because the very first step towards such inferior forms would have led to the rapid extinction of the race; still less could they now maintain a competition with their wild allies. The great speed but slight endurance of the race-horse, the unwieldy strength of the ploughman's team, would both be useless in a state of nature; so that, if turned wild upon the pampas, such animals would either soon become extinct, or, if placed in circumstances sufficiently favourable for their maintenance, would lose in successive generations those extreme qualities that are rather detrimental than beneficial to them, and would revert to that common type in which the various powers and faculties are so proportioned to each other as to be best adapted to procure food and secure safety. Thus, then, as Mr. Wallace justly remarks, "domestic varieties, when turned wild, *must* return to something near the type of the original wild stock, or *become altogether extinct.*"

It will not be only on the more important features of the organisation, that Natural Selection will exert its modifying influence; it will often affect characters which we are accustomed to regard as trivial—for instance, *colour*. Among insects and birds we may trace a marked relation between the hue of different tribes and the tints of the spots they respectively fre-

quent, which is obviously a means of passive defence to them against their enemies. Thus leaf-eating insects are green, and bark-feeders mottled gray; the larvæ of the Phasmidæ (or spectre-insects) can scarcely be distinguished in appearance from the dead sticks on which they are commonly found; and the Mantis derives its common name of "walking-leaf" from a resemblance to that object, so close as to deceive any but a near inspection. So, again, the red grouse has very much the colour of heather; the black grouse, that of peaty earth; and the ptarmigan in winter that of snow. These birds would multiply very rapidly if they were not kept under by birds of prey, which are known to be guided chiefly by eyesight; and any deviation from the hue most favourable to escape from their notice would almost certainly ensure the early destruction of the individual that presented it: so that as complete and constant a uniformity would be maintained by natural agencies, as the breeder of white sheep maintains among his flock by the jealous destruction of every lamb that exhibits the faintest trace of black. So among plants, although the down on the fruit, and the colour of its flesh, are considered by botanists as characters of the most trifling importance, yet there is good evidence that in the United States smooth-skinned fruits suffer far more than those with down from the attacks of the curculio-beetle; that purple plums are more liable than yellow plums to a particular disease; whilst another disease attacks yellow-fleshed peaches far more than those with other-coloured flesh. If, with all the aids of art, such slight diversities make a great difference in the success with which the several varieties can be cultivated, assuredly in a state of nature, where the trees would have to struggle with other trees and with a host of enemies, such differences would effectually settle which variety, whether a smooth or a downy, a yellow or a purple-fleshed fruit, should continue to flourish.

The modifying tendency of Natural Selection, then, will be twofold: on the one hand, to the origination and maintenance of races diverging in various directions and degrees from the original type; on the other, to the extinction of all such as are overmastered in the struggle for existence by the greater energy or more perfect adaptation of other races. And we think Mr. Darwin quite justified in the conclusion, that "whatever the cause may be of each slight difference in the offspring from their parents,—and a cause for each must exist,—it is the steady accumulation, through Natural Selection, of such differences, when beneficial to the individual, that gives rise to all the more important modifications of structure, by which the innumerable beings on the face of this earth are

enabled to struggle with each other, and the best adapted to survive." And we fully agree with him, that *individual* differences, though hitherto accounted as of small interest to the systematist, are of high importance in any philosophical inquiry into the origin of species, as being the first step towards those slighter varieties which are barely thought worth recording in works on natural history. So varieties which are in any degree more distinct and permanent, are steps in a regular gradation that leads through more strongly-marked and more permanent varieties to sub-species, and thence to species. The permanence of each race will thus depend on the permanence of the conditions in which it is placed. So long as these remain unchanged, the adapted form that has been once established as the best will continue to hold the mastery; and all aberrations from it that unfit the subject of them for maintaining its ground in the battle for life will be borne down in the *mêlée*. But let a change take place in any of the conditions, however trivial they may appear, that either affect the organism directly (as is the case with temperature, hygrometric state, pressure of the air or water), or do so by an alteration in its relation to other organisms (as by affecting its supply of food, or its means of obtaining it, or by subjecting it to attacks which require increased means of resistance or escape), the race must either be capable of adapting itself to that change, or it must succumb. In the one case, the original form will give place to some modification directly proceeding from it by genetic descent; in the other, it will be superseded by some rival form derived from a different ancestry, which presses in and occupies its place; just as we see, in the social battles of life, that the families of our older aristocracy hold their ground, or are displaced by the *parvenus* whom they regard as their natural enemies, in proportion as they either adapt themselves to the spirit of the age and take advantage of its requirements, or as they hold tenaciously to their time-honoured customs, and refuse to profit by any thing that shall lower them in their own artificial scale of dignity.

We are disposed to believe, then, that Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace have assigned a *vera causa* for that diversification of original types of structure which has brought into existence vast multitudes of species, sub-species, and varieties, referable to the same generic forms; and we think that the weight of evidence is decidedly in favour of such an extension of this doctrine from the present to the past, as will enable us to account for the modification of specific types which is presented to us as we pass from one geological formation to another. It will probably meet with less opposition among British than among continental palæontologists; for with the former it has

come to be generally admitted that many species really do range through a long succession of formations; whilst with some of the latter it is sufficient for shells or corals to present themselves in two different strata, to establish their specific diversity, however close may be their structural conformity. Are such the men, we would ask, whose opinion should have any weight in a discussion like the present? They are of the same class with the botanists who make new species of our commonest plants, because they find them in remote parts of the globe; and who affirm that an Australian or a New-Zealand species *cannot* be identical with a European, for no other reason, that we can discover, than that they have established in their own minds as a law of nature that the species of the northern and southern hemispheres *must* be dissimilar.

Now the tendency of all modern geological inquiry has been, as has been well stated by Professor Powell,* to substitute the idea of *continuous* for that of *interrupted* succession, of physical change; in breaking up large divisions into smaller; in obliterating sharp lines of demarcation by subordinate gradations; in tracing intermediate deposits in one locality which fill up breaks in another; and in thus connecting more and more closely with each other the successive members of the series of stratified deposits. And though we may be as yet very far from realising this in all instances, yet no one who has followed the progress of geological research for the last quarter of a century, can refuse to admit that the general doctrines originally enunciated by Sir Charles Lyell on this subject have been progressively acquiring a firmer basis and a more extended application. The doctrine of continuous succession, once admitted in physical geology, seems almost to necessitate the admission of the like doctrine as a corollary in regard to the succession of organic life; and such a deduction is fully borne out by our present knowledge of the relation of our existing fauna and flora to that of the later tertiary and post-tertiary epochs. "Throughout all the most recent formations," again to use the language of Professor Powell, "we find a continuous series of allied species, and a succession of organised structures, in a chain absolutely unbroken, and marked only by the minutest specific differences in its successive links, down to forms now existing; and as this is carried backwards through countless ages, by degrees we find fewer features of the present and more of the past, and even come to whole genera and orders of extinct races coexisting with some which have survived them." And though at intervals in the course of this series of close and continual connection, there

* Unity of Worlds, p. 335.

are real or apparent interruptions of greater or less magnitude, in which the immediate affinity seems broken off between the species characterising one formation and those most nearly allied to them in the next, yet the only fair inference from such a fact would be that no fossiliferous deposits took place *in that locality* during a long series of ages, through which a progressive change of organic forms was going on elsewhere, that marked itself in the entire change of specific and generic types presenting themselves in the next deposit in the first locality. A geologist who had formed his notions of the succession of strata only from the study of those wide areas in the continent of America over which the palæozoic are immediately overlaid by the tertiary formations, would be justly rebuked by his European brother for ignoring the whole series of secondary strata, and the varied forms of life which they contain; yet there are still geologists in this country who have the presumption to affirm, that because the continuity both of stratification and of organic life seems to have been completely interrupted at the end of the palæozoic period in the limited areas hitherto explored, such interruption must have prevailed universally over that vast proportion of the earth's surface of whose geological history we know absolutely nothing. As regards the supposed break between the latest secondary and the tertiary strata, the tendency of recent inquiries has most unequivocally been to remove the difficulties which have been urged on the strength of it; the study of the strata which intervene between the chalk and the nummulitic limestone of the south of Europe having revealed an unexpected continuity alike in stratification and in the succession of organic forms. And the more carefully the cretaceous, and even the oolitic, as well as the early tertiary fossils are compared with existing types, the more numerous are the instances that are found to present themselves, in which their conformity is so close as fully to sanction the idea of the continuous descent of the latter from the former, with more or less of intervening modification.

Of such modifications, occurring under circumstances which permit both their source and their continuity to be traced out, we may cite a characteristic example in the changes presented by certain univalve shells that occur in three successive beds in the tertiary formations of the Island of Cos, as described by the late Professor E. Forbes. The genera in question (*Paludina* and *Neritina*) are remarkable for their power of sustaining considerable alterations in the nature of the medium they inhabit: for although properly fresh-water mollusks, they are not limited to lakes and rivers, but are often found in estuaries, in which they are either subjected to alternations of salt water with fresh,

or live in water which is pretty constantly brackish. Now the lowest of the beds just referred to is obviously of purely fresh-water formation; for there are embedded in it, with Paludinæ and Neritinæ of their ordinary smooth and unwrinkled type, various species of shells that could not have inhabited any other medium—amongst others, pulmoniferous water-snails. In the second bed, however, these last, with other forms most rigidly limited to fresh water, disappear; whilst the Paludinæ and Neritinæ have their shells belted by a strong fold or corrugation, such as is presented by existing shells of the same tribes inhabiting waters with a slight admixture of brine. And in the third all the fresh-water forms are wanting, save such as are known to be capable of living in brackish estuaries, and are replaced by marine shells, which have a like power of partial adaptation; and the shells of the Paludinæ and Neritinæ are deeply furrowed and surrounded by strong spiral ridges. The subsequent formations, which overlie these unconformably, are undoubtedly of purely marine origin. There seems no room for doubt, then, that the changes in the circumstances under which these successive beds were formed, were such as intermixed progressively increasing proportions of salt water with the stream of fresh water by which the materials of the lowest bed were deposited; and that by this increase was effected such a gradual change of type in the shells of the Paludinæ and Neritinæ, from the forms of the first to those of the third bed, as would, if the intermediate link had not been presented to us in the second bed, or the parallel modifications occurring in these genera at the present time had been unknown, have been held by the conchologist fully to justify him in referring those forms to different species.

From such a case as this, the transition is easy to that presented by the succession of deposits constituting the great chalk formation; through the whole of which there is a strong general resemblance in the organic remains, though the species are for the most part distinct in each stage. As the accumulation of each deposit has often been interrupted, and as long blank intervals have doubtless intervened between successive deposits, we have no right to expect to find in any one or two of them all the intermediate varieties between the species which appear at the commencement and at the close of these periods; but we ought to find after intervals, very long as measured by years, but only moderately long as measured geologically, closely-allied forms, or, as some authors term them, representative species. Now as this is just what we do find, the theory of descent, with modification, is so far conformable

to positive facts, that it must be admitted to have at least as valid a foundation in a broad basis of phenomena as the theory of successive creations.

That we should meet with a similar gradational transition in all other cases, is assuredly what we have no right to expect, if we bear in mind *the extreme imperfection of the Geological Record*,—a consideration on which Mr. Darwin dwells very strongly, but not, in our estimation, one whit too strongly. "We are not only ignorant," he pithily says, "but we do not know how ignorant we are." To our minds the great wonder is, that palæontological research should have already yielded so much information as to the past life of the globe, not that it should afford so little. The indications recently afforded in regard to the antiquity of the human race,* taken in connection with the progress of discovery of the air-breathing forms of vertebrata in the earlier formations,† teach a valuable lesson of caution in drawing inferences as to the *non-existence* of any particular type at any period whatever, from the mere *negative* fact that we have not hitherto met with its remains.

A considerable part of Mr. Darwin's treatise is occupied by a discussion of the principal scientific objections (he wisely refrains from taking notice of any others) that can be urged in opposition to his views. Having already noticed by anticipation the geological difficulty, we shall only say, that we think he has conclusively shown that no value whatever can be attached to the "breeding test," on which reliance is commonly placed as a means of discriminating species from varieties; and

* We refer, of course, to the satisfactory evidence lately obtained by Mr. Prestwich, Sir C. Lyell, and other geologists of the highest authority, as to the existence, in gravel-beds elevated a hundred feet above the level of the Somme, of large numbers of flint implements, obviously shaped by the hand of man, in association with the bones of large mammals now extinct. Notwithstanding the ingenious theories which have been invented, either to account for their production by the forces of nature rather than by human art, or, admitting them to be man's handiwork, to account for their presence in these gravel-beds on the hypothesis of the modern origin of the human race, we take upon ourselves to affirm, that no unprejudiced person can carefully examine a large series of these objects without coming to recognise them as the products of a rude handicraft directed by a definite purpose; and further, that it is an inevitable deduction from the circumstances under which they are found, that, whether or not the beings that made them were contemporaneous with the Mammoth, the Tichorhine Rhinoceros, and other great extinct mammals, with whose bones they are associated, the gravel-beds containing them must have been first covered with layers of marl, clay, and sand, in some places forty feet thick, whose slowness of deposit is attested by the perfect preservation of the delicate land-shells they contain, and must have been afterwards upheaved at least a hundred feet; whilst, subsequently to this upheaval, the present valley of the Somme must have been excavated by its stream through the elevated land which now forms its high banks.

† At the last meeting of the Geological Society, the discovery was announced by Dr. Dawson, of Canada, of remains of *six reptiles* in the trunk of one fossil tree in the celebrated section of Carboniferous strata at the "Joggins" in Nova Scotia.

that the facts of geographical distribution are, when rightly viewed, rather in his favour than otherwise. A greater difficulty than either seems to us to be presented by those cases of extraordinary aberration, whether of structure or habit, whereby particular animals are distinguished from their kind; many of which it is difficult to imagine to have been acquired gradually by any process of consecutive modification.

The history of every science shows that the great epochs of its progress are those not so much of new discoveries of *facts*, as of those new *ideas* which have served for the colligation of facts previously known into general principles, and which have thenceforward given a new direction to inquiry. It is in this point of view that we attach the highest value to Mr. Darwin's work. Naturalists have gone on quite long enough on the doctrine of the "permanence of species." Their catalogues are becoming more and more encumbered with these hypothetical "distinct creations." And the difficulty of distinguishing between true species and varieties increases, instead of diminishing, with the extension of their researches. The doctrine of progressive modification by Natural Selection propounded by Mr. Darwin, will give a new direction to inquiry into the real genetic relationship of species, existing and extinct; and it has a claim to respectful consideration, not merely on account of the high value of Mr. Darwin's previous contributions to zoological science, and the thoroughly philosophical spirit in which it is put forth, but also because it brings into mutual reconciliation the antagonistic doctrines of two great schools—that of Unity of Type, as put forward by Geoffroy St. Hilaire and his followers of the Morphological School, and that of Adaptation to Conditions of Existence, which has been the leading principle of Cuvier and the Teleologists. Nor is it the least of its recommendations that it enables us to look at the War of Nature constantly going on around us as not marked only by suffering and death, but as inevitably tending towards the progressive exaltation of the races engaged in it; just as, in the world of mind, it is only by intellectual collision that Truth can become firmly established, and only by moral conflict, whether in the individual or in society, that Right can obtain an undisputed sway.

ART. IX.—THE HISTORY OF THE UNREFORMED PARLIAMENT, AND ITS LESSONS.

The Rise and Progress of the English Constitution. By E. S. Creasy, M.A. Fourth edition, revised and with additions. London: Richard Bentley, 1858.

The Representative History of Great Britain and Ireland: being a History of the House of Commons, and of the Counties, Cities, and Boroughs of the United Kingdom, from the earliest Period. By T. H. B. Oldfield. In six volumes. London: Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, 1816.

PERHAPS no subject of historical research should be so interesting just now as the practical working of our system of parliamentary representation before 1832. The principles of representative government are again about to be brought under discussion; a new proposal for Parliamentary Reform must be announced before many weeks are past. The more that subject is discussed, the more do all thoughtful persons wish to consult the lessons of experience with respect to it. We feel more than we used to do the difficulty of the question; we distrust more the tenets of pure democracy; we know more of the complexity of a cultivated community; we know the necessity of giving to each class the weight which it ought to have, and no greater weight: in consequence, we feel more than formerly the intellectual prudence of recurring to the facts of experience. But unfortunately there are very few such facts. Of all important political expedients, representation is by far the newest; and our experience with respect to it is therefore scanty and limited. The continental nations who have made trial of representative government, have done so almost always under exceptional circumstances, and in each case the national character of the particular nation which made the trial has very greatly affected the result of it. The experience of America is, from many causes, difficult to apply to the times in which we live. The difference of circumstances, both economical and social, is a perpetually modifying force, which tends to make a sweeping deduction almost necessarily unsound. The contrast between a new country and an old; between a state in which there is an endowed church and a landed aristocracy, and one in which there is neither; between a society in which slavery exists and one in which it does not,—is too great to be unimportant, and too pervading to be eliminated. Nor is it easy to derive effectual instruction from the working of the system which is in operation around us

now. At least it is difficult to derive instruction which *others* will think satisfactory. We may, and do, make out points sufficiently clearly to ourselves; but in the heat of controversy, and in the confusion of contemporary events, others derive from the same data, in fact, the contrary deductions. We are therefore thrown back on our own history for such instruction as it may give us; and the break made by the Reform Act of 1832 is, at least in this respect, useful. We can draw lessons from the times preceding it with the calmness of history, and nevertheless those times may yield us instruction. They are far enough from our own age to be dispassionately considered; they resemble it enough to suggest analogies for our guidance. Nor is this history in itself uninteresting. The unreformed system of representative government is that which lasted the longest; which was contemporary with the greatest events; which has developed the greatest orators, and which has trained the most remarkable statesmen. No apology, therefore, seems to be needed for writing upon the subject at present, even if we should write at some length.

To give an exact account of the old English system of representation is, however, no easy task. At present the statistical information which we possess respecting the electoral system which exists is exceedingly abundant. We can tell the number of voters in every borough and every county; we know by what right of suffrage they are entitled to vote, and how many of them have chosen in any case to exercise their right at each successive election. Compendious works specify what lord or commoner has influence in such or such a town: they say whether it is preponderant and all-powerful, or only moderate and sometimes resisted; they tell us in which town money has overwhelming influence, and enumerate the occasions upon which the use of that influence has been proved before the proper tribunal. We can hardly hope to obtain better information as to the actual working of a system than that which we have as to the system under which we are living. A hundred years ago our ancestors were nearly destitute of all such information. They had no means of telling the number of voters in any borough or county; no register existed from which they could be discovered; the right of voting in different places was exceedingly different, and the decisions of the House of Commons respecting them had been very confused. From political motives, indeed, these decisions were often contradictory; they were made to suit the requirements of the moment and the commands of the minister of the day, and a judicial spirit was, while the decision lay with a committee of the whole House of Commons, scarcely even affected. Sir Robert Walpole used to

say that in election committees there ought to be "no quarter;" and the final fate of his long administration was determined by a division on an election petition from Chippenham. As the deciding power respecting electoral rights was so inconsistent, it would perhaps hardly have been worth while to collect its decisions; and no one did so. A hundred years ago, the constant reference to precise numerical data which distinguishes our present discussions was by no means in use; and even if the number of the electoral body had been more easy of ascertainment, no one probably would have ascertained it. The government had not yet established a census of its subjects, and would not perhaps have liked to have the voters who chose it counted. At any rate, no one did count them; and a very general notion respecting the practical working of our representative system was all which could be formed at the time, or that can be formed now.

The representation of England and Wales was formerly, as now, in the hands of counties and boroughs. The number of counties was the same as it now is; but they were as yet undivided for the purposes of representation. The number of boroughs was very considerable, and this of itself led to a difficulty.

It is evident that in early times, when population was small and trade scanty, it would be difficult to find very many boroughs that would be fit to elect proper members of parliament. We know by trial that a town constituency, to be pure and to be independent, must be of fair size, and with a considerable number of better-class inhabitants: unless it is so, it will assuredly succumb to one of two dangers; it will fall under the yoke of some proprietor who will purchase the place as a whole, or it will be purchased, vote by vote, at each election. Nothing, both experience and theory explain to us, is so futile as to expect continued purity and continued independence from a small number of persons who have something valuable to sell, and who would gain what is an object to them by selling it. But of considerable towns the number was once exceedingly few. Internal commerce and foreign trade have made such enormous strides in England recently, that we hardly realise the poverty of former times, or the small number of people who lived where we live now. Statistics, though they may give us a statement of the fact, do not, and cannot, fill our imaginations with it. We may get a better notion of what England was in numbers and wealth from travelling in the purely agricultural, the less advanced and poorer parts, of the Continent, than we can from figures and books. We shall in that way gain a vivid impression that it would be impossible in a rude age and country to find a

very great number of borough-towns large enough to elect representatives independently, and rich enough to elect them uncorruptly.

In the system which prevailed a hundred and fifty years ago our ancestors had much aggravated this difficulty. They had not selected the most considerable towns to be parliamentary constituencies; they had not taken all the largest, and they had taken several of the smallest. We need not now explain why this happened. We have no room to discuss the antiquities of the old boroughs; we cannot tell in many cases why some were chosen which were chosen. But two facts are incontestable: of which one is, that there was probably much original caprice in the selection of town constituencies. The sheriff had at first a certain discretionary power, and we do not know very precisely how he exercised it. The boroughs themselves were anxious, not to obtain the right, but to evade the obligation, of sending members to parliament. Provided a respectable number of borough members appeared in their places to assent to the requisite taxes, and to indicate by their demeanour, if not by their votes, the popular feeling on the topics of the day, the early rulers of England, those rulers who laid the foundations of our representative system, were satisfied. They felt no nice scruples as to the exact magnitude of the towns who did not send members, or of those who did so. In the times of the Tudors, and a little later, the Crown exercised its prerogative of creating new boroughs; and as the popular spirit had then begun to be a subject of dread, and the voice of the House of Commons was already of some importance, we need not hesitate to imagine that the statesmen of the time regarded the "loyalty" or subservience of the boroughs they created rather than their precise size. English statesmen look to the wants of the day, and especially to the wants of their own administration, much more than to complex figures; they do so even at the present day, when statistical tables will be paraded against them: how much more did they not improbably do so in the reigns of the Tudors, when there was no check upon them in any matter requiring much research or information; when, if they chose to disregard numerical data, no one else could know, far less prove, that they had done so! Nor was original caprice the only cause that had given representatives to many boroughs which in the eighteenth century seemed scarcely fit to choose them, and which denied them to others which appeared to be much more fit. In the contest between the Stuarts and the people, the Crown lost its old prerogative of creating boroughs; the moment there was a contest between the House of Commons and the sovereign, it became clear that the sovereign must be victorious if he could

add members to the former at his pleasure. Accordingly the House of Commons impugned the validity of the so-called prerogative; their resistance was successful, and it was exercised no longer. In consequence, the old boroughs remained, and no new ones were added; and as, in a changing country like this, many places which were formerly large, gradually became small, and many small ones on the other hand became large, the distribution of wealth and numbers came in process of time, and by a process which no one watched, to be altogether different to the distribution of parliamentary influence.

Nor was this the only way in which the inherent difficulty of finding good town constituencies in poor and rude times was artificially aggravated in our old system of representation. Not only were the best boroughs not chosen to be constituencies, but the best persons in those boroughs were not chosen to be electors. The old and complex rights of suffrage in different boroughs are antiquarian matters, on which we have not a single line of space to bestow; but they differed very much. Originally, perhaps, the right or duty had belonged or attached to all ratepaying householders; but this simple definition, if it ever existed, had long passed away, and the rights of suffrage had become most various. No short description, much less any single definition, would include them. We give those which existed in the boroughs of two counties, Somersetshire and Lancashire, to show how great the diversity was, and how many "permutations and combinations" it embraced.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

BRISTOL . . .	Freeholders of 40*s.* and free burgesses.
BATH	Mayor, aldermen, and common councilmen only.
WELLS . . .	Mayor, masters, burgesses, and freemen of the seven trading companies of the said city.
TAUNTON . .	Potwallers, not receiving alms or charity.
BRIDGEWATER .	Mayor, aldermen, and twenty-four capital burgesses of the borough paying scot and lot.
ILCHESTER . .	Alleged to be the inhabitants of the said town paying scot and lot, which the town called potwallers.
MINEHEAD . .	The parishioners of Dunster and Minehead, being housekeepers in the borough of Minehead, and not receiving alms.
MILBORN PORT .	The capital bailiffs and their deputies, the number of bailiffs being nine, and their deputies being two; in the commonalty, stewards, their number being two; and the inhabitants thereof paying scot and lot.

LANCASHIRE.

LANCASTER . .	Freemen only.

WIGAN . . . Free burgesses.
CLITHEROE . . Freeholders, resident and non-resident.
LIVERPOOL . . Mayor, bailiffs, and freemen not receiving alms.
PRESTON . . . All the inhabitants.

Generally speaking, we may perhaps say that the original scot and lot (or rate-paying) qualification had been submitted to two opposite forces of alteration. By one it had been restricted to some inhabitants of the town who, by virtue of some corporate right or superintendence, assumed to themselves to be its most important and chief inhabitants. These principal persons were usually few, and they prudently contrived that their number should not be augmented. They formed themselves into self-renewing corporations: at every vacancy the remaining members filled up the place as they deemed best, and they took care no one should have votes but themselves. On the other hand, by a second process, the borough suffrage had been widened so as to include all freemen, or all inhabitant householders not paying alms; every body, in short, who could be included in it. The process of extension, as was natural, was of the two the older process. While the right of electing members was attended by the duty of paying them, it was an onerous burden, and the chief people in the place tried to extend it as far as they well could; in later times, when members were no longer paid, and political advantages were to be obtained by the skilful use of a vote, the influential people of a borough tried as much as possible to keep the parliamentary suffrage to themselves. In the last attempt they generally succeeded. The boroughs in which the people at large elected the members were, in the eighteenth century, far fewer than those in which a few persons of one sort or another elected them. The tendency of the House of Commons itself, from various causes, was rather to confine than to extend the right of suffrage. But in whichever direction the progress of time had altered what we may suppose to have been the original right of franchise, whether it had restricted it or had extended it, the effect upon the constituency was almost equally bad. If it was much narrowed, it fell into the hands of a very small number of persons, who used for their own benefit what had become a very marketable privilege; and if the franchise had been very much extended—especially if it became, as in several places it did, nearly equivalent to universal suffrage—we may readily conceive in what manner it was used, when we remember that many of the boroughs were small, that in that age corruption was thought far less disgraceful than at present, and that the poorer classes were much poorer and much more ignorant than they are now.

We need not further explain the general causes which im-

paired the independence and purity of the ancient boroughs. As it would have been somewhat difficult to find in old times enough boroughs that were proper to choose representatives; as the best had not been chosen, perhaps had not been searched for; as in the actual boroughs the best people to be voters had not been selected as such; as in most of them the electing constituency was very small,—it is no wonder that most of these boroughs fell more or less under the control of some rich man or some rich men, who considered the franchise of the borough a part of their own property.

With the counties the case was somewhat different; as yet there was no Chandos clause, the forty-shilling freehold was as yet the only title to a vote. Yeomen with such freeholds were as yet numerous, in many counties very numerous, and were still sturdy and independent. The inferior gentry were not always much disposed to submit to the dictation of lord or duke. In the last century, the county franchise was always considered as the free and independent element; those who wished to purify the legislature, always proposed to augment that element, and saw no other means of obtaining what they wished for.

But even the counties were in former times far less independent than, from the nature of the legal franchise, from the paper description of it, we should suppose. Our county society has always been an aristocratic society; and in the last century aristocracy was a power of which it is difficult in these days of free manners and careless speech to realise the force. Society had then, far more than now, a simple, regular, recognised structure; each class had its place: it looked up to the classes above it; it would have thought it wrong to vie with them, or even to imitate them. Each class was to a certain extent independent; each went its own way on its own affairs, attended to the transactions of its own calling and the details of its own life: but each had a tendency, such as we can hardly now imagine, to be guided, impelled, and governed by those who were above them on all questions and in all matters which concerned or seemed to concern all classes equally. The real distinction between classes, too, was then an infinitely greater one than it is now. The aristocratic class was the most educated class, had access to the best society; was, as a whole, by far the most polished and cultivated class in the nation. For good and for evil, noblemen had a power then to which there is nothing comparable, scarcely any thing analogous, now. Amusing examples occur of it in the documents of the time. Thus Burke, in a memorandum on East-Indian affairs, addressed to the noblemen and gentlemen who composed the Rockingham party, proposes

the following scheme: "With regard to the Bank [of England], which is the grand instrument of the court on this occasion, might it not be proper (if possible) that some of you of the greatest property should resolve to have nothing to do with their paper? There are five or six of you that would frighten them." If the territorial influence of the aristocracy was supposed to be so powerful in Threadneedle Street, we may easily suppose what it must have been in their own counties, at their own doors. The county contests of the last century had a continued tendency to become family conflicts between one noble house and another. The political questions of the day were merged in the intensity of the aristocratic, and perhaps hereditary feud.

Such was the representation of England; and it seems restricted enough: but that of Scotland was even more restricted still, and more subject to illegitimate influence. Even the stoutest defenders of the old system of representation before 1832 used to own that the Scotch system could only be defended as "part of a whole," and that taken by itself it was absurd. There were in theory in Scotland thirty county members and fifteen borough members; but the franchise had in both of them been narrowed to an almost inconceivable extent. In 1812 the whole county constituency only amounted to 1235, and the whole borough constituency to 1253. The franchise in the counties was restricted to the tenants in chief of the crown; all proprietors (the feudal law in theory still prevailed) who held from a subject were disfranchised, though a very large portion of the country was owned by them. The result was much the same as if in England the county member had been chosen, not by the 40*s.* freeholders, but the lords of the manor. The franchise was practically as confined in Scotland as that restriction would have made it here. The borough franchise, too, was possessed by the members of the town-councils of the various boroughs exclusively; no other persons had a share in it. The burghs were, as now, divided into districts; in each district the town-council of each burgh contained in it named a delegate, and by the majority of these delegates the member for the district was chosen. Edinburgh alone had the honour of a separate representation; and its constituency amounted in number to *thirty-three.*

What degree of independence such small constituencies may have possessed in England or in Scotland, we cannot now accurately know. Even to those who knew the places best, it must have been sometimes difficult to determine it with accuracy. Influence is in its very nature somewhat secret; we cannot tell whence it precisely comes, by what exact channels it acts, or in what direction it is tending. Any estimate which can be formed

of the degree in which the constituencies of the last century, such as we have described them, were either dependent or independent, must be very vague. The public at large knew very little on the subject; and no one took the trouble to note down in detail, and with precision, that which they did know. A general notion of the practical results may, however, be easily formed. In the year 1773, Dean Tucker observed in a letter to Lord Shelburne:

"Your lordship has the command of two boroughs already; and the public shrewdly suspect that you would have no qualms of conscience against commanding two more, or even twenty-two. Mr. Fox and Lord Holland's family command one; the late Marquis of Rockingham had at least two, which he might, and did, call *his own;* and were I to proceed after the same manner throughout the peerage and the great landed interest, also the commercial and the manufacturing interest of the realm, perhaps I might enumerate not less than two hundred, namely boroughs and cities, and even counties, whose voters choose representatives and return members to parliament more according to the good-will and pleasure of those who have the ascendency over them than according to their own private judgments or personal determinations."

As there were at that time no Irish members, the number of members of parliament was 558; and as almost all constituencies had then two members each, this estimate would give about 400 to the class of nominated and dependent members, and about 158 to that of the independent. This calculation, rough as it evidently is, and imperfect as the data for making it evidently were, corresponds sufficiently well with a very elaborate calculation made forty years later:

Members returned by	87	peers in	England and Wales	. .	218
„ „	21	„	Scotland		31
„ „	36	„	Ireland		51
Total returned by peers					300
Members returned by	90	commoners in	England and Wales		137
„ „	14	„	Scotland		14
„ „	19	„	Ireland		20
„ nominated by government					16
Total returned by commoners and government .					187
Total returned by nomination					487
Independent of nomination					171
Total of the House of Commons					658*

* The above estimate is taken from Mr. Oldfield's *Representative History*, a work in many respects entitled to respect, but by no means impartial. The representation of Ireland, though not free from great defects, had been exceedingly improved at the time of the union with England.

Whatever doubts might be suggested,—and doubtless some might be suggested,—as to the details of this estimate, its main conclusion may be considered to be certain. A large and preponderant majority of the members of the House of Commons were, in one way or in another, nominated by noblemen and gentlemen; and only a minority were elected by the popular constituencies. The majority of the House of Commons represented the views and feelings of a particular and peculiar class; the minority only were elected by constituencies which could be supposed to choose representatives for all the other classes.

Such was in bare outline the old electoral system of England: and we may describe it by a startling phrase; it was a representation, so to say, of *select constituencies.* This is not the light in which we have been used to regard it. We speak by tradition of borough-mongers with dislike, and of rotten boroughs with contempt. From circumstances which we shall soon see, neither have left a good name in history. Most of us are the children of those who destroyed them; the leaders of our great parties are still those who were foremost in doing so. We naturally do not think well of them. But what were they? They were proprietary constituencies; they were, in truth, *higher* class constituencies; they gave a representation to persons of greater wealth, of greater education, and presumably therefore, of greater political capacity, than the mass of the nation. We have apparently at least the best means of judging of their effects. Being, as we have seen, the preponderant element in the electoral system, the members chosen by them were the preponderant element in the House of Commons. They were the ruling power in the state. How, then, did this system, so singularly and irregularly composed, in fact work? We have the general results in history. The only difficulty, and it is not a slight one, is to understand them rightly and explain them briefly.

In the first great quality of a representative government, we may say boldly that, up to a late period of its existence, and with an exception or two which we shall specify, this one worked very well. The first requisite of a representative system is, that the representative body should represent the real public opinion of the nation. Nor is this so easy a matter as some imagine. There are nations which *have* no public opinion. The having it requires what a pedantic writer might call the *coördination of judgments.* Some people must be recognised to be wiser than others are. In every district there must be people generally admitted by the judgment of their neighbours to have more sense, more instructed minds, more cultured judgments, than others have. Such persons will not naturally or

inevitably, or in matter of fact, agree in opinion; on the contrary, they will habitually differ: great national questions will divide the nation; great parties will be formed. But the characteristic of a nation capable of public opinion is, that those parties will be *organised;* in each there will be a leader, in each there will be some looked up to, and many who look up to them: the opinion of the party will be formed and suggested by the few, it will be criticised and accepted by the many. It has always been the peculiarity of the history of England, that it has been capable of a true public opinion in this its exact and proper sense. There has ever been a *structure* in English political society: every man has not walked by the light of his own eyes; the less instructed have not deemed themselves the equals of the more instructed; the many have subordinated their judgment to that of the few. They have not done so blindly, for there has always been a spirit of discussion in our very air: still they have done so,—opinions have always *settled down* from the higher classes to the lower; and in that manner, whenever the nation has been called on to decide, a decision that is really national has been formed.

On the whole, the English constitution of the last century, in the best of its time, and before the occurrence of changes which we shall soon describe, gave an excellent expression to the public opinion of England. It gave a ruling discretion to those whom the nation at large most trusted; it provided a simple machinery for ascertaining with accuracy the decisions at which the few had arrived, and in which the mass concurred.

This constitution was submitted to no ordinary test. We have so long outlived the contests of the last century, that we have forgotten their intensity. We look on it as a very quiet time; and we contrast it with the apprehensive, and changeful, and anxious period in which it seems to us that we are living. Of the middle of the eighteenth century this is a true idea, at least of part of it; but the English Government during the early part of the century was tried by what is probably the severest trial to the foundations of an hereditary and constitutional government—by a struggle between two claimants to the throne, each of whom represented a principle. We know well the arguments of the side which has gained; but we do not always remember the moral strength of the side which lost. The Jacobites had much in their creed which appealed to the predominating principles of the English nature:—an hereditary family, which claimed the Crown, not on arguable considerations of policy, but on ascertainable claims of descent; which embodied, not a speculation, but a fact; which had prescription in its favour, and was in harmony with a country almost all whose

other institutions were prescriptive; which had on its side the associations with the maintenance of order and the security of property, as claimants by prescription must have; which appealed to the Conservative instinct, which is always so strong in a people over whom the visible world rules so much; which appealed to the loyal instincts, which have a great influence over a people in whom a strong but suppressed imagination profoundly works,—such a family must have had a singular hold on the popular attachments of England. History proves that they had it; and that they only lost England by an incapacity for action, and an inherent perversity of judgment, that seem to have been hereditary in the race. In the last act of the drama, during the first few years of the House of Hanover, the Stuart dynasty had still great influence in the country. They were not, indeed, in possession; and as the strength of their adherents was among the most Conservative classes, they could not regain possession: but if we could fancy them, by any freak of fortune, to have been reinstated, there would have been incredible difficulty in expelling them once more. Possibly it could not have been done, certainly it would not have been done, if the fanatical hatred of the majority of Englishmen to Popery had not coöperated with the attachment to freedom,—if a sentiment which actuated the masses had not been on the same side with the convictions which influenced the few. If the hereditary heir to the Crown had been once seated on the throne, and had consented to be converted, or to seem to be converted, to Protestantism, the chances of the Hanoverian family would have been small and feeble.

Just before the demise of Queen Anne, the prospects of the Jacobite party had much to captivate sanguine and shortsighted men. The female favourite of the queen—the reigning favourite we may call her—was indisputably on their side: the queen, who had the strongest motives to be decidedly opposed to them, was not so; her suppressed inclinations—perhaps her latent conscience—were in their favour: the first ministers of the Crown, if they had no "settled intention," to use Bolingbroke's distinction, had floating notions and vague "views" in favour of the Stuarts. In the nation at large, the inferior gentry—those of whom the Tory foxhunter of Addison is an admirable memorial—were half Jacobite: the rural clergy (the Whig historian calls them "a curse rather than a blessing to those over whom they were set"*) were more than half Jacobite: the lower class of the people—the No-Popery antipathy apart—would perhaps have inclined more to the house of Stuart than to the house of Hanover. Legitimacy is a popular title, loyalty touches the

* Hallam.

heart; the rule of a single monarch is an intelligible thing, the least educated can and do understand it: but the rule of Parliament, and the idea of a constitution, are difficult to comprehend; the lower orders of people hardly ever understand them or comprehend them. The only classes over whom the attachment to the Act of Settlement and to the constitution, such as it then existed, was really strong, were two: the higher gentry, including the nobility in that word; and the mercantile and trading classes—the "fundholders," as the Tory squires of that age called them, and fancied that they were.

It is evident that a very peculiar parliamentary constitution was required to give an expression to the real will of the nation, when the classes composing it were so divided, and when the very principle and nature of the government of the country was in dispute. What, indeed, it may be said, was the will of the country? The classes which have been specified did not agree in opinion, nor would one of them have avowedly and explicitly agreed to yield to the opinion of the class opposed to it. The squire would never have admitted that the fundholder was wiser than himself, nor would the fundholder have paid the least deference to the notions of the squire. The fact of the one having an opinion, would rather have tended to prevent the other from adopting it. How, then, was a national decision a truly national decision? It was possible in this way. The dissentient classes, as we may call those over whom Jacobitism and the extreme Toryism had the greatest influence,—the rural gentry and the rural clergy,—both yielded deference and homage, and to a certain extent confidence, to the higher gentry and the nobility, under whom, it may be said, they lived, near whose estates they were born, and who were the unquestioned heads of all the society to which they belonged. On political topics this was especially the case. Rugged prejudice of course existed, and "my lord" was not always liked; still it could not but be felt that he knew more of the world, had access to better information, had enjoyed more of what were then the rare opportunities of travelling and education, than the lower gentry had. He possessed all the means of judging which they had, and others too. A certain deference was paid then to rank which is not paid to it now, because the inherent difference between the highest orders and others in manners and in mind was much greater than any that exist at present. A national decision was then possible, and was then attained, because the classes who were the most likely to dissent, and who in reality did dissent, from what the rest of the nation wished, were precisely the classes most under the control of, and most likely to submit to, the moral influence of those who were above them.

Such being the state of the nation in the earlier part of the last century, there was an evident difficulty in giving a just expression to it. Scarcely any of the ordinary modes of government which theorists have suggested, or which continental nations have tried, would have succeeded in giving it. The most intelligent classes, those who were disposed to support the House of Hanover and the principles of liberty, were, as we have explained, the trading classes and the higher gentry. The class most confided in by the nation was the higher gentry and the nobility. Fortunately the most trusted class was a portion of the most intelligent class: the chosen leaders of the country were a part at least of those whom it was best for it to choose for its leaders; the actual guides were some of the best guides who could be found. But what constitutional arrangements would be adapted to give them by law that guidance; in what manner could the indefinite and vague deference of the people be shaped and fashioned into a polity?

Any system of democratic suffrage, we may at once say, would have been unfitted for that end. The classes into whose hands it would have thrown the power were the lower classes, who could be expected to have no intelligent appreciation of the principles of freedom, and in fact had none. Any thing like universal suffrage would have been an enormous addition to the influence of the rural clergy and the smaller squires. These two classes, being resident in the country, being known to the lowest classes, distributing all the casual advantages which they had any chance of, adjudging all the petty penalties of the local law which they had any risk of incurring, must have had preponderating influence over the rural population. They would have brought down from scattered villages and petty hamlets regiments of voters for the Stuart dynasty, who knew nothing of the real merits of the controversy to be decided, who were utterly ignorant of the very meaning of constitutional government, who could have given no account of the very nature and structure of Parliament, but who knew that the only educated persons they ever knew, the only influential persons they ever saw,—the parson of their own village, and the squire of it,—had told them to do that which they were doing. We should have then seen in England that which we now see in France. The uneducated majority would have pronounced their decision; the country would have been forced to recognise it; the law would have been compelled to enforce it. Instead of living under the constitution which we now have, we might, and probably should, have been living under a Jacobite despotism, sanctioned by the preponderant, we might say almost by the unanimous, vote of the rural population.

It may be objected, however, that the deference which we have observed that the rural clergy and the lesser squires bore to the higher gentry would have prevented this result. It may be said that, although they would have by law possessed the power of influencing in the last resort the national destiny and deciding on the national constitution, they would not in practice have done so; that they would have given up their own judgments, and would have been guided by the opinions of the classes whom they knew, and whom they admitted, to be their superiors. But experience shows that this is an error, and that those who entertain it have a mistaken view of a very important part of human nature. If you give people uncontrolled power, real, *bonâ-fide*, tangible, felt power, they will exercise it according to their own notions. Of course this is only true of classes which *have* notions. An ignorant peasantry, for example, have none; if you give them nominal political power, you do not give them any thing they can understand, or appreciate, or use. It is not real power to them; it has none of the effectiveness of power in their hands: it is an instrument they cannot employ to obtain any preconceived result; they are bewildered about its nature; they do not know what they are doing when they are exerting it; it is not any thing they can prize, and use, and enjoy. But a class of gentry or clergy, a moderately educated class of any sort, is not in this position. It has views, opinions, wishes of its own: those views may be narrow, those opinions erroneous, those wishes foolish; but they have them. They are attached to them. If power is put into their hands, they will try to carry them out in action. Under a constitution which did not give them predominant power, the Tory squire and the Tory clergy were ready to give up their vague opinions and their floating predilections; but if they had been invested with a constitutional authority and a legislative omnipotence, they would never have given those opinions and predilections up, or imagined that they could give them up; they would have stiffened them into a compact creed, and tried to realise them under the despotism of the Stuarts.

It is therefore certain that no system of universal suffrage, or of very diffused and popular suffrage, would have secured the maintenance of the House of Hanover and the security of English liberty. The lower classes would themselves probably have been on the other side; and whether that be so or no, the persons who had the greatest, the surest, and the most diffused influence over them were indisputably on the other side for the most part.

It is certain, too, that no system of uniform but not universal suffrage which would have been endured by the country would

have given at that time a real expression to the will of the country. As we have explained, the real opinion of the country was in accordance with the opinion of the wealthier trading and mercantile classes. They were zealous for the House of Hanover; the nation, though not zealous for it, was favourable to it. By establishing a high and uniform qualification for votes in large boroughs, and by giving a very considerable number of members to those large boroughs, it would have been possible, though it would have been difficult, to secure a Parliament with an opinion substantially in accordance with the decision of the nation. It would have been difficult, for the great towns were then few and scattered; the north of England, which now teems with them, was then a poor district, not only in comparison with what it now is, but also with many parts of the south as it was at that time. Still, by such a system as we have suggested, it would have been *possible* to throw the leading authority of the nation into the hands of the large towns, and into the hands of the richer persons in those towns. In practice, however, no such constitution would have been endured. The Tory gentleman would not have endured to be put into the yoke of the "fundholder" or the manufacturer. The clergy would never have endured a subjection to the class among whom Dissent had the greatest hold, and possibly a preponderating influence. To have attempted to have placed the country under the rule of the commercial classes in towns and cities, would have been a greater revolution than the change of the dynasty itself; it would have shocked the prejudices of the nation at large; it never suggested itself even to those very classes themselves.

Thus all ordinary systems of suffrage bring out one or other of two results. They would *either* have thrown preponderating and conclusive power into the hands of the lesser gentry and the clergy, *or* they would have thrown an equal and similar power into the hands of the manufacturers and merchants. The first result would have been easy: England was then a predominantly agricultural country, and it would have been very easy to frame a system of suffrage which would give the ordinary squire and the ordinary clergyman—the ruling classes in agricultural society then as now—a large predominance. Any system which gave what would seem in theory its due weight to the counties would have had that effect. A system might have been suggested which would have given enormous power to the large towns. But both these systems would have been inadequate to the end desired. That which gave preponderance to the ordinary landholder would have represented rather the tradition of Toryism than the present decision of the living nation: that which gave a preponderance to manufacturers and

traders would have been offensive to almost all the country: it would have been unendurable by many classes of it: it would not have been, in fact, a government; for it could not have governed a country in which it had no root, and to whose keenest prejudices it was adverse.

The system which was in fact adopted obviated these defects. Its peculiar nature threw preponderant power into the hands of the higher gentry and the nobility. The smaller boroughs had fallen by a kind of necessity of nature into their hands; their influence in the counties was preponderant, if not overwhelming. As we have explained, this class was the one most trusted by the nation, which was universally believed to have the greatest political intelligence, whose opinions in matter of fact were coincident with those of all the most intelligent classes. Under any other system of representation, it would not have been possible to give to this class preponderant power. It is not in the nature of any extended system of suffrage to give to a small upper class any very considerable amount of power. Their numbers are few, and their votes are immeasurably outnumbered by the votes of their inferiors. It is not possible to establish in any country a system of uniform suffrage so narrow and so high as to give to this small upper class a preponderant authority in the country. It seems ridiculous in a popular government to give votes to a very few persons only; and as soon as any uniform system of suffrage is extended beyond those few, it gives decisive predominance to the many, and on that very account withdraws it from the less numerous but more educated orders.

In this way, therefore, we think it certain that in the earlier part of the last century the old system of representation, by throwing into the hands of a peculiar and influential class the predominant authority in the state, was more beneficial to the nation than a more diffused and popular system would have been. The materials for the creation of constituencies both numerous and intelligent, both well-educated and influential, did not exist. The practical choice was between an uninstructed number and a select few: our constitution gave the preponderance to the latter; and in the great struggle between the House of Stuart and the House of Hanover,—between the principle of legitimacy and the principle of freedom,—the consequences were beneficial and were decisive. It not only secured the authority of a free government, but the ease with which it did so has disguised from us the difficulties with which it contended. The victory was so complete, that the recollection of the conflict is confused.

With that struggle, however, the singular usefulness of the

old system of representation certainly ended. We do not think that, in the remaining part of the history of the eighteenth century, it gave at all a better expression to the national opinion than any other system would have done. Various writers have made charges against the English government on account of the wars which marked the period; but we think unjustly. On the whole, no nation of equal strength, of equal courage, and of equal pride, has ever in the history of the world pursued a course so tranquil. We were entangled in a Spanish war; we were induced by our Hanoverian connections to intermeddle unnecessarily in Germany; we were at war occasionally, as in every century we have from time to time been, with France: but none of these wars were wars of ambition. We wished when at war for national glory: we were not sorry to go to war, because we thought we might gain glory in it; but we never went to war with a distinct desire for territorial aggrandisement. We have never had in our national character any principle of aggression. We have no such settled inciting motive. On the contrary, we wish that every one shall have his own,—shall retain whatever he has already by right or by prescription; though we are jealous—jealous even to slaying of any one who by hint, allusion, or suggestion, throws a doubt upon our own title to any thing which we already have. We are by nature unwilling to relinquish, though we are not desirous to acquire.

The actual government of the last century carried out these principles fairly and well; but it is probable that any other government which the English people would have borne would have done so equally. A more democratic government would perhaps have been more warlike: but an English democracy will probably never be very warlike; it will never engage in a continued series of intentional aggressions; least of all would it have done so in the last century, when there was no struggle in Europe which could arouse the popular passions, and no cause which could interest profoundly the popular imagination. The wars of Protestantism had passed away, and the wars of Jacobinism had not yet begun. It is possible that a more democratic government would, with its inherent aggressive instincts, have interfered somewhat more in the petty wars of circumstance and occasion which complicate the history of the last century, and make it so tedious to us now. But we did interfere a good deal in them as it was. For an aristocracy, ours has never been a pacific aristocracy. It is in many ways their boast, their pride, and their merit, that they have less of the distinctive peculiarities of an aristocracy than any other which has ever existed; they claim justly to have a more popular interest, and a more vigorous sympathy. The blame that attaches to them is similar:

they have shown the same qualities in the defects of their government: they have had but little of the refining, calculating, diplomatic habit which usually characterises the policy of an hereditary class that have much to lose in war, and much to enjoy in peace. The English aristocracy is the most warlike of great aristocracies, and the English nation is the least warlike of free nations. Few of the many threads of union which so richly pervade our social system have been more influential than this one. We have had much of martial manliness where we should have expected but little; we have had much of apathetic indifference where we might have looked for an aggressive passion. The warmth above has been greater, and that below less, than a theorist would have expected; and therefore our social fabric has been more equable in temperature than we should have ventured to predict.

In the quiet times, therefore, of the middle part of the eighteenth century there is no particular reason for believing that our old system gave a much better or a much worse representation to the national voice than any other system might have been expected to give. In the more troubled times of the American war and the French war, there is even less reason to think that any other system would have varied much the course of our policy. We should have tried to conquer America under any government; and we should have tried to resist the aggressive proselytism of France under any government. We may form our own opinions now of the expediency, the justice, or the possibility of these attempts; we may think that the American war showed national narrow-mindedness, and the French war showed national irritability; but the indubitable fact remains, that both the one and the other were popular in their day, and that both were thoroughly acceptable to the community at large as well as to the aristocracy.

There is, however, great and conclusive reason to believe that, during the later period of its existence, the old system of representation had an inherent defect peculiar to itself, which, if it did not disqualify altogether for giving a correct embodiment to national opinion, made it much less likely than most other systems of representation to do so perfectly. The social condition of England had undergone a series of very extensive changes between the time of the accession of the House of Hanover and the year 1832. A new world—a world of industry and manufacture—had been created; new interests had arisen; new modes of thought had been awakened; new habits of mind had been engendered. The mercantile and manufacturing classes, which had risen to influence, were naturally unrecognised by the ancient constitution; they lived under its

protection, but they were unknown to its letter; they had thoughts which it did not take account of, and ideas with which it was inconsistent. The structure of English society was still half feudal, and its new elements were utterly unfeudal. It was impossible to subject Lancashire, such as it became, to the dominion of any aristocracy, however ancient and long-descended it might be. Such rulers were not fitted for such subjects, nor were such subjects fitted for such rulers. Between the two classes there was a contrast which made the higher unintelligible to the lower, and the lower disagreeable to the higher. Education, moreover, was diffusing itself. The political intelligence of the aristocratic classes was no longer so superior to that of other classes, as it had formerly been. The necessary means of information were more widely accessible than they had been, and were very extensively used. The contrast between the constitution of England and England itself in consequence became day by day greater and greater, and at last became unendurable. We have not space to go into detail on this part of the subject, and it is not necessary to go into details about it. If it had not been for the terror excited throughout Europe by the French revolution, the old system of parliamentary representation could hardly by possibility have lasted as long as it did. In the end it passed away; and the recollection of the evils of its latter time has obscured the remembrance of its former usefulness. As we have shown, it long gave us a Parliament coincident in judgment with the nation; it maintained upon the throne the dynasty under which we live, and secured the foundations of English liberty. It long worked well; and if at last it worked ill, the excuses for its doing so were many. It had survived all that was akin to it, and was in contact with every thing which was most discordant to it. A constitution which was adapted to the England of 1700 must necessarily be unadapted to the England of 1832. Changes so momentous as there had been between those years in our society required and enforced equivalent alteration in our polity.

Such is the general result of this long examination of our old system of representation in the main quality of a representative system—that by which above all others it must stand or fall—its coincidence with the *real* national opinion. We see that this is a mixed and a complicated, but not on the whole an unsatisfactory one. We will now shortly examine our old system in three other respects. Did it give a means of expression to the views of all classes? Did it secure to us really strong administrations? Did it train for us efficient statesmen? If we can in any way answer these questions, it will, we think, be admitted that we have discussed the most important part of

the subject, and examined our former system of representation by the tests that are most stringent and satisfactory.

In the second requisite of the representative system, that which existed in England in the last century must be considered to have been successful. It gave a means of expression to all classes whose minds required an expression. The mercantile and trading class had not, as we have just explained, their due weight in the system of government; they did not regulate all that they should have regulated, or control all that they should have controlled; but they had always the means of expressing their sentiments. They had not, especially in the later times, a representation proportioned to their intelligence and their influence; but they always had *some* representation. The gentry were not only represented, but over-represented. Especially during the closing years of the eighteenth century and the first few years of the nineteenth, their influence was unreasonably great, and their despotism absolute. They ruled the country without check and without resistance; they were subject only to a weak and modified remonstrance; they had but to listen in the House of Commons to the speeches of those whom they could immeasurably outvote; they had but to quell out of doors the unrecognised murmurs of an unorganised multitude, which had long obeyed them, which was still ready to obey them, which did not know its own power.

With respect to the lowest class of all, the working of our own system of representation is peculiarly instructive. That system, by its letter, attempted to throw a good deal of power into their hands. In a great number of boroughs the suffrage, as we have seen, was practically all but universal; all inhabitant householders not receiving alms very frequently had votes. What is now so much desired, the representation of the working-classes then really existed. In Stafford, in Coventry, and in other places, the lowest classes were preponderant. Those classes had then the means of making their voice heard, and their sentiments known, in Parliament. They had some influence in the State, though they did not rule the State. In theory our constitution was at that time in this point perfect. As we read the description of it, we believe that nothing could be better. In practice it was a failure. The trial of the experiment demonstrated that it is useless to provide means for expressing the political thoughts of classes who have no such thoughts. The freemen of Stafford and Coventry did not send to Parliament members who really and truly expressed the opinions and sentiments of the working-classes, because the working-classes had no opinion on matters of legislation and administration, and had only vague ideas of what was passing in their time. For

the most part, they used the power which was given to them, not as an opportunity of influence, but as a source of income. They did not think of it as something by which they could control the rich, but as something which they could sell to the rich. Sheridan has left an amusing document as to the constituency of Stafford. They probably did not expect that so unbusinesslike a person should have preserved so businesslike a document; but it is as follows:

R. B. Sheridan, Esq. Expenses at the Borough of Stafford for Election anno 1784.

248 Burgesses, paid £5 5 0 each . . .					£1302	0 0
Yearly Expenses since.						
	£	*s.*	*d.*			
House-rent and taxes . .	23	6	6			
Servant at 6*s.* per week board wages	15	12	0			
Ditto, yearly wages . . .	8	8	0			
Coals, &c.	10	0	0			
				57 6 6		
Ale-tickets	40	0	0			
Half the member's plate . .	25	0	0			
Swearing young burgesses .	10	0	0			
Subscription to the Infirmary	5	5	0			
Ditto clergymen's widows .	2	2	0			
Ringers	4	4	0			
				86 11 0		
One year				143 17 6		
Multiplied by years . . .				6		
					863	5 0
Total expense of six years' parliament, exclusive of expense incurred during the time of election and your own annual expenses					£2165	5 0

Corruption of this kind, and perhaps sometimes greater in degree, prevailed in almost every town in which the suffrage was very extended. As the wealth of the country grew, the price of votes became greater. If the old system of representation had endured till now, we can scarcely estimate how great it would by this time have become. Experience proved what our theories suggest, that the enfranchisement of the corruptible is in truth the establishment of corruption.

In one respect, however, the representation of the working-classes which we formerly had in this country may be considered to have been successful. The towns in which the suffrage was practically universal at times sent to the House of Commons,

not spokesmen of their own grievances, but spokesmen of grievances in general. Sir Francis Burdett is but the type, and the best-known instance, of a whole class of members who, in former times, were always ready to state any one's complaints, without much inquiry whether they were true; to bring forward a case, without much asking whether it were very well founded; to make a general declamation about the sufferings of the country which was a kind of *caveat* against abuses in general, and might be construed as a protest against any particular one which chanced to occur. Such undiscriminating and vague invectives had their use. They prevented gross instances of administrative harshness—at least they tended to prevent them. They prevented the air of politics from becoming stagnant; they broke the monotony of class domination. But it may be questioned whether, on the whole, their influence was beneficial. These reckless orators had but little moral weight; they were too ready with their statements to have them trusted, they were too undiscriminating in their objections for those objections to have influence. A weak Opposition is commonly said to be more advantageous to a government than no Opposition at all; it gives an impression to the public that all which can be said against the plans of the Cabinet has been said; it gives an impression that what is unchecked is checked, that what is uncontrolled is controlled. It diminishes the practical responsibility of an administration, by diminishing the popular conception of its power. In the same way, the vague demagogues who occasionally appeared in the old House of Commons did not weaken the substantial power of the classes that ruled there. They were "her majesty's" objectors. It was their province to say that whatever was done was done wrong. It was not therefore of much consequence what the administration did. They were sure of its being opposed, they were sure of its being carried; and they had therefore the advantage of complete power without the odium of enforcing silence. A despotism disguised in this manner is perhaps more uncontrolled than any other despotism:—such, however, was the mode in which the attempt of our old system of representation to give special members to the lowest classes really operated. It failed in what may be considered its characteristic function. The ideas of the lowest classes on politics were still unheard in the legislature, because those classes had no ideas. A confused popular feeling sometimes sent popular orators to Parliament. But the kind of indiscriminate objection and monotonous invective which those orators without ceasing made use of, seem to have been rather an assistance than an obstruction to the governing classes. The lesson of the whole history indubitably is, that it is in vain to

lower the level of political representation beneath the level of political capacity; that below that level you may easily give nominal power, but cannot possibly give real power; that at best you give a vague voice to an unreasoning instinct, that in general you only give the corruptible an opportunity to become corrupt.

It is often said, and commonly believed, that the old system of representation secured, under almost all circumstances, the existence and the continuance of what is called a strong government: it is believed that under that system the administration of the day had almost always the power to carry any legislative measure which it deemed beneficial, and to do any executive act which it might think fit. History, however, when it is accurately reviewed, affords little or no confirmation of this idea. Many parts of the history of England during the existence of our old constitution bear, on the very face of them, the most conspicuous evidence that there was then no security for the existence of a strong executive government. Many administrations during the last century, so far from being preëminently powerful, were not moderately coherent. The earlier part of George the Third's reign is simply the history of a series of feeble governments, which had little power to act as they intended, or to legislate as they desired. The traditional notion of the strength of governments in former times is founded upon the enormous strength of the administrations which successively directed the long struggle with France and Napoleon. The French revolution frightened the English nation; it haunted the people of that generation so much, that they could not look any where but they imagined that they saw the traces of it. Priestley interpreted the prophecies by means of it; Mitford wrote Grecian history by the aid of it. If its effect was so striking in the out-of-the-way parts of literature, in politics its effect might well be expected to be extreme. It *was* extreme. The English people were terrified into unity. They ceased to be divided into parliamentary sections, as their fathers were divided, or as their grandchildren are now divided. The process by which the unanimity of the nation created a corresponding unanimity in the House of Commons was simple and was effectual. The noblemen and gentlemen who had the greatest influence in the counties, and a certain number of whom were proprietors of boroughs,—the class which, as we have seen, had a despotic control over the House of Commons as it then was,—felt the antipathy to French principles as much as any other class; perhaps they did not feel it more, though some persons have thought they did, than the rest of the nation; but they undoubtedly did not feel it less. The Parliament was as united in its

dislike to Jacobinism, and in its resistance to Napoleon, as the nation was; and it could not be more so. The large majorities, therefore, of the administrations of Mr. Pitt and Lord Liverpool, are not attributable to any peculiar excellence in the parliamentary constitution of that period; any tolerable system of parliamentary representation would equally have produced them; the country was too united for even an approximate representation of it not to be so.

It is undoubtedly, however, believed by very many persons that the old system of representation contained a peculiar machinery for securing the strength of the executive. This theory, it has been well observed, constituted the "esoteric doctrine of the Tory party." The celebrated question asked by the Duke of Wellington, "How is the king's government to be carried on if the bill passes?" which has since received a practical answer, indicates without concealment the real view of English government entertained by him and his party. They held that if the majority of the House of Commons consisted of persons not nominated by great borough proprietors, but freely chosen by genuine popular election, the government could not be carried on. They believed it to be necessary that a government should repose upon an immovable phalanx of members for close boroughs; and that the members returned for open seats should be a minority, who would confine themselves to criticising the government in their speeches, without being able to shake its stability by their votes.* In this conception there was, indeed, an obvious difficulty: it provided that a large majority in Parliament should be always maintained by the close union of the members for the smaller boroughs. But who was to keep those members themselves united? They represented only the proprietors of their respective seats; and who was to keep either them or those proprietors always of one mind? If the nation at large was divided, why should not these persons partake of the division? The advocates of this theory had a ready answer; they said that the proprietors of the boroughs, and the members for them, were to be kept on the side of the government by means of the patronage of the government; they thought that places should be offered to the borough owners and to the borough members for their friends and for themselves; and that in this way they might be kept united, and be always induced to support the administration. This theory was not a theory merely; it was reduced to practice by several prime ministers,—by the Duke of Newcastle, by Sir Robert Walpole, and by others. Those who tried it had undoubtedly a great advantage; they had the materials that were needful, they had the patronage. We have

* Edinburgh Review, Jan. 1859.

no space to inquire how the establishments of the last century came to be so cumbrous; but most cumbrous they were. We are amazed nowadays at the names of the old sinecures, at the number of half-useless places, at what seems the childish lavishness of the public offices; but this profusion, though not perhaps created for a purpose, was used for a purpose. Old feudal offices, which had once served to mark the favour or the gratitude of the Crown, were employed as a kind of purchase-money to buy the adhesion of parliamentary proprietors: titles in the peerage, too, were used to the same end; all the available resources of the age were, in truth, concentrated upon it. In part this consistent exertion of very great means of influence was effectual; sometimes it really did make a government strong; and some writers, who have not duly weighed the facts of history, have believed that it always must do so: but there are in its very nature three fundamental defects, which must always hinder its working for a long period with constant efficiency.

In the first place, the theory of this machinery is that the patronage of the Crown is to be used to purchase votes. But *who* is to use the patronage? The theory assumes that it is to be used by the minister of the day. According to it, the head of the party which is predominant in Parliament is to employ the patronage of the Crown for the purpose of confirming that predominance. But suppose that the Crown chooses to object to this; suppose that the king for the time being should say, "This patronage is mine; the places in question are places in my service; the pensions in question are pensions from me: I will myself have at least some share in the influence that is acquired by the conferring of those pensions, and the distribution of those places." George III. actually did say this. He was a king in one respect among a thousand; he was willing to do the work of a Secretary of the Treasury; his letters for very many years are filled with the petty details of patronage; he directed who should have what, and stipulated who should not have any thing. This interference of the king must evidently in theory, and did certainly in fact, destroy the efficiency of the alleged expedient. Very much of the patronage of the Crown went, not to the adherents of the prime minister, because they were his adherents, but to the king's friends, because they were his friends. Many writers have been very severe on George III. for taking the course which he did take, and have frequently repeated the well-known maxims, which show that what he did was a deviation from the constitution. Very likely it was, but what is the use of a constitution which takes no account of the ordinary motives of human nature? It was inevitable that an ambitious king, who had industry enough to act as he did,

would so act. Let us consider his position. He was invested with authority which was apparently great. He was surrounded by noblemen and gentlemen who passed their life in paying him homage, and in professing perhaps excessive doctrines of loyal obedience to him. When the Duke of Devonshire, or the Duke of Bedford, or the Duke of Newcastle, approached the royal closet, they implied by words and manners that he had immeasurably more power than they had. In fact it was expected that he should have immeasurably less. It was expected that, though these noblemen daily acknowledged that he was their superior, he should constantly act as if he were their inferior. The prime minister was in reality appointed by them, and it was expected that the king should do what the prime minister told him; that he should assent to measures on which he was not consulted; that he should make peace when Mr. Grenville said peace was right; that he should make war whenever Mr. Grenville said war was right; that he should allow the offices of his household and the dignities of his court to be used as a means for the support of cabinets whose members he disliked, and whose policy he disapproved of. It is evident that no man who was not imbecile would be content with such a position. It is not difficult to bear to be without power, it is not very difficult to bear to have only the mockery of power; but it is unbearable to have real power, and to be told that you must content yourself with the mockery of it; it is unendurable to have in your hands an effectual instrument of substantial influence, and also to act day by day as a pageant, without any influence whatever. Human nature has never endured this, and we may be quite sure that it never will endure it. It is a fundamental error in the "esoteric theory" of the Tory party, that it assumed the king and the prime minister to be always of the same mind, while they often were of different minds.

A still more remarkable defect in the so-called strength procured under the old system of representation by the use of patronage was the *instability* of that strength. It especially failed at the moment at which it was especially wanted. A majority in Parliament which is united by a sincere opinion, and is combined to carry out that opinion, is in some sense secure. As long as that opinion is unchanged, it will remain; it can only be destroyed by weakening the conviction which binds it together. A majority which is obtained by the employment of patronage is very different; it is combined mainly by *an expectation*. Sir Robert Walpole, the great master in the art of dispensing patronage, defined gratitude as an anticipation of future favours; he meant that the majority which maintained his administration was collected, not by recollec-

tion, but by hope; they thought not so much of favours which were past as of favours which were to come. At a critical moment this bond of union was ordinarily weak. If the minister of the day should fail, he would confer favours no longer; the patronage that was coveted would pass into the gift of the minister who succeeded him. The expectation upon which a minister's strength under the old system of representation was based, varied, therefore, with the expectation that he would succeed. It was most potent when it was certain that the minister would be victorious; it was weak and hesitating when it was dubious whether he might not be beaten and retire. In other words, that source of strength was prolific when it was not wanted; when it was wanted, it was scarcely perceptible. In a time of doubt and difficulty every member of such a majority inevitably distrusted his neighbour. If others deserted the government, his support would be useless to the minister, and pernicious to himself. A man who wanted places would wish to support, not the administration which was about to go out, but the administration which was just coming in. A curious example of this tendency is preserved in the memoirs of Lord Rockingham. "I will go through," said the Duke of Newcastle, the minister who was just going out,—"I will go through the elections as well as I can, and endeavour to see what they (the Court) really intend. I think it is too late for them to do any mischief. They may be disagreeable, and defeat some of our friends, and act directly contrary to what they promised; but they can't now alter the tone and complexion of the new Parliament: that is all settled; and so far my staying in to this time has been of use." On the above letter the second Lord Hardwicke has made the following remark: "Notwithstanding the choice of the Parliament, which the Duke of Newcastle piques himself upon, they forsook him for Lord Bute when his standard was set up." Lord Bute was of course the minister who was about to come in, and who, after a very brief interval, did come in. In like manner, much of the strength of Sir Robert Walpole passed to Mr. Pelham, and Mr. Addington succeeded to much of Mr. Pitt's. In these cases, as soon as it became pretty clear that the minister of the day would cease soon to be such, almost all the parliamentary following which was procured by the expectation of receiving from him places and pensions very rapidly melted away.

It was of course still more certain that when the minister of the day had really ceased to be minister, and was not likely to return, no one thought much about him. The power that was gained by the use of patronage was not only unstable in

the popular sense of being weak and easily overthrown, but it was unstable also in the peculiar sense in which the mathematicians use that word; for when overthrown, it was very difficult to set it up again. It had not any intrinsic tendency to return of itself to the state of equilibrium. The best example of this is to be found in one of the features of the old system of representation which is most frequently regarded as strengthening the government. There were some sixteen boroughs called Treasury boroughs, in which there were dockyards or other government establishments, and in which the administration for the time being had, as such, a predominant influence. These sixteen boroughs ensured the minister who was in power at each parliamentary election thirty-two votes. But the singular insecurity of such a source of strength is very clear. The existence of it was a premium upon dissolutions. A new administration could certainly count in a new Parliament on diminishing their adversaries' strength by thirty-two votes, and on augmenting their own strength by thirty-two also. When parties were equally divided, such a foundation of power could not but be weak. A minister might possess it to-day; but if his adversary should come in and dissolve, it would cease to aid him, and begin to aid that adversary.*

This characteristic instability of a majority procured by patronage inevitably weakened the confidence of a prime minister in a struggle with the Crown. Theoretical writers have often blamed the successive prime ministers of George III. for permitting him to interfere with the distribution of what was, by the ordinary theory of the constitution, their patronage. But they could not help it. The king had at critical moments the power of saying who should be minister. He could at least, in

* The following is the list given of the government boroughs:

	Treasury.	
Dartmouth		2
Dover		1
Harwich		2
Hythe		2
Windsor		1
Hampshire		2
Yarmouth (Norfolk)		1
		—11
	Admiralty.	
Queenborough		1
Rochester		1
Sandwich		2
		— 4
	Ordnance.	
Queensborough		1
Total number of members returned by government in England and Wales only		16

The whole representation of Scotland was in much the same position.

times when the divisions were close and the government was weak, at any moment transfer the *purchasing power* from the head of the administration to the leader of the opposition. It was in consequence impossible for any minister on dubious occasions to refuse the king a share in the patronage. If he did not concede some of it, he would in all likelihood lose the whole of it.

A third inherent defect in the administrative strength obtained by the use of patronage is its certain unpopularity. Mankind call it corruption. Refined reasoners may prove, or fancy they prove, that it is desirable; they may demonstrate that it is possibly in some degree inevitable; but they will never induce ordinary men to like it. Of all governments, it is the least impressive to the popular imagination. It seems not only to have vice for its adjunct, but vice for its principle. All governments are feeble which cannot appeal with confidence to the moral instincts of their subjects; but it appears almost impudent in this one to attempt to do so. It exists because it has successfully applied bad motives to men susceptible of bad motives. As the secret of its power appears to be base, it loses its hold over the loyalty of mankind. We have seen this exemplified in a conspicuous instance in France. The monarchy of Louis Philippe was weak because it was believed to be maintained by bribery and to be supported from immoral motives. The same cause long weakened, and was at last the chief agent in destroying, the long, prosperous, and able ministry of Sir Robert Walpole. It was to no purpose that he governed well; it was to no purpose that he administered general affairs consummately, or that he regulated the finances wisely,—it was to no purpose that he showed that those who opposed him were impelled to do so by very mean motives: no defensive considerations availed him. It was believed that his government was maintained by corruption, and a kind of disgust gradually grew up towards it, long impaired, and at length annihilated it. Every government under the old system of representation that continued long in office was sure to contract this stain; that of Lord Liverpool did not escape it. There were sure to be some instances of misapplied patronage, which inevitably incurred the censure, and irritated the feelings, of thinking men. This unpopularity is a source of more continued weakness to a government than would be at first sight imagined. It might be thought that an administration with plenty of votes would have plenty of courage, but it is not so. A certain timidity belongs to all oligarchies, and to an unpopular oligarchy, to an oligarchy that is believed to rest upon corruption, above all. It is timid at every outcry, and it yields whenever it can. In the

plenitude of power Sir Robert Walpole did not press his excise scheme, though it was a wise one, and though he was sure that it was so; he felt that at a crisis he was weak, that the popular odium was not compensated by parliamentary support. Make what refined devices we may, in every free government any strong opinion that possesses the multitude will be powerful; it will not be least powerful where the government is conscious that it rests upon a basis which is odious to common men, and which therefore shuns a popular scrutiny.

For these reasons, therefore, we think, when the subject is accurately examined, the supposed strength which the administrations of the last century are commonly said to have derived from the employment of patronage was a strength rather seeming than substantial. It added to the strength of administrations otherwise strong, and that did not need it; but it was not in its nature to strengthen those which were weak, or to aid, as it is sometimes believed to have aided, tottering administrations at a fatal division.

But even for this strength, such as it was, the people of the last century paid a very heavy price. They purchased it by the almost total sacrifice of efficiency in administration. We can hardly at the present day conceive how utterly feeble that administration formerly was. Nor have we space to go into the details of the subject. But one test on the subject may be easily used; we mean, the test of success. Our administrative system was subjected in the last century to three of the most searching tests of efficiency. It was tried by a riot, by a rebellion within the island, by the resistance of our greatest colonies. If any events can bring out the latent vigour of an administration, these would probably bring it out. They did not, however, do so. We all know the utter feebleness and miserable inefficiency with which the mobs of 1780 were resisted, if resistance it can be called. We know that London was then almost as much at the mercy of its worst inhabitants as Paris has ever been. But it is not so generally known that similar events nearly as bad, though not quite as bad, had happened before; but they did happen. In Hume's *Correspondence* there is a curious description of the riots of 1765:. "Another very extraordinary event is the riot which the silk-weavers have made for some days past. They got a bill passed in the House of Commons to prevent more effectually the importation of foreign silks, which the Duke of Bedford threw out in the House of Lords. The next day, above ten thousand of these people came down to the House, desiring redress, with drums beating and colours flying. They attacked the Duke of Bedford in his chariot, and threw so large a stone

at him, that if he had not put out his hand, and saved his head by having his thumb cut to the bone, he must have been killed. He behaved with great resolution, and got free of them; since which time he has remained blockaded in his own house, and defended by the troops. Yesterday the same number of weavers assembled again at the House of Lords, where the horse and foot guards were to secure the entry for the Peers. The mob were ranged before the soldiers, and their colours were playing in the faces of his majesty's troops. The degree of security with which these people commit felony seems to me the most formidable circumstance in the whole: they carry in their whole deportment so much tranquillity and ease, that they do not seem apprised of the illegality of their proceedings. It is really serious to see the legislature of this country intimidated by such a rabble; and to see the House of Lords send for Justice Fielding, to hear him prove for how many reasons he ought not to do his duty. The Duke of Bedford is still in danger of his life if he goes out of his house; and we expect to see the same number of people assembled every day, till something more vigorous is done than any one has yet chosen to propose. The spirit of robbing has gone forth in this nation to a degree that we have not experienced this century past, and it will not be found so easy a matter to quell it" (pp. 55, 56).

No description can be more graphic of the weakness of a feeble administration, unmoved by evident danger. We need not dwell on the other instances of inefficiency to which we have alluded. In 1745, the administration of the day—a divided and discordant administration, it is true—permitted a small body of half-disciplined Highlanders to advance into the centre of England. So imperfect were their arrangements, that some good judges of evidence have thought that if Charles Edward had pushed on towards London, he might have succeeded in taking it. The war with our North-American Colonies was conducted with as little wisdom and energy; it could not be with less. The whole strength of the empire was never put forth; and historians have often wondered at the series of petty expeditions and inconclusive conflicts, with which so great a country as England endeavoured to reduce so great a country as America. Lord North's government was perhaps somewhat feebler than many of the governments of the last century; but even if so, it is only because it exhibits the characteristic defects belonging to them all in a conspicuous and aggravated form. It was not exceptionally inefficient, but characteristically inefficient.

The explanation of this inefficiency is simple. It was caused by the abuse of patronage; or rather, to speak the language of

the old Tory theory, by *the use* of it to bribe members of parliament and proprietors of boroughs. George II. is reported to have said to Sir Robert Walpole, "I won't have my army jobbed away for your members: it shan't be." It had been, however; and the state of the English army at the commencement of the long war with France is a conclusive proof of it. Burke, in his speech on economical reform, has explained this point with more humour than is usual with him:

"There was another disaster far more doleful than this. I shall state it, as the cause of that misfortune lies at the bottom of almost all our prodigality. Lord Talbot attempted to reform the kitchen; but such, as he well observed, is the consequence of having duty done by one person, whilst another enjoys the emoluments, that he found himself frustrated in all his designs. On that rock his whole adventure split—his whole scheme of economy was dashed to pieces; his department became more expensive than ever; the Civil-List debt accumulated—why? It was truly from a cause which, though perfectly adequate to the effect, one would not have instantly guessed—it was because the *turnspit in the king's kitchen was a member of parliament.** The king's domestic servants were all undone; his tradesmen remained unpaid and became bankrupt—*because the turnspit in the king's kitchen was a member of parliament.* His majesty's slumbers were interrupted, his pillow was stuffed with thorns, and his peace of mind entirely broken—*because the king's turnspit was a member of parliament.* The judges were unpaid, the justice of the kingdom bent and gave way, the foreign ministers remained inactive and unprovided; the system of Europe was dissolved; the chain of our alliances was broken; all the wheels of government at home and abroad were stopped—*because the king's turnspit was a member of parliament.*" The efficiency of the public offices was sacrificed, in order that the best posts in them might be better used as parliamentary purchase-money. It would have been a heavy price to pay even for a government that was really strong.

It is curious, that though under our old constitution so heavy a price was paid for parliamentary support, and so little support was at critical moments obtained by that price, the governments of that day did very little with the strength which they so bought, after they had bought it. We nowadays consider that the first use which a prime minister will make of a large majority, is to legislate with it. In the last century men did not think so. Lord John Russell justly said in the House of Commons, that there was no statute, no act of

* "Vide Lord Talbot's speech, in Almond's *Parliamentary Register*, vol. vii. p. 79, of the proceedings of the Lords."

legislation, which we can connect with or can trace to Lord Chatham, who was the most celebrated minister of England during the last century. There have been a greater number of important Acts of Parliament passed in the last twenty years than in the previous hundred and twenty. The people of England, a hundred years ago, and their Parliament also, were habitually satisfied with their existing institutions: they did not care to abolish any of these, or to introduce any new ones. Accordingly, when the minister at that time had bought his majority, he had nothing to do with it except to keep himself minister.

On the whole, therefore, we do not think that our old system of representation is entitled to the credit, which it has often received, for causing and maintaining strong administrations. The ingenious devices which it contained seem to us to have failed whenever they were really wanted; and we conclude, from the entire history of the last century, that governments were then only strong when public opinion was definite and decided, and when that is so they will be strong now.

The only one of our questions as to our old system of representation that is still unanswered is, What was the degree of its suitability for training and developing statesmen? Lord Macaulay has in more than one part of his writings expressed a doubt whether all representative systems are not in this respect defective. They require, he says, that an influential statesman should be an orator, and especially a ready and debating orator; and this he considers is inexpedient. He appears to believe, both that the practice of debating injures the intellect, and that the conviction of its necessity makes a statesman prize and practise qualities which are not essential to his true calling in preference to those which really are so. He believes that the statesman is induced to think more of the House of Commons, and of the effect which his measures would produce there, than is desirable; and also that the habit of defending those measures by very questionable arguments disorganises the intellect of a statesman and renders it much less fit than it would otherwise be for the investigation of important truths. There is doubtless some truth in these ideas; the practical working of a representative government often tends to produce these hurtful effects upon the minds of the statesmen who are eminent under it. And not only so. All free governments are to some extent unfavourable to much originality of mind in their influential statesmen. They necessitate an appeal to the people; and the mind of the people is almost by definition ordinary and commonplace. The opinions of the majority of mankind almost necessarily partake of these qualities; and those who have to please

that majority must in all ages, to some extent, cultivate them. And these are serious disadvantages. But, on the other hand, it may be fairly believed that no system which has yet been devised secures for the most eminent statesmen in a nation so large a number of great qualities as are necessary for the prime minister under a well-developed system of parliamentary government. It is true, that a man who is eminent in that position may not be in the least eminent in abstract or original reflection; it is possible that he may be beneath the average capacity of men in that respect. But, on the other hand, this defect is not peculiar to a parliamentary system of government. No device has yet been suggested for securing the supremacy in the state to persons capable of original thought. A prime minister under a parliamentary constitution must have a very great number of other great qualities. He must be a man of business long trained in great affairs; he must be, if not a great orator, a great explainer; he must be able to expound with perspicuity to a mixed assembly complicated measures and involved transactions; he must be a great party leader, and have the knowledge of men, the easy use of men, and the miscellaneous sagacity, which such eminence necessarily implies; he must be a ready man, a managing man, and an intelligible man: and under no other system of government with which we are acquainted is there any security that all these, or an equal number of other, important qualities will constantly be found in the ruler of a nation. All these qualities the system of representation which existed in England during the last century secured to the utmost. We might easily run over the names of the eminent statesmen whom it produced: but it is needless; we know that they were eminent, and we know that they were many.

A claim has often been made on behalf of the old close boroughs, that the number and the greatness of these statesmen is due to them. A very long list of the names of the statesmen who were brought into Parliament during the last century by those boroughs is set forth, and it is alleged that the excellence of these great statesmen was a conspicuous advantage which resulted from the machinery that introduced them to public life. But to this argument there will be found, when the subject is narrowly examined, to be several important qualifications.

In the first place, a great number of remarkable men undoubtedly came into Parliament under the old system of representation by means of the close boroughs, simply and solely because that was at that time the readiest and simplest mode of coming in. If any other mode had been the readiest, they would have availed themselves of that instead. Take the case

legislation, which we can connect with or can trace to Lord Chatham, who was the most celebrated minister of England during the last century. There have been a greater number of important Acts of Parliament passed in the last twenty years than in the previous hundred and twenty. The people of England, a hundred years ago, and their Parliament also, were habitually satisfied with their existing institutions: they did not care to abolish any of these, or to introduce any new ones. Accordingly, when the minister at that time had bought his majority, he had nothing to do with it except to keep himself minister.

On the whole, therefore, we do not think that our old system of representation is entitled to the credit, which it has often received, for causing and maintaining strong administrations. The ingenious devices which it contained seem to us to have failed whenever they were really wanted; and we conclude, from the entire history of the last century, that governments were then only strong when public opinion was definite and decided, and when that is so they will be strong now.

The only one of our questions as to our old system of representation that is still unanswered is, What was the degree of its suitability for training and developing statesmen? Lord Macaulay has in more than one part of his writings expressed a doubt whether all representative systems are not in this respect defective. They require, he says, that an influential statesman should be an orator, and especially a ready and debating orator; and this he considers is inexpedient. He appears to believe, both that the practice of debating injures the intellect, and that the conviction of its necessity makes a statesman prize and practise qualities which are not essential to his true calling in preference to those which really are so. He believes that the statesman is induced to think more of the House of Commons, and of the effect which his measures would produce there, than is desirable; and also that the habit of defending those measures by very questionable arguments disorganises the intellect of a statesman and renders it much less fit than it would otherwise be for the investigation of important truths. There is doubtless some truth in these ideas; the practical working of a representative government often tends to produce these hurtful effects upon the minds of the statesmen who are eminent under it. And not only so. All free governments are to some extent unfavourable to much originality of mind in their influential statesmen. They necessitate an appeal to the people; and the mind of the people is almost by definition ordinary and commonplace. The opinions of the majority of mankind almost necessarily partake of these qualities; and those who have to please

that majority must in all ages, to some extent, cultivate them. And these are serious disadvantages. But, on the other hand, it may be fairly believed that no system which has yet been devised secures for the most eminent statesmen in a nation so large a number of great qualities as are necessary for the prime minister under a well-developed system of parliamentary government. It is true, that a man who is eminent in that position may not be in the least eminent in abstract or original reflection; it is possible that he may be beneath the average capacity of men in that respect. But, on the other hand, this defect is not peculiar to a parliamentary system of government. No device has yet been suggested for securing the supremacy in the state to persons capable of original thought. A prime minister under a parliamentary constitution must have a very great number of other great qualities. He must be a man of business long trained in great affairs; he must be, if not a great orator, a great explainer; he must be able to expound with perspicuity to a mixed assembly complicated measures and involved transactions; he must be a great party leader, and have the knowledge of men, the easy use of men, and the miscellaneous sagacity, which such eminence necessarily implies; he must be a ready man, a managing man, and an intelligible man: and under no other system of government with which we are acquainted is there any security that all these, or an equal number of other, important qualities will constantly be found in the ruler of a nation. All these qualities the system of representation which existed in England during the last century secured to the utmost. We might easily run over the names of the eminent statesmen whom it produced: but it is needless; we know that they were eminent, and we know that they were many.

A claim has often been made on behalf of the old close boroughs, that the number and the greatness of these statesmen is due to them. A very long list of the names of the statesmen who were brought into Parliament during the last century by those boroughs is set forth, and it is alleged that the excellence of these great statesmen was a conspicuous advantage which resulted from the machinery that introduced them to public life. But to this argument there will be found, when the subject is narrowly examined, to be several important qualifications.

In the first place, a great number of remarkable men undoubtedly came into Parliament under the old system of representation by means of the close boroughs, simply and solely because that was at that time the readiest and simplest mode of coming in. If any other mode had been the readiest, they would have availed themselves of that instead. Take the case

of Sir Robert Walpole. Had any man that ever lived more of the qualities, the good and the bad qualities, of a great popular candidate? He was genial, sagacious, and unsensitive. He would have managed the mob, and managed the attorney, and managed the electors, better almost than any other of our remarkable statesmen; yet he came in for a close borough. Circumstances threw that mode of entering public life into his path, and he took advantage of it immediately; but if the system of representation then prevailing in England had been a different one, he would have taken advantage of that also. We must not give the close boroughs a peculiar credit for all the eminent statesmen who entered into the House of Commons by means of them, but only for such of the great statesmen as, from the nature of their mind and the peculiarity of their circumstances, would most likely not have entered Parliament in any other way; and these are not many.

This is one great qualification. A still more important one remains. A great number of able men came into Parliament formerly who do not appear there now, because there was a motive to enter it at that time which does not now exist. Public life was in the last century not only a career, but a livelihood. It was possible to make a subsistence, and even a fortune, by it. Take the case of the first Lord Liverpool: he was a man of no extraordinary genius or unequalled abilities; he was simply a man of plain, strong, ordinary understanding; he had good sense, and good habits of business: he had no qualities which a very great number of young men in every generation may not be sure that they have. Nevertheless he began life with scarcely any money, he passed a long life in the service of the State, he lived in affluence, and he provided amply for his family. The possibility of such a career could not but render public life in the highest degree attractive. Fortune as well as fame were, it was evident, to be obtained in it by sound abilities and good management. In consequence, a very great number of young men were glad to enter Parliament; and if the same incentives had been continued to the present day, when education is so much more general, and social advantages so much more diffused, it is difficult to say how much that number might not have been by this time augmented. If the places and pensions, the patent offices and the sinecures, from which the profitableness of public life was derived, were still in existence, very many of the ablest, the most cultivated, and the most interesting young men in every generation would be desirous to enter Parliament. They would throng any avenue which was open for their purpose; they would address, and perhaps not unsuccessfully, the electors of

boroughs, whether small or large; they would attempt to gain a share of our county representation, exclusive as that still in some degree is. We perhaps are not likely to see again in England a time when public life will afford the means of subsistence, as well as the opportunities of ambition. We do not, on the whole, regret the change that has taken place. We do not say that it should be lamented; but it has its disadvantages. The public cannot expect to be so well served by its statesmen now that it is served gratuitously, as it was when it paid highly for their services. Instead of the number of remarkable statesmen who were introduced into the House of Commons by means of the close boroughs being so great as to excite our wonder, we may rather be surprised that it was not greater. The incentives to a public career were then so strong, that we may wonder that more remarkable persons did not enter upon it. The close boroughs must have been almost as much an impediment as an aid, or the number of statesmen attracted in the last century to the service of the nation must have been much larger than in fact it was.

Such was in part the case. The close boroughs did not, in truth, introduce conscientious and scrupulous men to an attractive position in public life. The position of a member nominated to the representation of a close borough by its proprietor was a position of dependence. He was an *employé*. He had to vote as often as, and just as, the owner of the borough told him. If he did not do so, he might at the next election be excluded entirely from public life, or be obliged to search through the list of the borough-owners for a new patron. Even when the member for a close borough was permitted to exercise his own judgment, the public would scarcely believe that he was so. They attributed all which he did to the influence of the proprietor of his seat; and if there chanced to be an apparent difference of opinion, they were more disposed to attribute some sinister design to the owner of the borough than any substantial independence to the member for it. The votes of a nominated member were not regarded as his own, even when in fact they were so. As we might expect, persons of high character and sensitive nature shrank from this dependence. They could not endure that it should be said that they had no control over the course which they adopted in politics; the possibility of the supposition that they must vote according to the edict of some one else was nearly as odious as the having so to vote. A curious example of this inevitable tendency in men of high and susceptible natures may be found in the life of Sir Samuel Romilly. He avowedly preferred the purchase of a seat to a position in which he might

be imagined to be dependent. He preferred to be the member for a borough which was publicly known to be commonly venal, to being the member for a borough of which a nobleman or gentleman who took a genuine interest in politics was the proprietor. He preferred its being known that he had bought his seat, to the possibility of a suspicion that he held it upon a tenure of base service. In very many cases, which cannot now be known by us, an analogous feeling must have prevented shrinking and delicate men from occupying the seats for rotten boroughs, or from associating with the great noblemen who owned them. Aristocratic patronage is never very pleasant to men of this character; and it is unendurable to them that such patronage should be the basis of their career, and an essential pre-requisite to their habitual life. Exceptional instances apart, the close boroughs were rather an obstruction than an opening to persons of original minds and delicate dispositions.

Nor was it natural that the owners of boroughs should commonly desire to introduce such men. If these proprietors had views of their own, they selected men who would give effect to those views; and these would ordinarily be men of pliant characters and unsuggestive intellects. If such proprietors had no opinion, they ordinarily put the seat up to auction in the market, and got as much money as they could get for it. Nor, in the few cases in which great noblemen introduced men of the highest order of minds into Parliament, and in which they treated them with tenderness and delicacy, were they by any means disposed to admit them to an equality with themselves, or with the near connections of great families. They reserved high office as much as possible for themselves, and for those who mingled by birth in their own society; and believed that they had done much in giving the opportunity of a public career and the profit of a minor place to able men of humbler station whom they had brought into the House of Commons. The Rockingham party, the best party that ever was composed of the associated proprietors of close boroughs, thus treated Mr. Burke, who was the greatest man who ever sat for a close borough. We cannot but be indignant at such conduct; we cannot help saying that it showed high-bred exclusiveness, and aristocratic narrowness of mind: but we also cannot help perceiving that it was natural. The same thing would be sure to happen again in any similar circumstances. The owners of seats inevitably believed that they were theirs; that they, and that men of their family and their station, had an evident right to enjoy whatever was most desirable in the consequences of them. They believed that they had a right to their own, and

to all it produced. Historians may lament that Lord John Cavendish was preferred to Mr. Burke; but if the old system of representation were once more re-established, a similar phenomenon would happen again: the near connections of the large proprietors of parliamentary property would again be preferred by those proprietors to all others. The universal tendencies of human nature ensure that it should be so.

On the other hand, although the close boroughs did not aid men of able minds and sensitive natures in the entrance to public life, they did aid men of able minds and coarse natures. The latter were willing to be dependents, and were able to be serviceable dependents; they were inclined to be slaves, and were able to be useful slaves. The pecuniary profits derivable from a public career, the places and pensions open to and readily obtainable by an able public man, brought a large number of such men into Parliament. We need not cite many instances, for the fact is evident. The entire history of the last century is full of such men,—as Mr. Rigby, as the first Lord Holland, as Bubb Dodington. The suspicion of dependence, and the reality of aristocratic patronage, were easily endured by men of covetous dispositions and vulgar characters: they only desired to have as much as possible of whatever profits were obtainable, and whatsoever the path to great profits might be, that was the road for them. And independently of these extreme cases, the close boroughs tended to fill the House of Commons with men of commonplace opinions and yielding characters, who accepted the creed of their patron very easily, and without, in all ordinary cases, any conscious suppression of their own. Their preferences were so languid, that they were not conscious of relinquishing them. The facile flexibility of decorous mediocrity is one of the most obvious facts of human nature; and it is one of the most valuable facts, for without it the requisite union of great political parties would scarcely be attainable.

Such and so great seem to us the deductions which are to be made from the common belief that the close boroughs tended to open the House of Commons to men of original minds and refined dispositions. They are so great, as to make it dubious whether that observation has even a nucleus of truth; they indisputably show that in its ordinary form it is an extreme exaggeration; and they suggest a doubt whether as much or more may not be said for the very opposite of it.

We have now, therefore, completed our long investigation. We have inquired whether our old system of parliamentary representation did or did not give us a Parliament substantially accordant with the true public opinion of the English nation; whether it gave, to all classes who had political ideas to express,

the means of expressing them; whether it had any peculiar tendency to ensure to us a succession of strong administrations; whether it had any peculiar tendency to produce great and original statesmen. What, then, are the results which we have learned from this investigation? What are the lessons which this remarkable history, when it is examined, tends to teach us?

First, we should learn from it to distrust complicated expedients for making strong administrations, and refined expedients for producing wise and able statesmen. The sole security upon which we can depend for a strong government is a consistent union in the nation. If we have that, under any tolerable parliamentary system we shall have a strong government; and if we have not that, we shall not have a really strong government on ordinary occasions under any. The true security for having a sufficient supply of good statesmen is to maintain a sufficient supply of good constituencies. We need not regret the rotten boroughs, if we have instead of them an adequate number of tolerably educated and not too numerous constituencies, the great majority of the voters in which are reasonably independent and tolerably incorrupt. There was nothing in either of these two respects very valuable in our old system of representation. It did not secure to us an unusual number of coherent and powerful administrations; it did not of itself give us an exceptionally great number of able and honest statesmen.

Secondly, we should learn from the history of the last century that it is perfectly idle to attempt to give political power to persons who have no political capacity, who are not intellectual enough to form opinions, or who are not high-minded enough to act on those opinions. This proposition is admitted in words; every body says that it is a truism. But is it admitted in reality? Do not all the ordinary plans for a uniform extension of the suffrage practically deny it? Will not their inevitable effect be, in the smaller and poorer boroughs at least, to throw, or to attempt to throw, much power into the hands of voters who are sure to be ignorant, and who are almost sure to be corrupt?

Lastly, the events of the earlier part of the last century show us—demonstrate, we may say, to us—the necessity of retaining a very great share of power in the hands of the wealthier and more instructed classes—of the real rulers of public opinion. We have seen that we owe the security of our present constitutional freedom to the possession by these classes of that power: we have learned that under a more democratic system the House of Stuart might have been still upon the throne; that the will of the numerical majority in the nation would probably have placed it there, and would probably have

kept it there; that the close boroughs of former times gave, in an indirect form and in an objectionable manner, the requisite influence to the instructed classes; and we must infer, therefore, that we should be very cautious how we now proceed to found a new system, without any equivalent provision, and with no counterbalancing weight, to the scanty intelligence of very ordinary persons and to the unbridled passions of the multitude.

If we duly estimate the significance of these conclusions, we shall perhaps think that to have been once more reminded of them, at a critical instant, is a result of sufficient significance to justify this protracted investigation, and an adequate apology for the detail which has been necessary to render it intelligible.

BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING-SOCIETIES.

The Diaries and Correspondence of the Right Hon. George Rose, containing Original Letters of the most distinguished Statesmen of his day. Edited by the Rev. Leveson Vernon Harcourt. 2 vols. Bentley.

[This book does what it professes to do,—throw new lights on the character and career of many eminent statesmen,—and is therefore one of real historical value, and has much interesting political gossip. It is not well edited; and Mr. Rose himself is not a subject of much moral or ideal interest.]

Civil Correspondence and Memoranda of the Duke of Wellington while Chief Secretary for Ireland, from 1807 to 1809. Murray.

[A work which, taken in conjunction with the correspondence of Lord Cornwallis recently published, presents a very curious picture of Irish politics at the time immediately preceding and succeeding the Union.]

Historical Evidences of the Truth of the Scripture Records stated anew, with special reference to the Doubts and Discoveries of Modern Times; being the Bampton Lectures for 1859. By the Rev. George Rawlinson. Murray.

On the Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of favoured Races in the Struggle for Life. By Charles Darwin. Murray.

[Reviewed in Article VIII.]

Ishmael, or a Natural History of Islamism in relation to Christianity. By the Rev. Dr. J. Mühleisen Arnold, formerly Church Missionary in Asia and Africa. Rivingtons.

A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions. By Captain M'Clintock, R.N., LL.D. With Maps and Illustrations. Murray.

[This bids fair to be the most popular, and deservedly popular, book of the season. It is very well and tastefully illustrated without colours.]

Schiller's Life and Works. By Emil Palleske. Translated by Lady Wallace. Longmans.

Lord Dundonald's Autobiography. 2 vols. Bentley.

The Friends, Foes, and Adventures of Lady Morgan. By W. J. Fitzpatrick. Simpkin and Marshall.

The Booke of the Pylgremage of the Sowle. Translated from the French of Guillaume de Guileville, and printed by Caxton in 1483; with Illuminations taken from the Ms. copy in the British Museum. Edited by Katharine Isabella Cust. Basil Montagu Pickering.

[A quaint book of much beauty, which was no doubt one of the sources from which Bunyan drew the conception of his "Pilgrim's Progress." It is embellished with the illuminations of the old copy in the British Museum; and, as a whole, will be found interesting quite beyond the circle of mere antiquarians.]

The Divine Life in Man. By the Rev. Baldwin Brown. Ward.

[Truly fine and thoughtful sermons,—given in a style at times something too ornate.]

Expository Lectures on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. By the late Rev. F. W. Robertson.

[Though often very fragmentary, these reports of Mr. Robertson's Lectures on the Corinthians will not be amongst the least admired of his admirable sermons.]

The Peculium: an Endeavour to throw Light on some of the Causes of the Decline of the Society of Friends, especially in regard to its claim of being the peculiar People of God. By Thomas Hancock. Smith and Elder.

Quakerism, Past and Present; being an Inquiry into the Causes of its Decline in Great Britain and Ireland. By John Stephenson Rowntree. Smith and Elder.

A Fallen Faith. By Dr. Sheppard. Piper, Stephenson, and Spence.

Miscellanies. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. 2 vols. J. W. Parker.

[Noticed in Article I.]

Recreations of a Country Parson. J. W. Parker.

[A very agreeable chatty book, reprinted from "Fraser's Magazine."]

Poems, by the Author of "John Halifax." Hurst and Blackett.

Self-Help. By Samuel Smiles. Murray.

Women Artists. By Mrs. Ellet. Bentley.

[A book of good design, and showing not a little labour, but not very well executed; and containing, in some of the biographies, real trash.]

The West Indies and the Spanish Main. By Anthony Trollope. Chapman and Hall.

[An amusing, and in many respects an instructive, book, but one indicating very hasty judgment. Mr. Trollope's criticisms on the coloured population are unripe, and derived from hearsay.]

Heathen and Holy Lands; or, Sunny Days on the Salween, Nile, and Jordan. By Captain J. P. Briggs, Deputy Commissioner, Tenasserim and Martaban Provinces, Charge of Province Tavoy. Smith and Elder.

[The account of Burmah in this book, or rather of the Tenasserim provinces, is one of the most interesting results of travel that we have seen for a long time, at once fresh and thorough.]

Ceylon: an Account of the Island, Physical, Historical, and Topographical. By Sir Emerson Tennent. Longmans.

New Zealand, Past and Present. By Dr. Thomson. Murray.

[Intended less for the colonist than the English reader, but a good book of its kind.]

A Visit to the Philippine Islands. By Sir John Bowring. Smith and Elder.

Kitchi-Gami: Wanderings round Lake Superior. By J. G. Kohl. Chapman and Hall.

District Duties during the Revolt in the North-West Provinces of India in 1857. By H. Dundas Robertson. Smith and Elder.

[An interesting book, of a somewhat too numerous species.]

Australian Facts and Prospects. By R. H. Horne. Smith and Elder.

[A book of useful caution against false conceptions of Australian life. The short autobiography is very lively.]

Rural Life in Bengal. Thacker.

[The illustrations convey the most faithful representation of rural life in Bengal that it is possible to conceive, and are exquisitely engraved. The descriptions, written from the factory of a gentleman deservedly known as "the model planter," are lively, and, on the whole, truthful, though somewhat *couleur de rose*.]

A Tale of Two Cities. By Charles Dickens. Chapman and Hall.

[Has more of the substantial power of Mr. Dickens's earlier works than any since "Martin Chuzzlewit." It is, however, unfortunately alloyed with the spasmodic sentiment and striving after effect of his later style.]

The Minister's Wooing. By Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Sampson Low.

[A tale of great power, humour, and broad genius, though a little spoiled with gushes of sentiment.]

The Day of Small Things. By the Authoress of "Mary Powell." 1 vol. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

Against Wind and Tide. By Holme Lee. Smith and Elder.

[Not equal to "Sylvan Holt's Daughter" in ability or finish. It is rather like steering "on a wind," to read it.]

A New Sentimental Journey. By Charles Allston Collins. Chapman and Hall.

Fables and Fairy Tales. By Henry Morley. Illustrated. Chapman and Hall.

The Nut-brown Maids; or, the first Hosier and his Hosen. A Family Chronicle of the Days of Queen Elizabeth. J. W. Parker.

[Too antiquarian, and in the "gramercy" style, as it has been called; but indicating some real artistic power stifled by these antiquities.]

Tales from Molière's Plays. By Dacre Barrett Lennard. Chapman and Hall.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

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ART. I.—PLUTARCH'S LIVES: CLOUGH.

Plutarch's Lives. The Translation called Dryden's, corrected from the Greek and revised by A. H. Clough. 5 vols. Sampson Low. 1859.

SINCE first the growing accuracy of the classical historians of the nineteenth century began to "give with Greek truth the good old Greek the lie," the Lives of Plutarch may perhaps have lost something of popularity and general esteem. There is undeniably a wide distance between the unhesitating readiness to repose in every plausible statement of fact which characterised the classical studies of our less critical forefathers, and the dispassionately sceptical habit of mind into which the modern student of Greek and Roman history is trained by the example and influence of the unwearied searchers after truth whose labours he has the opportunity of weighing. But Mr. Clough's work of love for the old Chæronean biographer is not out of place. In reproducing the versions of Creech, Evelyn, Somers, Rycaut, and the other translators for Dryden's edition, revised in accordance with his own excellent taste and scholarship, he has done good service to the cause of literature. Few, even among first-rate classical scholars, are given to reading Plutarch's Lives in the language in which they were written, except for the purpose of verifying the exact meaning of a particular passage, or satisfying their minds as to the alleged rhetorical crabbedness of the general style. It is all the more important that, as long as the Lives are read at all, they should be readable in the best possible form at second-hand. Without wishing to depreciate

the actual merits of the generally known translation by Langhorne, we may certainly say that it is not the best possible. It is fluent, but dull; and destitute altogether of that idiomatic strength and closeness of language which sometimes enable the reader happily to forget that a translation is not an original. Mr. Clough has used a wise economy in republishing a corrected copy of the united labours of Dryden's eminent coadjutors, in preference to undertaking an entirely new version in the more expansive but less solidly sculptured English of the nineteenth century.

It needs no great boldness to assert that Plutarch's Lives will continue to be widely read, however much they may be depreciated as a substantive historical authority. It may even be prophesied that their real greatness will preserve them from oblivion all the more securely, in proportion to the growth of a more thoroughly discriminating and scientific appreciation of their value. The terms of the epigram of Agathias, which is paraphrased by Dryden for a peroration to his life of Plutarch, are none the less applicable now than when it was written in the reign of Justinian:

ἀλλὰ τεοῦ βιότοιο παράλληλον βίον ἄλλον
οὐδὲ σὺ γ' ἂν γράψαις· οὐ γὰρ ὅμοιον ἔχεις.

There is no parallel instance to him among writers of memoir or biography; no one who has concentrated in similar pictures the view taken of their own great men by those nations which up to his time had been the foremost of the world; no one who has modelled the heroic likeness in so many and so characteristic individual attitudes. The title to such an encomium is not damnified by the imputation, or even the proof, of inaccuracy as a narrator. It is possible that the Richard the Third of Shakespeare may not be a literally true portrait of the historical individual, nor the sequence and connection of the facts detailed in his dramas as belonging to the Wars of the Roses a faithful rendering of English history; yet if the personal and general inexactitude of these representations were sedulously demonstrated twenty times over, they would be none the less vivid and none the less immortal. The best measure of their greatness is the power needed to destroy them. The same may be said of those fictions by Defoe which counterfeit fact most truly, and of Plutarch's Lives. Such works bear a peculiar stamp on their face which has never been forged successfully, and which no lapse of time can obliterate. Plutarch's Lives may not be what they have been taken for—a thoroughly reliable source of history; and whenever this failure arises from mis-statement, and not from omission, they are not strictly what they profess to be—

lives. But they will continue to represent, as they have represented for so many centuries already, the types of Greek and Roman character as understood by a careful, learned, imaginative, and philosophic surveyor of the time of Trajan. However widely the conclusions of modern inquiry may deviate from the received beliefs of simpler generations in modifying or contradicting particular impressions derived from Plutarch, they cannot neutralise or destroy the fact, that the idealised ancient Roman and Grecian of at least the three last centuries has grown into shape more through Plutarch's teaching than through the lessons of any other single authority, if not of all other authorities put together. True portrait or not, that ideal image has undoubtedly had a peculiar and not inconsiderable influence on European history; and that influence is exactly what no imputation on the accuracy of the portrait can wash away. The individual citizen of the commonwealths of Greece or Rome may have been more like the ordinary *bourgeois* of modern Europe, or even more like the modern Greek or Roman, than our forefathers thought. We may learn from Grote or Merivale to view the particular actions and the general springs of action of leading statesmen in Rome or Athens by a different light, reflected upon the single figures through a more modern and realistic conception of the multitude behind them. We may form a new idea of some characters among the individual leaders. But the fact remains, that to Plutarch's Lives we still look for the general distinguishing outline of personal story and character which has made the great men whom he deals with famous among our fathers and ourselves, through a series reaching down from the half-mythical times of Theseus to the civilised and tragic epoch of Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony. "One of Plutarch's heroes" is still, and will long remain, a proverbial expression in most of the languages of Europe, in one shape or other.

The wide influence which these Lives have had in creating and maintaining modern respect for the heroes of antiquity is not direct only. For all readers of English literature, and for Englishmen especially, Plutarch is enshrined for ever in the royal dress put upon him by Shakespeare. Every body knows, or is likely to know, as a matter of fact, that Plutarch was Shakespeare's main authority in his greatest classical dramas, *Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar,* and *Antony and Cleopatra.* North's translation of the French version of Plutarch's Lives by Amyot, published as a new book in Elizabeth's reign, has a peculiar value attached to it as having been the version accessible to Shakespeare, which the greater closeness, force, or accuracy of later translations into English at first hand can never take away. Under

the doubt, which in common with many we must acknowledge, how much in *Timon of Athens* is the genuine work of Shakespeare, it is superfluous to refer to the contents of that drama critically as accumulating proofs of the obligations to Plutarch under which our greatest poet lies. Yet even with this doubt the identity (in all but one word) of North's translation of the two epitaphs quoted in the life of Mark Antony as by Callimachus and Timon himself with the four lines engraved upon Timon's tomb in the English drama gives a singular reality to the feeling that in reading North we are studying Timon's character through the same medium with Shakespeare. But when we come to the Roman tragedies, the debt of the English dramatist to the Greek biographer is at once far deeper in kind, and far more undeniable in its manifestation. However generally admitted this may be as a fact, it is probable that only a small proportion of Shakespeare's readers are aware of the degree to which it is true. It is really curious to place the Coriolanus of North's Plutarch and of Shakespeare side by side. Incident upon incident, personage after personage, and in some places, we may say, line after line and word upon word, are adopted without hesitation or scruple as to their appropriateness and truth. After passing through the crucible of Shakespeare's genius, they come out from their fusion into a dramatic and continuous form so little intrinsically altered, as still individually to recall the particular spot in the mine from which each of them has been taken. The very blunders of the Englishman's little learning are so many flowers plucked out of the Greek writer's cornucopia of allusiveness, and planted in the wrong places. When the Lartius of Shakespeare praises Coriolanus as a soldier,—

> "even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
> Only in strokes,"—

the anachronism which every schoolboy pounces upon, of quoting the unborn Cato as an authority on military matters at the date of the Volscian wars, springs simply from a misconstruction of the words in Plutarch's biography. The critical observation upon Cato's idea of a soldier, which Plutarch makes in his own person and from his own point of view, has been unfortunately put into the mouth of Titus Lartius. Some similar carelessness of adaptation may perhaps be responsible for Hector's celebrated reference to Aristotle's philosophy in *Troilus and Cressida*. But if the one or two slips of Shakespeare are due to an unhesitating following of his classical authority, so are many of the beauties. The details of the honours paid on the field of battle by the Roman army to the taker of Corioli, the touches

of the personal character of Caius Marcius in the receipt of those honours, and in his subsequent candidateship at Rome, the several incidents of his hereditary titles to popular esteem and gratitude, and the nature of the political stumbling-block over which he fell, are carefully gathered up in a handful out of which not one has dropped, sorted, and reproduced in the scenes of Shakespeare. In the wonderfully heroic representation of the visit of the banished Coriolanus to his great enemy, Aufidius, in his house at Antium, the speech of the exile is taken from North's version of Plutarch's words with a singularly literal closeness. The grammatical construction of the sentences is merely altered so far as was needed to make them fall in with a metrical arrangement. Every thought, every salient phrase and word, are transcribed and set in their places by the simplest process. And from the beginning of the action of *Coriolanus* to its final catastrophe, it may be said that, beyond the lighter parts of Menenius (for whose portrait as a humorous patrician the notorious fable of the Belly and the Members gave the cue), and the purely Shakespearian representation of the many-headed plebeian multitude of Rome, there is but little of either plot, incident, or individual character, for which Shakespeare's audience are not directly or indirectly indebted to Plutarch.

As much may be said, and with equal truth, of the noble trilogy—for in the sense of the old Greek drama a trilogy it is—in which the first climax of Nemesis mounts to the death of Cæsar, the next to that of Brutus, while the last culminates in the end of Antony. We can only tire our imaginations in guessing at the rapidity with which the intuition of genius may have enabled the English dramatist to seize at a glance the exquisite completeness of the portraiture of character, and of fate as dependent upon character, which lay open before him in the lines of the Chæronean biographer. But the more closely we look into Plutarch as the main authority of Shakespeare in matters of Latin learning, the more highly shall we be obliged to estimate the care and labour bestowed by our greatest poet on picking out the separate touches of high thought, honourable action, majesty of circumstance and behaviour, for use in the composition of his own tragic pictures of the sharpest civil wars that ever racked the ancient mistress of the world. It is in no sense a detraction from the creative originality of such a magician as Shakespeare, to say that he placed an instinctive faith in the reality and fitness of all this authority gave him as materials for his own structure, and that in this faith he refused to walk within Plutarch's circle by any other light than Plutarch's own. It is scarcely requisite to place him by the side of other adapters from the same store, to show that to bring out the true

force and brilliancy of that light in a dramatic form, the highest, and not the second or third, rate of genius and imaginative power were required. In proportion as later classical playwrights have strayed from their ancient guide, they have lost alike in effectiveness and truth; while the greatest tragic composer is always the most faithful and close follower of the instructor he so intuitively chose. For every revel of Antony, every sentiment of Brutus, every touch of the divinely extravagant grandeur of Julius Cæsar; for each line in the portraits of the politic Octavius and the subtle-passionate royal "serpent of old Nile;" for the music in the air on the night before Antony's last battle, which was held to betoken his desertion by his patron-god Bacchus, or Heracles; and for the last words of the dying Charmian,—there is authority in Plutarch. To estimate the value of the lifelike reality which the judicious blending of such materials has infused into Shakespeare's representation of the Julian era, we should not only weigh it by the side of similar attempts by other English writers, but contrast it with the solemn coldness, the thin thread of human interest, and the artificial atmosphere, which mark the classical *chefs-d'œuvre* of the French dramatists. Their reverence for the dignity of the unities was in no point more hurtful than in this, that it forbad them, however much they might be inclined, to make any but the most meagre use of the varieties of action, scene, and changing circumstances, which, in the practice of our drama, legitimately and necessarily go to fill out the embodied imagination of a historical hero.

There are others among the Elizabethan constellation of dramatists who are indebted to Plutarch for leading hints of plot and character, if they have not followed him so closely. The idea and the scene of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant* are taken from his vast repertory. The historical legend, how the physicians of Antigonus turned his bravest soldier into a coward, by curing him of a disease that had kept him careless of his miserable life, is to be found in the preface to the biography of Pelopidas. But if all the Lives of Plutarch had been lost except those which have supplied the material for some of the noblest dramas of Shakespeare, the literary debt of England to the writer who was Shakespeare's purveyor would still have been large indeed.

Plutarch himself takes care to tell his readers, on more than one occasion, that he is not compiling history, but writing "Lives." He expressly disclaims any intention of competing in the narrative of remarkable transactions with professed historians like Thucydides or others. His anecdotes are chosen and arranged with the view of illustrating the character and

fortune of individuals, not of delineating the national and secular progress of Greece and Rome. Those actions of his heroes which have formed the staple of any permanent and well-known historical record, even if they bear especially upon the temper and personal qualities of the subject of his biography, are only cited or briefly run over for the sake of avoiding the imputation of absolute negligence. "Such things as are not commonly known, and lie scattered here and there in other men's writings, or are found amongst the old monuments and archives," are those which Plutarch professedly aims to bring together; "not collecting mere useless pieces of learning, but adducing what may make the disposition and habit of mind" of his hero understood. It is not (he says again, when justifying his method of epitomising the wonderful story of so great a king as Alexander the Great) always the most glorious exploits that "furnish us with the clearest discoveries of virtue or vice in men; sometimes a matter of less moment, an expression or a jest, informs us better of their characters and inclinations, than the most famous sieges, the greatest armaments, or the bloodiest battles whatsoever. Therefore as portrait-painters are more exact in the lines and features of the face, in which the character is seen, than in the other parts of the body, so I must be allowed to give my more particular attention to the marks and indications of the souls of men; and while I endeavour by these to portray their lives, may be free to leave more weighty matters and great battles to be treated of by others." Remembering that Plutarch wrote in this spirit, and that he wrote at such a distance of time from most of his heroes as left him with few means of sifting the truth out of detached statements and varying records which are not equally enjoyed by his own critics in modern times, we may assume, without scruple and without wonder, that many of his touches of personal anecdote are taken upon trust and on easy terms. The requisition of a certain and cogent proof of the authenticity and accuracy of his documents, wherever such proof is possible, may be fairly demanded at the hands of a historian. But the difference of aim, involving a different method of treatment, allows a different kind, if not degree, of strictness in inquiry. It may be taken for granted, that among the multitudinous anecdotes concerning remarkable individuals which swarm into unlicensed circulation in their own age, a large proportion have undoubtedly no foundation in fact whatever. Yet among that number of unfounded falsehoods the greater part would be found to have engendered themselves, so to speak, out of their own obvious, inherent, and characteristic probability. An ingenious, satirical, or even a purely mischievous, gossiper takes little pleasure in launching an invention which its ineptitude will instantly con-

vict of untruth. The success of a personal *canard* depends on its personal aptness, from the first moment of its being set afloat; and this dependence is more absolute in proportion to the general notoriety of the personage to whom it endeavours to attach itself. Not being actually and demonstrably true, it must do its utmost to be undeniably *ben trovato*. The Great Duke of our own days bore the brunt of many baseless anecdotes; but they were all "in a tale" with acknowledged facts and with the received theory of his character. And when once a familiar name has vanished from outer life into the realm of history, the tendency of successive generations of anecdote-mongers is (fortunately) not to add to the existing heap of collected figments which may at first tend to smother the facts actually belonging to that name, but by a gradual and unconscious, yet not undiscriminating process of elimination, to sift out the most trivial and inept among them. An anecdote illustrative of any man's character which survives his decease a hundred years must almost inevitably either be true, or possess such verisimilitude as will cause it to fit in exactly with some acknowledged portion of his genuine nature. If it does not belong to the one or the other class, it will be riddled out into oblivion as an inappropriate platitude and superfluity. Few of the anecdotes repeated by Plutarch deserved to be classed under this third category.

Since the Lives are beyond all doubt or comparison those of Plutarch's works which have exercised the widest and most enduring influence on the thoughts of men, it may be more pertinent and more interesting to draw from this source alone some illustrations of his philosophical and religious tendencies, even if the idea conveyed in them be less formal and complete than if we took his interpretation of his own views from his autobiographical or more purely speculative writings. But in considering the moral standing-point from which Plutarch looked upon the great problems of the world, it is necessary to analyse his circumstances as well as his character, and to bear in mind that he was at once, so to speak, a Greek and a Roman. Born in the little but famous Bœotian city of Chæronea, familiar from his childhood with the great lion which commemorated the sacred Theban band that fell in defending the independence of Greece against Philip of Macedon, bred within the limits of the mysterious influences of traditionally sacred oracles at Delphi, and the still nearer cave of the deified hero Trophonius at Lebadea,—Plutarch was by early association as well as by nature of a homely, reverent, patriotic, conservative turn, and of a concentrative imagination. The same feeling which in his old age kept him a constant resident in his small and secluded birthplace, "lest it should become still smaller by the loss of one citi-

zen," ran through his philosophy as well as his practice. Yet the narrow and localising tendencies of the old Hellenic spirit of worship and citizenhood were counterbalanced in his case by his education in the schools of Athens under Ammonius, his journeys to Egypt and Rome, and his acquaintance with the history, law, and generally tolerant and cosmopolitan religious code of the Roman empire. In the time of Trajan it was impossible for any educated and earnest Greek subject of the imperial city (setting aside any special philosophical training he might have received) to feel entirely content with the old Greek fables of individual and separate personification of the powers of nature, as either literally true, or as more than temporary and partial symbols of some more comprehensive principle of being. And the very fact that the oracles had ceased to be given as of old from their time-honoured shrines was more likely to strike with earnest curiosity and speculative zeal a true Greek who had been born almost within the sacred precincts of Delphic tradition, than a Roman whose creed was that of the state, and whose average habit of mind was a combination of indifferent credulity and contemptuous scepticism. It does not appear on the face of any of Plutarch's remaining writings, that he had any personal knowledge of the rise of that religion which Paul preached at Athens and at Rome. It is not perhaps very probable that he should have either adverted to, or considered with any especial regard, that which Tacitus glanced at as a weak and dying invention of the Jews. With abundant local traditions of his own to stand by, the material cravings of his religious appetite had food enough supplied for rumination and digestion at home, without leading him to inquire into the story of a foreign miraculous revelation, of which he could not at first sight have appreciated the authority. Every modification of his belief, induced by a philosophical habit of reasoning, simply brought him nearer to that unmixed phase of natural religion which may perhaps have been typified in the altar to the Unknown God, which Paul saw in the metropolis of Greek culture. It is clear from the passage in the Life of Dion, where Dion is represented as exhorting the younger Dionysius to study philosophy, that Plutarch believed in the "Divine and glorious Model of Being, out of whose control the general confusion is changed into the beautiful order of the Universe," and after whose likeness it behoved all men to fashion their lives. But we must at the same time infer from the facts of his life, that so conscientiously consistent a man as Plutarch had an honest belief in the existence of Apollo as one of the partial manifestations of this divine exemplar, or he would not have undertaken and filled for many years the office of Apollo's priesthood. Again, we

cannot suppose that the many instances of omens, prodigies, and presages related in the Lives are set down by the biographer either as absolute fact or as unmitigated fiction. Plutarch believed in the substantive existence of the directing dæmon of Socrates, and similar invisible monitors. But he was by no means slavishly prone to accept as authentic any theory of frequent visible interference or admonition by a special providence upon ordinary occasions, even in the case of the greatest of men. He stigmatises with equal earnestness the excess of disregard for omens at one time shown by Alexander, and the superstitious fears into which he fell towards the end of his career, when "if the least unusual or extraordinary thing happened, he thought it a prodigy or a presage, and his court was thronged with diviners and priests, whose business was to sacrifice and purify and foretell the future." So miserable a thing (Plutarch holds) is incredulity and contempt of divine power on the one hand, "and so miserable also superstition on the other, which, like water, where the level has been lowered, flowing in and never stopping, fills the mind with slavish fears and follies." Yet in recounting the extraordinary and narrow escape of Timoleon from premeditated assassination, through the sudden vengeance for an old blood-feud taken by a stranger in the crowd on one of the two conspirators at the moment when they were going to stab Timoleon during a public sacrifice, he is ready enough to acknowledge the special and providential ordering, under which matters fall out at once unexpectedly and opportunely, by the inexplicable and uncontrollable "dexterity of fortune." Conceiving, as we learn from another passage that Plutarch did, that "God governs the world not by irresistible force, but persuasive argument and reason, controlling it into compliance with his eternal purposes," he is glad to point out on this occasion how by the guidance of fortune, "uniting every scattered incident and loose particular and remote action, and interweaving them together to serve her purposes," the private avenger of his father's blood was enabled to "lend the use of his just resentment to the tutelar genius that seemed to be protecting Timoleon:" *τῷ φυλάττοντι δαίμονι τὸν Τιμολέοντα πάθος ἔχρησε δίκαιον.* The curious omens set down as marking the siege of Cyzicus in the wars of Mithridates, the fatal auguries disregarded by Crassus in his Parthian campaign, and those which terrified the city of Rome just before the outburst of the civil strife of Marius and Sylla, are all narrated with the good faith of a mind which on principle believed in the general occurrence and significance of such signs, combined with a certain reservation of judgment as to the infallibility of the evidence in each particular case. The stories had come down to Plutarch on

sufficient authority, and therefore, as they were pertinent to his subject, he repeated them. Whether they were specifically true or not, they were simply instances of a kind of divine intervention, in the exercise of which upon good occasion he firmly believed. His feeling was very distinct from the half cynical acquiescence in the virtue of augury indicated in the phrase—*post fortunam credidimus*—with which Tacitus refers to the oracular promises of future greatness for the Flavian family. When it was once granted that supernatural interference and admonition were within the power of the great Model of Being to adopt for sufficient reason, it followed easily that the balance of probabilities in each case depended on the justification of the use of extraordinary means by a sufficiently important end. When Camillus invited the tutelar goddess of Veii to change her abode to Rome, her statue is said to have answered in a low voice that she was ready to go. A similar portent was narrated of the image of Female Fortune set up by the Roman women after the retreat of the Volscian army under Coriolanus. In commenting on these and other legends as demanding "our belief for what seems pretty nearly an impossibility," Plutarch is sincerely anxious to weigh the opposing difficulties in a reverent but impartial manner. Convinced as he was that (humanly speaking) no articulate voice or coherent language could proceed from an inanimate body provided with no mechanical organism, he yet felt himself obliged, by the concurrence of numerous and credible historical witnesses, to conclude that some phenomenon had actually occurred which required a supernatural explanation. The wonderful fortune of the city of Rome seemed to him to justify any possible portent whatever, inasmuch as that city could never have risen from nothing to its imperial estate without many signal manifestations of the divine presence and coöperation. Whether such a sign were manifested by an impression affecting the imagination, and then "carrying away the judgment so as to believe it to be a sensation," or whether the divine power, "which admits no manner of comparison with ours, either in its nature or its action, the mode or the strength of its operations," might not at pleasure violate the material rules of nature, was a question which Plutarch was obliged, after stating it, to leave much where he found it. It is due to him to say, that the depth and the sincerity of his reverence for that power which he recognised as guiding the world, was unaffected by whichever answer was given to this problem. His various references to the great master of early physical science in Greece, Anaxagoras, show how entirely he felt that a physical explanation of extraordinary phenomena by no means lessened the idea of divine power, or frittered away

its agency "into the operation of irrational causes and senseless forces acting by necessity." A curious illustration of his views on this point is to be found in his story of the one-horned ram which was bred upon the estate of Pericles. Lampon the diviner, seeing the horn grow strong and solid out of the middle of the forehead, interpreted it as a sign of fate that the party of Pericles would carry away the government of the state from the opposing interest. Anaxagoras cleft the skull in two, and discovered some natural explanation of the curiosity in the malformation of the brain. The political fortune of Pericles justified afterwards the augury of the diviner, as the scientific inspection proved the sagacity of the natural philosopher. Plutarch holds that they were both equally in the right, and that while the one justly detected the immediate cause by which the event was produced, the other as justly inferred the end for which it was designed. He sees no reason why the explicability of a singular, and at first sight prodigious, phenomenon by some recognised principle of natural sequence should interfere with its being at the same time an expressly significant and intelligible manifestation of divine will. He instances with great *naïveté* various signals of human invention—beacons, shadows on sundials, and so forth—as proofs that phenomena may at once have natural and explicable causes, and through those causes be a sign of something beyond. But here and every where he keeps to his rule, that unless there is a *dignus vindice nodus*, the interference of a god by either moral or physical agency is not hastily to be assumed. He will in no way consent to destroy or modify human freedom of will and thought by divine inspiration, except upon good occasion. In analysing the doctrines of the Homeric poems, he points out how wisely the ordinary, probable, and habitual conclusions that common reason leads to, are there ascribed to the direct agency of the human mind alone; while "where the act is something out of the way and extraordinary, and seems in a manner to demand some impulse of divine possession and sudden inspiration to account for it," Homer introduces divine agency, "not to destroy, but to prompt the human will; not to create in us another agency, but offering images to stimulate our own." We cannot suppose, he says, that the divine beings literally direct our hands and our feet this way or that, to do what is right; they act upon the "practical and elective element of our nature, by certain initial occasions, by images presented to the imagination, and thoughts suggested to the mind, such either as to excite it to, or avert and withhold it from, any particular course." In other words, there may be a special grace at times preventing us, to put into our minds good desires and lofty conceptions.

We quote this, not as an irrefragable criticism in confirmation of the artistic truth of Homer's conceptions of the gods of Olympus, but as an indication of the union of strong religious feeling and broad philosophic thought which characterised the speculations of Plutarch. He was as anxious to show the consistency of his own doctrines upon the management of the universe with the tone of the pictures given by the father of Greek poetry of the relations between gods and men in the heroic age, as some among our most acute geologists have been to keep their theories of secular change and development in exact parallel with the six days of the Mosaic account of the creation. Plutarch's belief in the duty and efficacy of faith is always prominently brought forward. Knowledge of divine things is for the most part (he says somewhere) lost to us by incredulity. But it must be a reasonable faith. His comparison of the characters and the fortunes of Crassus and Nicias is marked with a judicial anxiety to arrive impartially at the truth of the matter. After remarking that Crassus was such a blunderer as to leave fate no room to favour him personally, and that the only real ground for surprise in his case was, that his imbecility should have overbalanced the wonted good fortune of Rome, he notes the difference of their characters in regard of the arts of divination, which Nicias scrupulously observed, and Crassus held in open contempt. As both equally perished, he allows that it is difficult to see what inference to draw. But his usual leaning to the side of decent faith in standard authorities makes him indicate the direction in which he would rather err. The fault of over-caution, he says, supported by old and general opinion, better deserves forgiveness than that of self-willed and lawless transgression.

The modern discovery that Plutarch's Lives are not to be taken as instances of literal truth in biography, and that the ancients were after all, as has been prettily said, not mere embodied sentiments engaged in acting copy-slip maxims for the benefit of posterity, but real men and women very much like ourselves, may be used to depreciate unduly the value in which his great portrait-gallery of Greek and Roman worthies was formerly held. In attempting to lay down the general basis of the point of view from which Plutarch thought and wrote, we have wished to show the stability of the pedestal on which his fame really rests. It should be remembered that his biographies are all conceived and written, as may be said, for a moral. One particular spirit underlies them all, colouring, sometimes perhaps too strongly, the author's estimate of characters, and always influencing the selection of anecdote and detail. All of them are busied with the story of men of whom the characters, actions, or fortunes were to Plutarch's eyes visibly "not with-

out the special help of the gods." Among all the varieties of circumstance and nature which they embrace, this is the one distinctive mark common to them all. However detestable a professed moral may be in a modern work of fiction, it is not so in such a philosophical narrative as that of Plutarch; and the fact, that a carefully composed set of statuesque groups should have been ever taken as any thing like a prosaic representation of the ordinary current of life in Greece or Rome, proves sufficiently that the moral has not here been officiously obtrusive. The method and degree in which characters and fortunes, when viewed in such a light and from such a point of view as Plutarch's, act reciprocally on each other, were never more skilfully portrayed, or more earnestly aimed after as the main object of a picture. An obvious congruity and coherency of the two are the chief delight of the conscientious and reverent Greek biographer; and any want of consistency in the one, creating a reaction in the other, is to him a pure cause of personal dissatisfaction. The single instances of rashness which resulted in the unnecessary death of two of his favourite commanders, Pelopidas and Marcellus, instead of being welcomed by him, as they might have been by modern cynicism, as excellent pointers of a moral or ornaments of a tale, are to Plutarch painful sources of a distasteful regret, that the end of two such men should not have appropriately crowned the whole of their lives. "I cannot commend," says he, "the death of either of these great men; the suddenness and strangeness of their ends give me a feeling rather of pain and distress." A corresponding sentiment of satisfaction in the recognition of fortune following character is perceptible in his comparison of Lucullus and Cimon. He feels it hard to strike an even balance between them as men, inasmuch as "supernatural favour also appears to have attended both of them, directing the one what to do, the other what to avoid; and thus they have both of them, so to say, the vote of the gods to declare them noble and divine characters." The context shows plainly enough that the expression "the favour of the gods" is, in Plutarch's language, by no means simply equivalent either to absolute good fortune, unvarying success, or continuous rectitude of judgment. Each of these great men failed and succeeded by turns. The one led an intemperate youth, the other a luxurious age. Each of them was a "soldier of excellent conduct," and led his army to glorious and fruitful victories; but each, "aiming to destroy great kingdoms and subdue all Asia, failed in his enterprise." The Roman, great general as he was, was so unpopular among his troops as to be deserted by them in a body; the Greek, though a successful statesman, could not always "please the vulgar" of Athens so well as to escape a sentence of ten years' banishment.

But after their unequal fortunes they both died, as Plutarch thinks, most happily and opportunely: the one just before the sweeping of a flood of civil troubles over the distracted Roman commonwealth; the other at the moment when his country, in the height of its power and freedom, was honourably recognising his greatest victory. And it appears to be this timely termination of their stories, this instance of being taken away from the evil to come, that most pleases Plutarch as a sign of the divine favour which crowned their not inconsiderable works on earth by a not unsatisfactory end.

Where Plutarch wishes to tell a great story effectively and pathetically, there are few writers to be named who can surpass him in that effect and pathos which arise from a completeness of imagination, a skilful arrangement of materials, and a knowledge of the true chords of human sympathy which are to be touched. We might pick out, as one instance among many, the narrative of Pompey's fall. The single weakness of Pompey's character, which made him fight his last battle upon the plain of Pharsalia against his own better judgment, in compliance with the impatience of his injudicious friends, is pointed at as adequately commented on by the issue of the contest. The spectacle which Pompey's camp, set out as for the banquet in honour of an assured victory, presented to Cæsar's grim veterans after the rout of Pompey's army, is significantly sketched out as an illustration of the fated folly and vanity of the men who had boasted themselves before putting on their harness as though they were putting it off. But from the moment when the adventitious greatness of station is stripped off the fallen hero, the critical tone of the biographer turns into one of solemn, grave compassion. We see the man who had in the name of Rome conquered Mithridates and the pirates, and who had been the foremost figure of the world until the greater star of Cæsar rose, leaving the slain and the wounded and the wreck of his fortunes behind him,—dismounting and walking on softly afoot with a few friends as his sole retinue,—taken up altogether, says Plutarch, with such thoughts as would naturally possess a man who for thirty-four years had been accustomed to victory, and was then at last in his old age learning the meaning of defeat and flight for the first time. There is a clear sorrowful picturesqueness in the whole tale of Pompey's embarkation on board the Roman merchant vessel that chanced to be lying off the mouth of the valley of Tempe, his meeting his young noble wife Cornelia at Mitylene, and his sail down the coasts of Asia Minor to Cyprus, gathering as he went scattered remnants of his party, and debating on the best chances of retrieving those fortunes which were not destined to be retrieved. There, either, thinks

Plutarch, from apprehension of the treatment his wife might receive among the Parthians, or from the prompting "of some superior power," he again acted against his own judgment, and sailed for the fatal shores of Egypt. It is impossible not to sympathise in reading with the feeling of the biographer, that "it was indeed a miserable thing that the fate of the great Pompey" should lie in the hands of the king's eunuch, rhetoric-master, and chamberlain. We are told, with a quiet and impressive simplicity of style befitting the last scene of a tragedy, how the great Roman was murdered as he was stepping from the boat on the flat sandy shore of the Pelusiac mouth of the Nile. When Pompey felt the treacherous stab from behind, and saw the other swords drawn round him, he felt, with that instinctive readiness of dignity which we cannot but believe to have been characteristic of ancient Rome (however unlike to the ordinary demeanour of modern men and women under ordinary circumstances), that all that was left was to die as became a Roman conqueror. So, "taking up his gown with both his hands, he drew it over his face, and neither saying nor doing any thing unworthy of himself, only groaning a little, endured the wounds they gave him, and so ended his life in the fifty-ninth year of his age, the very next day after the day of his birth." It is clear that Plutarch takes peculiar pleasure in reciting the details of the pious offices paid with scanty means to Pompey's corpse upon the shore by his old freedman Philip, and the appropriate vengeance taken by fate upon one after another of the miserable assassins. The eunuch and the chamberlain were put to death by Cæsar; the weak young king Ptolemy, in whose name the murder was committed, after being overthrown in battle upon the banks of the Nile, fled away, and was never heard of more. The politic Greek rhetoric-master, who had counselled the base deed as the best method of getting rid of Cæsar's rival, fled from justice, and lived "a vagabond in banishment, wandering up and down, despised and hated of all men," until, after Cæsar's end, he fell into the hands of Brutus, who put him to death with every kind of ignominy. Then, and not till then, when his pen has written down the execution of their several penalties upon Pompey's murderers, does Plutarch wind up his story with the restitution of the great Roman's ashes to his wife, for honourable sepulture among the urns of his country-house, in sight of Rome. There are fine pictures and noble thoughts, however pedantically spun out, in Lucan's Pharsalian epic; but the real grandeur and simplicity of epic conception is as much more visible in Plutarch's mode of telling the tale than in Lucan's, as it is in Mr. Tennyson's Idylls of the Court of King Arthur than in Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's poem.

Besides the fifty completed individual likenesses, and the thousands of other episodical sketches of character and story, preserved in Plutarch's volumes, and so largely interwoven by all the earlier popular authorities of our own childhood with the historical thread of the annals of Greece and Rome,—there is retailed in the Lives an infinite variety of the detail of ancient customs here and there, such as are familiar to all classical students, without their knowing from what source their information has been derived. Any body who will take the well-repaid trouble of reading his Plutarch through again in later life, will feel surprised at the recognition of so many old friends in the shape of manners and customs, and at the fullness of those accessory illustrations which give so substantial a reality to the great idealised picture of the Greek and Roman world which Plutarch drew. The same facts are undoubtedly often to be found elsewhere, in the authorities from which Plutarch's own knowledge is confessedly taken, as well as in other authors whom he is not proved to have studied. But it may be doubted whether they have ever been told with superior or equal clearness, and whether their familiarity to modern ears does not spring more generally from the often-translated and widely-read Lives of Plutarch than from the pages of writers who have been mainly studied in the original tongue. It may sound paradoxical to assert, that the intrinsic worth of Plutarch is more thoroughly appreciated among us because we know him only in translations; but it is unquestionably true. Not only would his name never have become such a household word through modern Europe, had it been the supposed duty of all classical students to struggle with his style before they could arrive at his meaning, but the breadth of familiarity, the power of taking him in all at once, which is now within the reach of every clear-headed English reader, could have been then attained by very few among the narrower circle of those who would in that case have read him. It is as necessary to read a contemporary historian in his own words as if he were a poet; but Plutarch is neither a historian nor a writer on contemporary things. He views his antique heroes entirely from without, and places them as regularly upon one broad plateau apart from his own every-day world of Trajan's era, as does Mr. Watts in his great allegorical fresco, "The Progress of Legislation." There is an obvious and irreconcilable anachronism in bringing together Moses and Confucius, and the three English Barons from Runnymede, and Theodora and Justinian, in a place which is neither earth nor heaven, but something between them. From Romulus and Theseus to Philopœmen and Flamininus, there is the same —not identity of level, but—easy gradation of a receding slope,

and the same distinctive separation from the costume of ordinary life and thought, observable in Plutarch's Lives when read as a whole. The material defect or improbability is cured in either case by the serene grandeur of the scheme, and the uniform nobility of the treatment. But as to study at our ease the full meaning of Mr. Watts' composition, we desire a reduced drawing or an explanatory key, which may engrave itself on our minds, without hours of staring up at the fresco itself in its lofty place in Lincoln's-Inn Hall; so, for the real enjoyment of Plutarch, it is best to know him familiarly as an English author, to be able to overlook him rapidly or to dwell on him at length, without the loss of vividness which is always involved in the reading of a translation, when once you have received your earliest impressions from the original.

We said just now, that it is the fullness and truth of the accessory illustration which confers the lifelike look on the idealised portraiture of thought and character which are given us in Plutarch. Take, for instance, the description of the Parthian skirmishing in the story of the fatal expedition of Crassus. It is as clear, characteristic, and picturesque as any dramatic pageant Mr. Charles Kean or Mr. Macready ever put upon the stage; more like Napier's account of the Peninsular battles which he had seen himself, than like a derivative account of a campaign long before the writer's own time. And it is a description of which the visible reality will never fade; least of all during the progress of military science towards a point where the Parthian tactics of fighting flying will be more available, if not more universal, than they have been for many centuries, in proportion to the increasing range and certainty of missile weapons. The principles of destruction, as well as the details of life and the objects of living, are governed by the same rules now as in the ages painted by Plutarch. Some of his stories show how curiously human thought revolves in particular cycles, or runs in parallel grooves. The Etruscan sages, who were thought to possess a knowledge beyond other men, affirmed in the time of Sylla that a certain prodigy betokened the mutation of the age, and a general revolution of terrestrial things. Their theory supposed eight destined ages of the universe, differing from each other in the lives and the characters of men, with a divinely allotted measure of time for each. When one age had run out, some wonderful sign from earth or heaven would at once proclaim to the students of such mysteries that a fresh race of men, with different institutions and aims, and more or less dear to the gods than their predecessors, had arisen in the world. The basis of this mythological system is clearly the same phase of thought as that which originated the golden,

silver, brazen, and iron ages of Hesiod; though Hesiod's theory of degeneration carried him no further, and foresaw no chance of alternating rise and fall. There are serious and educated Englishmen in this latter half of the nineteenth century who virtually hold the same creed with the Etruscan sages; consulting and ingeniously twisting the records and dates of sacred and profane history for the identification of the spasmodic birth-throes of past ages, and sedulously looking for the appointed sign of a fresh cycle. So like are the permutations of speculative curiosity under different circumstances and different influences. Although "the knowledge of divine things" may be "for the most part lost to us by incredulity," we prefer to hold with Plutarch himself that God does not govern the world by the irresistible force of successive and sudden revolutions for better or worse, but by the persuasive argument and reason of gradual change, controlling the race of men into compliance with his eternal purposes.

Shortly before the days of Shakespeare's reading Plutarch's Lives in England, Montaigne was studying both his Lives and his other writings in France. As he supplied the genius of the poetical magician with the concentrated essence of three noble dramas, so did he furnish the discursive mind of the moralising essayist with a store of thought, maxims, and illustrations, which lasted him for his whole lifetime. The one read him, and took bodily what he wanted for the purposes of his own art; and there the influence of Plutarch upon Shakespeare, so far as we know, came to an end. The other, with no such definite or immediate purpose in studying him, read him through and through, digesting him piecemeal in his rather happily suggestive than accurately retentive memory, and perpetually reproduced him in sparkling fragmentary apothegms, as an impressible pupil repeats and believes in the talk and the sentiments of an honoured master. Voluntarily and involuntarily, consciously and not, Montaigne overflowed with Plutarch, quoted Plutarch, and thought Plutarch, in every essay and every letter that he wrote. By the grace, interest, and variety of Montaigne's work, we may in some degree measure the qualities of the writer whom he took as the main source of his inspiration and his model.

But Montaigne was not the only Frenchman who studied Plutarch greedily. Rousseau did so too; and after Rousseau many of the leaders of the French Revolution. It is obvious that all the spurious classicalisms of the first French Republic, all those false imitations of an ideally severe antique virtue, in which vanity attempted to mask so much unbridled and miserable folly in the earlier scenes of that singular drama, were drawn from the characters of Plutarch mainly or alone.

The Lives were in some sense, as they have often been called, the Bible of the Revolution. It is difficult for any book to which destiny has ever given a biblical or authoritative character, to escape misconstruction, first at the hands of its own more fanatical expositors, and then from the outer world, which is naturally apt to confound the mischief committed in the name of a teacher with the doctrines he originally disseminated. It was wisely put into the mouth of a modern oracle, that the bearings of his own oracular observations lay in the application of them. Plutarch is not responsible for the ineptitude and wickedness of any bastard Brutus or Aristides of the Republic one and indivisible. Limited as his ideal of human virtue may be deemed to be, it was not that ideal which was sought after by those who quoted his heroes most volubly. They never tried to live up to the lights of the gospel they proclaimed. There were many lessons which they might have drawn from the pages of Plutarch, had they sincerely sought to apply the results of his teaching to their actual situation, not to force their own epoch and circumstances into an artificial and utterly absurd parallelism with the field of the pictures which Plutarch has drawn. If the English legislature were suddenly to be struck with a zeal for directly imitating Solon and Lycurgus, England would be in a state of irretrievable bankruptcy, lawlessness, and immorality before the end of the year. Yet Lycurgus and Solon, after a short education in the ways of modern life, might not be out of place in the English legislature. Most of Plutarch's heroes are marked by some exceptional hyperbole (so to speak) of individuality in character or fortune, easily to be seized upon and outwardly reproduced to exaggeration by a superficial caricaturist or imitator. Yet the most constant moral of Plutarch's writings and of Plutarch's own life, is the preaching of a contented, trustful, reverent, modest temperateness of judgment and nature, and an unambitious mediocrity of career, as the chief and soundest blessings which the Destinies could bestow on mortal man.

Art. II.—THE TESTIMONY OF GEOLOGY TO THE AGE OF THE HUMAN RACE.

An Account of some recent Researches near Cairo, undertaken with the view of throwing light upon the Geological History of the Alluvial Land of Egypt; instituted by Leonard Horner, Esq., V.P.R.S. *Phil. Trans. of Royal Society for* 1855, p. 105, and 1858, p. 53.

Reliquiæ Diluvianæ: Observations on the Organic Remains contained in Caves, Fissures, and Diluvial Gravel. By the Rev. W. Buckland, D.D., F.R.S. 4to. London, 1823.

Cavern Researches; or, Discoveries of Organic Remains and of British and Roman Reliques in the Caves of Kent's Hole, Anste's Cove, Chudleigh, and Berry Head. By the late Rev. J. MacEnery. Edited from the original Manuscript by E. Vivian. London, 1859.

Antiquités celtiques et antédiluviennes. Mémoire sur l'Industrie primitive et les Arts à leur Origine. Par M. Boucher de Perthes. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Vol. I., 1847; Vol. II., 1857.

The progress of discovery in geology has already set aside so many of what were long considered fundamental facts of natural history, and has enforced such a complete modification of the views at one time entertained concerning the history of the earth and its inhabitants, that moderate men and lovers of truth have agreed for some time past not to attempt to harmonise apparently conflicting truths, but simply to discover such facts as come within the range of observation. This is indeed a wise conclusion; for whenever a clear statement of facts, and a fair deduction from them, is opposed only by a received but doubtful interpretation of the sacred record, which in matters of physical science ought only to be regarded as an uncertain guide, there is no doubt what the ultimate result must be; and those who shut their eyes to truth, because it is opposed to their preconceived notions and convictions, are little aware how damaging to themselves and those guided by them is the ultimate decision against them, which must some day be given.

These remarks are intended to apply to a subject already attracting great attention, and likely soon to be the question of the day among all who take an interest not only in geology and archæology, but in the recognised chronology as applied to human and biblical history. Probably few non-scientific persons would hesitate to reply, if asked how long the human race has existed on the globe, that the period was something less than

six thousand years; and perhaps most such persons would think themselves bound to this belief by their respect for and confidence in the Bible. With matters of biblical criticism, and the various differences of opinion amongst commentators in this matter, we have here nothing to do; but we may set forth with stating our conviction that the chronology, like the natural history and astronomy, of the Bible is an open question, and a legitimate subject of human research.

There is ample ground in the ordinary range of history, and yet more in the study of language and of the physical differences of the various branches of the human family, to justify an inquiry into the antiquity of our race. That certain events followed each other in a certain sequence, may be true; but that they succeeded each other so rapidly as they must have done to occupy only a few thousand years, is in the highest degree improbable.

No illustration of this is more apposite than the case of Egypt, where we look back with all the aids of history, and with actual records, to a certain point, and trace without much difficulty a series of races, more or less civilised, till we reach the age of the Pharaohs in the time of Moses, when the Israelites departed from Egypt, and the actual history of the Jews as a people may be said to have commenced. At this time the hieroglyphics clearly prove that there existed among the Egyptians an amount of civilisation not inferior in many respects to the highest advances of subsequent centuries; and there is equally satisfactory proof that all the typical varieties of the human race were well known, and were as clearly marked as they are now by social as well as physical peculiarities. The negro, for example, was then a woolly-headed, thick-lipped black, with a receding forehead, indicating a humbly-developed intellect, adapted to serve rather than command. It is fair to inquire how far the time assumed to have elapsed between the Noachian deluge and the birth of Moses could in the natural course of things have brought about this result; for we find nowhere intimated any miraculous interference with the laws of nature, and are certainly not justified in assuming any thing of the kind in reference to this point. The history, as read by the picture-writing of the country, and as measured by the ancient monuments and by the change of surface of the ground, tells a very different story; and a careful investigation of the former kind of evidence has led to the conclusion expressed by the Chevalier Bunsen in the following passage, extracted from the preface to the fourth book of his *Ægyptens Stelle in der Weltgeschichte*, published in 1856:

"An examination of the time from Alexander to Menes, and of the vastly remote contemporaneous events of Asiatic life, lead us to docu-

mentary beginnings of a great development more or less chronologically determinable. But when we come to consider more closely the unmistakable purely historical time, before Menes, of separate kingdoms and particular provinces, we discover that these earlier ages belong to a period when the foundation of that entire development rested upon the formation of language and mythology. The author believes that he is justified in maintaining this to be a fact in historical science.

Records, forming a documentary history of nations, extend to about 4000 years before our era; and an early period of long duration must necessarily have preceded these. When we assign to that period a duration of from 6000 to 9000 years for Egypt, and from 15,000 to 16,000 years for man's existence, it is no arbitrary and presumptuous application of research, but an emancipation of ourselves from an error which throws every thing into confusion. The first epochs of the history of the human race demand at the least a period of this extent; and its commencement 20,000 years before our era is a fair starting-point in the earth's history."

It is not in Egypt alone that this kind of evidence exists. Throughout the East there are, among the ancient people there settled, sufficiently strong indications of antiquity to justify at least an impartial inquiry; and if there is some want of strict records, there is beyond a doubt every probability that the civilisation of those countries dates much farther back than the assumed period of the origin of our race. Even in Central America, and among savage nations, the varieties of language, as well as the prevalence of an existing type difficult to modify in many generations, throws back into remote antiquity the first origin of the tribes; while there has long been an opinion, kept back by considerations of respect for known prejudices, but always present, that the races inhabiting Central, Southern, and Western Europe, before the Romans swept over those countries, were not only themselves of very long standing, but could hardly have been the earliest races in possession. It remained for the progress of discovery in geology to bring proofs of this; but, up to a very recent date, even our boldest geologists, both in England and France, have uniformly declined to meet and fairly discuss cases that were from time to time put before them for consideration; although several observations have tended to show that the human race existed and flourished in association with other animals now unquestionably extinct. Among such cases, the most striking are the facts submitted by M. Boucher de Perthes in the work cited at the head of this article; but others, less clearly determinable, had been noticed in the celebrated bone-caverns of England, Belgium, France, and Germany; others, again, in the gravel of England; and others in North America, where a remarkable skeleton of the mastodon, brought to England some years ago, was said to have

had an axe and other implements of savages lying underneath some of the bones in the swampy ground in which it was buried in Kentucky.

The evidence thus gradually accumulated in various directions has at length been considered worthy of attention; and two or three discoveries, very carefully watched by competent observers, have proved that human remains exist which were not only buried at the same time as the bones of extinct quadrupeds, but to all appearance belonged to a race of men who lived when such quadrupeds were common in Europe. One of our English geologists, Dr. Falconer,—whose researches in the Sewalik hills in India brought to light a large ancient tertiary fauna, formerly ranging across India to the kingdom of Siam, and who has since devoted his attention to the fossil bones of elephantine animals found in the gravel,—seems to have been struck by the chain of evidence submitted by M. Boucher de Perthes; while nearly at the same time a new discovery of sculptured flints in a cave at Brixham, in Devonshire, mixed up with bones of cavern animals, brought the whole question prominently under discussion.

The geological evidence in relation to this inquiry seems at present to arrange itself naturally enough under three heads. *First*, that obtainable from deposits of mud mixed with human remains in river-deltas, where a certain degree of regularity of deposit can be shown to have taken place; *secondly*, that which can be traced in caverns, where such indications of man are mixed up with bones of other animals, the whole having since been sealed up, as it were, while other deposits of later date have been covering them; and *thirdly*, that derived from the careful exploration of gravel-beds, whose geological age is known from independent proof, and where also the remains of man are mixed with bones of other animals,—the whole having been drifted together, and together covered with newer deposit.

The only case at present adduced in respect to the first class of evidence is the Delta of the Nile, at a point where historical monuments of great antiquity exist, originally constructed on the Nile mud at a certain level, and since covered up by such a thickness of deposit as belongs to the time that has elapsed. For the clear determination of this matter, we have to thank Mr. Leonard Horner, who, by suggesting a series of operations of the simplest but most satisfactory kind, has succeeded in proving several very important points. The researches and conclusions alluded to are recorded in two memoirs read before the Royal Society, and since published in the *Transactions* of that body for the years 1855 and 1858; and we shall proceed to give an outline of the result.

Mr. Horner selected for the point of research the site of the ancient city of Memphis, situated about thirty miles above the apex of the actual Delta of the Nile. The date of the construction of this city is estimated by the best authorities as having been about 4000 years before the Christian era. This ancient city was built on land which, from its vicinity to the Nile, must have been annually overflowed, doubtless for many previous ages, and which consequently must have been covered with the sediment deposited by the annual inundations. The alluvial soil here is the same as that presented through the whole valley to the sea; and the remains of the ancient city are almost entirely buried by similar material. One statue (that of Rameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks), described by Herodotus, thrown down from its pedestal, was uncovered by making an excavation round it of five feet; and eight inches below is the top of two courses of cyclopean masonry—the platform on which the statue stood, whose total height was five feet seven inches, resting on an artificial foundation of sand. With regard to the age of this statue, Dr. Lepsius says, "If we may assume that the Memphis statue represents Rameses while a young man, of which the absence of a beard would not be of itself a decided proof, we should then be justified in assigning it to the beginning of the fourteenth century before Christ. According to my estimate, Rameses Mianun reigned from about 1394 to 1328 B.C." It would appear from this that the actual thickness of mud deposited during the last thirty-two centuries cannot be more than eleven feet three inches, or about four inches on an average in each century.

Within an area of a square mile east and south from this statue, and in places selected for the purpose, as many as nineteen pits were sunk, and borings made to the depth of the filtration of water, every where through similar material, and the depth generally approaching, sometimes much exceeding, forty feet. *In every case* human remains were met with, sometimes carved stone, but more frequently brick and pottery; and these continued, with few exceptions, to the lowest depth reached. The surface of the ground over the square mile experimented on was slightly uneven, and the difference between the highest point of the inundation of the Nile at that spot in 1851, and the mean level of the Mediterranean at the mouth of the river, was seventy-eight feet three inches.

Besides the nineteen pits on the site of ancient Memphis, twenty-seven were opened in a belt about a mile wide across the valley of the Nile on the parallel of Memphis, the breadth of the valley at this place being about five miles. The work was conducted in the same manner, by pits and borings to water, and

always with the same result; bricks and pottery occurring at intervals in most of the pits.

To test still further the general condition of the Nile deposit, as many as fifty-one pits were afterwards sunk on the parallel of Heliopolis, considerably below Memphis, and about ten miles below Cairo; about half the trials being on the east and the rest on the west bank, and the extreme distance of the east and west pit being sixteen miles. Some of the borings reached a depth of from 50 to 70 feet from the surface. Here also the soil penetrated consisted of Nile sediment, and fragments of pottery were brought up at various depths. In no instance did the boring reach the solid rock.

Ever since the publication of the great work on Egypt by the French naturalists who accompanied Bonaparte's expedition, it has been assumed as a settled point that the mean increase of land owing to the deposit of the Nile mud has been from time immemorial at the rate of five inches in a century. Judging from other data, and especially from the obelisk at Heliopolis, believed to have been erected 2300 years B.C., and now buried 12 feet 4½ inches, of which he considers the 16½ inches to have been originally sunk, Mr. Horner reduces this rate to 3·18 inches in the century at Heliopolis, and by a similar calculation to 3½ inches at Memphis.

Taking, however, the estimate which allows of the most rapid deposit, and making a small allowance for the occasional layers of sand, of which there are not many, and which would on the whole produce little effect; we find by a simple calculation from the depth at which human remains are found, that we are obliged to carry back the history of Egypt to a very ancient date. Thus in the lowest part of the boring, near the statue at Memphis, the instrument brought up from a depth of 39 feet of true Nile sediment a fragment of burnt pottery about an inch square, of a brick-red colour, the interior being dark gray, which must have been lying there, according to Mr. Horner, upwards of 13,000 years.* In some places, indeed, the fragments must have been obtained from a level sometimes far below, and often only a little above, low-water mark in the Mediterranean. These were no doubt brought down by the river from the higher and inhabited part of the valley, *at a time previous to the formation of that part of the Delta;* thus carrying back the records of the human race to a period which under no conceivable hypothesis can be reckoned

* Besides Mr. Horner's pits sunk and bored expressly to determine the scientific question, numerous wells and borings for water have brought up fragments of pottery from a depth sometimes of upwards of 70 feet, in various parts of Lower Egypt. But in these cases there was no starting-point that could be depended on, and the boring may have been through sand to some extent.

at less than one hundred, but is much more likely to have been two hundred, centuries. Mr. Horner very pertinently remarks, at the close of his memoir already cited:

"There is every reason to believe that the whole of the area now occupied by the alluvial land of Lower Egypt was at one time a bay in the Mediterranean, which in the course of ages was gradually filled up by deposits from the numerous branches of the Nile not confined by artificial embankments, and aided by sand blown from the adjacent high desert land;* and that at a time when the shore of the bay had advanced, first to the parallel of Sigioul and Bessousse, and afterwards to that of the present apex of the Delta, by means of the accumulations at the embouchure of the Nile, the fragments of brick and pottery that had fallen into the river above were carried forward by it into the bay. This process appears to have continued as the shores of the bay gradually advanced northward even to its present sea-line; for in borings made in 1854, at a village about forty-five miles above Rosetta, the supposed site of the ancient city of Sais, and also in the neighbourhood of Rosetta itself, similar fragments were found at depths of nineteen and twenty feet. The rubbish soil extends to considerable depths under the foundations of stone buildings, below the lowest level of the Mediterranean, and quite close to the sea" (*Phil. Trans.* for 1858, pt. i. p. 76).

There appears, then, to be no escape from the conclusion that in Egypt, for a distance of nearly seven hundred miles of country traversed by the Nile, between the mountains and the Mediterranean, and across the whole breadth of the river valley, the vast accumulation of mud forming the Delta of the Nile has been gradually deposited at an average rate of only a few inches in a century; and that, certainly during a very large part of the period that has been required for this deposit, men having a certain amount of cultivation, and at least making bricks and pottery, have lived in the country. Looking back more than three thousand years, however, we find the Delta of the Nile already formed, a city founded, and great monuments of granite erected, which serve to mark the epoch. In one place we find this lapse of time represented by a thickness of about 20 feet of actual Nile mud accumulated; while not far off other human remains of earlier and less civilised races are met with at a depth twice as great; and elsewhere, though perhaps under different conditions and with a greater thickness of loose sand, the

* "There must have been a time when the Delta was not only a marsh, but was even covered with water, and when the sea must have advanced so near to the site of Memphis as to allow the annual flood to rise no higher than eight cubits, or twelve to fourteen feet, at that place. Herodotus afterwards remarks that it rose fifteen or sixteen cubits in his time, which was the natural progress of things, as the point of contact of the land-waters with those of the sea was removed further out" (Rennell's *Geography of Herodotus*, p. 112).

depth of such remains is as much as 70 feet below the present surface.

In no instance have the remains of extinct races of animals been mixed up with these fragments of pottery and brick; so that the evidence obtained refers to the actual duration of the human family on the earth, and nothing more. It must not be supposed, however, that any rapid accumulation of mud can have taken place before the building of Memphis, suddenly washing into one heap the *débris* of a large district, and thus accounting for the phenomena. Nile mud is a peculiar substance, easily recognised, slowly deposited, and requiring a certain state of water for its formation. It is not, and, as far as we know, could not be produced by diluvial rushes of water, which give a totally different result.

The evidence of the antiquity of the human race obtainable from deposits in caverns, differs a good deal in many respects from that just stated; for in these localities there are no data from which we can calculate the accumulation of material as it goes on century by century.

Caverns have doubtless been formed in all geological periods, and filled up at intervals without regularity—partly by their animal inhabitants, when such were present, partly with matter drifted in from the outside, and occasionally with the coats of limestone left behind after the evaporation of water. Their evidence being of a different kind from that just discussed, requires special consideration; but before coming to this point, it will be well that the peculiar circumstances under which these receptacles have been formed, and more or less filled, by natural causes should be explained.

Caverns are found in all rocks, but those interesting for their organic contents are almost limited to limestone districts. They are generally natural fissures originally produced by the drying and hardening of limestone, which must have been deposited as fine mud; and these cracks have been enlarged by the mechanical upheavals and displacements to which all rocks have been subjected. Water containing carbonic-acid gas in solution, or mere rain-water under ordinary circumstances, trickling down through the limestone, has often first dissolved and carried away part of the rock itself, and afterwards deposited it elsewhere on evaporation; and thus are produced both the large open spaces of the caverns and also the *stalactites* and *stalagmites* with which they are partly filled, and on which for the most part the picturesque effect of caverns depends.* Such caverns,

* "Water in penetrating through limestone strata often becomes impregnated with particles of the calcareous carbonate of which the limestone is composed, and which on exposure to air it again deposits either in the form of pendulous

consisting of large open spaces communicating by narrow passages, may evidently reach as far as the mass of limestone rock itself; and the deposits have generally taken place in the hollow spaces. In some the accumulation has taken place near the entrance; but occasionally it has been drifted far into the interior, and is deposited in the deep and remote cavities.

Among the more remarkable of these caverns are the mammoth cave of Kentucky, the Adelsberg cavern in Carinthia, the grotto of Antiparos, and the labyrinth of Crete in Greece; the caves of Franconia in Germany, and in our own country those of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and Somersetshire. There are also remarkable and interesting examples in France and Belgium, and others in Australia. All of these have been the subject of description, and in all of them the essential features are the same. In almost all the state of the air shows a tolerably free communication with the surface, whether traceable or not; and the supply of water, either within the cave itself, or in the form of subterranean rivers issuing from limestone rocks, sufficiently marks the wide range of the crevices communicating with each other and with the surface.

The cavern of Kirkdale in Yorkshire was the first to which the special attention of English geologists was directed as containing the remains of animals in great abundance. Most of these remains belonged to kinds now and from time immemorial strangers to this part of the world; and on further examination, they were found to prove the existence, at the time of the filling up of the caverns, of great bears, hyænas, and tigers, not at all identical with the species met with at present in any part of the world. With them appear to have been associated species of elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, whose bones are mixed up with those of wolf, fox, weasel, horse, ox, deer, hare, rabbit, water-rat, and mouse, and several birds.

"The bottom of the cave, on first removing the mud, was found to be strewed all over like a dog-kennel from one end to the other with hundreds of teeth and bones, or rather broken and splintered fragments of bones, of all the animals above enumerated: they were found

masses that hang like icicles from the roof, or of strong concretions adhering to the sides of cavities into which the water thus impregnated finds admission; to such deposits the term STALACTITE is applied.

"If the percolation of water containing calcareous particles is too rapid to allow time for the formation of a stalactite, the earthy matter is deposited from it after it has fallen from the roof upon the floor of the cavern, and in this case the deposition is called STALAGMITE; the substance deposited is the same as in the case of stalactite. Stalagmites are commonly, at least in the early stages of their formation, of a mammillary shape; by gradual accumulation they become conical, and at length form pillars by the continual addition of their materials, till they meet and become united with the stalactite that depends from the roof immediately above" (Buckland's *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*, p. 9).

in greatest quantity near its mouth, simply because its area in that part was most capacious; those of the larger animals—elephant, rhinoceros, &c.—were found coextensively with all the rest, even in the inmost and smaller recesses. Scarcely a bone has escaped fracture. On some of the bones marks may be traced which, on applying one to the other, appear exactly to fit the form of the canine teeth of the hyæna that occur in the cave. . . . The jawbones are broken to pieces like the rest; and in the case of all the animals the number of teeth and of small bones of the extremities is more than twenty times as great as could have been supplied by the individuals whose other bones we find mixed with them. . . . The greatest number of teeth are those of hyænas and the ruminantia. Mr. Gibson alone collected more than 300 canine teeth of the hyæna, which must have belonged to at least seventy-five individuals; and adding these to the teeth I have seen in other collections, I cannot calculate the total number of hyænas of which there is evidence at less than 200 or 300" (Buckland's *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*, p. 15).

After mentioning further details, Dr. Buckland states his opinion to be, "that the cave at Kirkdale was, during a long succession of years, inhabited as a den by hyænas, and that they dragged into its recesses the other animal bodies whose remains are found mixed indiscriminately with their own:" this conclusion being confirmed by the discovery of the solid calcareous excrement of some animal that had lived on bones, of which considerable quantities were also met with either detached or invested with a crust of stalagmite, and which was recognised by the keeper of a menagerie as identical with the excrement of recent hyænas. He concludes that

"the accumulation of these (the hyæna and other) bones appears to have been a long process, going on through a succession of years, whilst all the animals in question were natives of this country. . . . The teeth and fragments of bone seem to have lain a long time scattered irregularly over the bottom of the den, and to have been continually accumulating until the introduction of the sediment in which they are now embedded, and to the protection of which they owe that high state of preservation they possess" (Ibid. p. 41).

Finally, the Professor considers that

"four periods of time are indicated by the condition of remains in this cave: 1st, When the cavern and its opening existed in its present state, but was not tenanted by hyænas; this is considered to have been very short: . . . 2d, When the cave was inhabited by hyænas, and the stalactite and stalagmite were still forming: . . . 3d, When the mud was introduced, and the animals extirpated: . . . and 4th, When the stalagmite was deposited which invests the upper surface of the mud" (Ibid. pp. 48-51).

We have been induced to give this abstract of the discoveries at Kirkdale as a good illustration of the ordinary phe-

nomena of caverns when containing remains of animals. No indications of man were recognised; and the general conclusion was, that the third and fourth periods referred to the Noachian deluge and the subsequent historic period respectively. Further investigations, indeed, fully satisfied Dr. Buckland that no universal flood of water had occurred in Western Europe at the date usually attributed to the Noachian deluge; but at the writing of his book (1821) geology was still in an elementary state, and the nature of its evidence was little appreciated.

Long before Dr. Buckland undertook to describe and theorise upon the contents of English caverns, several French geologists had described caverns in the south of France in which human remains, or rather remains of a certain rude kind of human art, occurred amongst those of extinct animals (bears, hyænas, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, &c.), in such a manner as to lead to the conclusion that man must have been contemporaneous with those animals. At least two distinct races were indicated by the nature of the human remains; the more recent deposit containing human bones, earthen lamps, and baked clay figures, while the earlier showed only very coarse pottery, worked fragments of bone, and small flint implements. In all these cases it was assumed that the association must be accidental, and that the animals had ceased to inhabit the country long before any of the human remains were deposited. The hypotheses suggested were not always very satisfactory, especially with regard to the flint implements, which were all referred to one date, and were considered to have been the work of the inhabitants of western Europe immediately before the incursion of the Romans.

The determination not to recognise any observation that should seem likely to involve the admission of an error in the admitted chronology, has lasted almost to the present time; but a rude shock was certainly given to it last year, in consequence of the unexpected result of some cavern investigations, which we must now describe.

The cavern under examination (the Brixham cavern in Devonshire) differed nothing in mechanical structure, and but little in the nature and arrangement of the deposits contained in it, from that of Kirkdale, already described, but the contents were very important. The systematic and conscientious search from which the results were obtained is due mainly to the exertions of Dr. Falconer and Mr. Pengelly, assisted by a grant from the Royal Society.* The calcareous rock of the neighbourhood is divided by joints crossing each other at right angles; these

* No report has yet been made to the Royal Society of the result of the investigations.

joints have been enlarged by the percolation of rain-water, and perhaps by running streams, and by the erosions of sea-waves when the land was at a lower level. The floor of the original cave is a coarse and more or less pebbly deposit; and over this is a loamy deposit, partially covered with stalagmite and containing bones of extinct mammalia. Other deposits lie on this loam, and amongst them, sometimes under the stalagmite, and mixed with the fragments of extinct animals such as are usually found in caves, are sculptured flints of a rude form, but unmistakably artificial in their origin, the whole clearly showing that the deposit of human remains and of the bones of extinct cavern animals were events absolutely contemporaneous; while an antler of a reindeer and a bone of the cave-bear were embedded in the superficial stalagmite in the middle of the cave, over the deposit containing the sculptured flint.

While the explorations were still going on in the Brixham cave, Dr. Falconer was visiting a cave in Sicily previously undescribed; and here also he discovered, "under very interesting and somewhat anomalous conditions, a large patch of bone breccia, containing teeth of ruminants, bits of carbon, shells of various species of helix, and a vast abundance of flint and agate knives of human manufacture" (*Abstr. of Proc. of Geol. Soc.*, No. 32). As these were cemented to the roof of the cavern by stalagmite, and the rest of the deposit is now gone, there can be little doubt that great changes and a long period of time must have elapsed, and many geological events supervened, since the human inhabitants lived who manufactured the knives.

"With regard to the fragments of silicious objects, the great majority of them present definite forms, being long, narrow, and thin; having invariably a smooth conchoidal surface below, and above a longitudinal ridge bevelled off right and left, or a concave facet replacing the ridge—in the latter case presenting three facets on the upper side. Dr. Falconer is of opinion that they closely resemble in every detail of form obsidian knives from Mexico and flat knives from Stonehenge, Arabia, and elsewhere; and that they appear to have been formed by the dislamination as films of the long angles of prismatic blocks of stone. These fragments occur, intimately intermixed with the bone-splinters, shells, &c., in the roof-breccia in very considerable abundance; amorphous fragments of flint are comparatively rare, and no pebbles or blocks occur either within or without the cave" (*Abstr. of Geol. Proc.*, No. 36).

It is clear in this case that the original deposit, containing this admixture of flint knives with bones and shells, was effected by a drift in tranquil water; but the important and significant fact, that the bones of extinct animals were quietly mixed up with human remains, is worthy of careful attention.

The evidence, then, at present obtained from the explorations of caverns with reference to the age of the human race, amounts to this: In at least two instances, one in England, and another in Sicily (but probably in many more, since the very possibility of such evidence was ignored till lately, and numerous very similar caverns to those examined have been carelessly opened and the record lost), there has been a positive admixture of sculptured flints with bones of the following extinct species, or some of them: *Elephas priscus* (the mammoth of early geologists), the great cavern hyæna, the great cavern bear, at least one extinct rhinoceros, an extinct *bos* and *equus*, and the reindeer. It also appears that this admixture is of such a kind as to prove a complete contemporaneity, and not an accidental admixture made after both had been elsewhere deposited.

The human race is thus proved to have been represented in Western Europe at the time of the existence of these animals, now long lost. The exact nature of the objects supposed to indicate the presence of our race we have, indeed, for the present assumed; but we shall endeavour presently to put this also before the reader, and have only hitherto withheld it because the facts and inferences in relation to these objects are more directly connected with the history of gravel than with that of cavern deposits.

The evidence obtained from gravel we now proceed to discuss. It is not necessary, perhaps, to occupy much space in illustrating what is meant by gravel; but we must in a few lines explain the technical sense in which the word is here used.

Geologists understand by *gravel* a mixed mass of sand and more or less rounded stones, brought together by or in water, and deposited sometimes in hollows, sometimes on plains, sometimes on hill-tops, but generally in patches. To account for this gravel, various theories have been suggested; and there can be little doubt that similar material may have been accumulated at any period of the earth's history, and perhaps in many ways. But it is only those deposits that belong, or are immediately antecedent, to the last changes that have affected the surface, of which the indications are clear; and thus the use of the term is generally limited to the latest aqueous deposits of the nature described. As the gravel also often shows symptoms of having been drifted, it is not unfrequently called *drift*. The contents of many of the caverns already alluded to are partially composed of such drift, and were brought into their present position during part of the same geological period.

When in ordinary deposits of gravel the bones of quadrupeds of the drift period are found, and are little injured, they must be assumed to have been deposited contemporaneously

with the stones, gravel, or sand with which they are mingled. These animals being for the most part of the same kind as those found in the caverns, the gravel-beds, as well as the caverns, ought to afford similar evidence of human remains.

So long ago as the year 1797, a memoir by Mr. John Frere was published,* mentioning the discovery of some flint implements in a bed of gravel eleven or twelve feet from the surface, at Hoxne in Suffolk, the gravel being overlaid by sand and brick earth, and containing, besides these sculptured flints the bones of some unknown animal, since presumed to have been the mammoth (*Elephas priscus*). At the time no notice seems to have been taken of this discovery; for, indeed, the study of geology and fossils hardly existed as a science, and the fact was put on record for the benefit of archæologists. The next account of a similar discovery is to be found in the memoirs of the "Société d'Emulation d'Abbeville" in France, whose president, M. Boucher de Perthes, was an enthusiastic archæologist, and certainly an honest and not unsound observer of geological phenomena. During the years 1840 to 1846 inclusive, M. Boucher read a series of memoirs to his society, bringing together the results of investigations very carefully made in the gravel-beds of St. Acheul, near Abbeville, and recording them in an octavo volume, containing numerous illustrative drawings of the objects discovered. It appears, indeed, that M. Boucher's researches† had been going on steadily and laboriously during the whole time that had been occupied in England—first, in the exploration of caverns, in which any appearance of similar results was at once ignored, and afterwards in the determination of the descriptive geology of the country, which afforded ample employment for the best talent and most unceasing exertions of the hard-working and persevering geologists whose names have since become identified with the early history and progress of their science.

Thus it happened that, although M. Boucher succeeded in bringing together from gravel-beds in his neighbourhood a large series of sculptured flints and the bones of animals found in the same beds, and forwarded to Paris copies of his work and specimens, or rather whole collections illustrating and confirming his views, neither the work nor the specimens received much attention; no one, indeed, contradicting, but no one taking the trouble to verify, the very important assertions and conclusions put forward.

M. Boucher had, however, succeeded in satisfying himself,

* Archæologia, vol. xiii. (published in 1800).

† M. Boucher states, that the first idea of the possibility of finding human remains in gravel occurred to him in the year 1826, and that from that time he was constantly looking out for evidence.

and hoped to satisfy the world, that there existed in these flints the last, and perhaps only, remains of a family of the human race who inhabited Western Europe at a period long antecedent to the earliest human records, and at a time when numerous gigantic quadrupeds now extinct were the common inhabitants of the country.

The exact nature of the remains on which such important conclusions depend is a matter of considerable interest both to the geologist and archæologist; and we must now endeavour to describe them as accurately as possible. The fact is, indeed, that a number of chipped flints, which careless observers might think accidentally fractured, but which more careful observation proves to have been artificially broken, include all the examples of manufacture yet discovered that are really reliable and that belong to the earliest period. This may appear at first rather unsatisfactory evidence on which to build a theory; but it happens in archæology and geology, as in law, that good circumstantial evidence, even of the narrowest and apparently least important kind, is sometimes more convincing and trustworthy than more direct statements, however distinctly sworn to.

A flint may no doubt be fractured naturally, by being knocked about with other hard stones on the sea-shore; but experiment and investigation have shown that such natural fracture produces a surface differing a good deal from that left when a part of the same flint has been knocked off intentionally by the blow of a hammer or of another stone. M. Boucher discovered that, with very few exceptions, a convex face was the result of an intentional blow; while a concave face may indeed be produced intentionally, but is the almost invariable result of an accident. The flints in question include a large number of mere chips, some with faces intentionally produced, and others accidental; but amongst them are many of which the form is so distinctly the effect of forethought and skill, that no one could doubt their being the work of men. Such are the arrow-heads, spear-heads, sacrificial knives and hatchets of archæologists, constructed not always of flint, but also of granite, porphyry, jade, serpentine, jasper, basalt, and indeed almost all kinds of hard stone, and found in almost all parts of the world of the same general form and make. Of these the most perfect have well-defined shape, are often pierced with round holes, and are not only artificially cut and smoothed, but even highly polished: the less perfect generally show pretty clearly by their shape the purposes for which they were originally designed, and by their surface the degree of chipping and rubbing they have undergone: the least perfect are the chips already mentioned. The most modern, or those found in the newest

deposits, are generally also the most artificial; while the more ancient (though occasionally very smooth) are usually rough and almost shapeless. Those found in the gravel are described as of three forms: 1. Flakes of flint, apparently intended for knives or arrow-heads; 2. Pointed implements, usually truncated at the base, and varying in length from four to nine inches, possibly used as spear or lance-heads, which in shape they resemble; 3. Oval or almond-shaped implements, from two to nine inches in length, and with a cutting edge all round. They have generally one end more sharply curved than the other, and are occasionally even pointed, and they may be supposed to have been used as sling-stones, or as axes, cutting at either end, with a handle bound round the centre. This description of the objects in question was given by Mr. Evans at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries in June last, and is the more to be valued, as Mr. Evans accompanied Mr. Prestwich on his visit to the neighbourhood of Abbeville, to examine into the value of M. Boucher's assertions, and seems to have gone with great care into the subject. Mr. Evans further states, "that the evidence derived from the implements of the first kind is not of much weight, on account of their extreme simplicity of form, which at times renders it difficult to determine whether they were produced by art or by natural causes. This simplicity of form would also prevent the flint flakes made at the earliest period from being distinguishable from those of later date. The case is different with the other two forms of implements, which were unquestionably worked by the hand of man, and are not indebted for their shape to any natural configuration or peculiar fracture of the flint." They resemble in some respects the well-known implements of the so-called Celtic or stone period, which, however, are generally smoothed, or even polished, and are made of various kinds of hard stone. Those from the drift and caverns are never smoothed, and have not yet been found of other material than chalk-flint.*

M. Boucher—who, at any rate, deserves some consideration, since every thing that he has professed to describe appears to have been confirmed by later observers—is satisfied that he has also discovered in many cases the handles of wood and stag's-horn originally attached to some of these implements. He believes that these were of the simplest kind; and he supposes that they were actually buried with the flinty and more endur-

* Mr. Evans remarks, that in form and workmanship the flint implements discovered at St. Acheul differed essentially from those of the so-called Celtic period; and that, had they been found under any circumstances, they must have been regarded as the work of some other race than the Celts or known aboriginal tribes (*Proc. Roy. Soc.* for May 26, 1859).

ing part, and are only not now exhumed owing to their more perishable material. However this may be, the negative fact of no other remains occurring cannot fairly be held to militate against the evidence actually afforded by their presence; and they show every appearance of having been fabricated by another race of men than the Celts, who—from the fact of true Celtic stone weapons of more finished make, and mixed with pottery, having been found in the superficial soil above the drift, or in beds separated by distinct deposits of stalagmite from those containing these ruder weapons, as well as from other considerations—must have inhabited this region of the globe at a period anterior to its so-called Celtic occupation.

It is well worthy of notice, that in all parts of the world in which archæological researches have hitherto been made, implements closely resembling either those above described, or the more finished and smoother weapons of a similar character but later date, referred in England to the Celts, have been found buried, or are still used by tribes little advanced in the arts of civilised life.

Thus the flint axes and knives of the caverns or the gravel scarcely differ in form from the hatchets of the latest inhabitants of Britain previous to the incursion of the Saxon and Danish tribes; but the former are exclusively flint, and the latter show a large admixture of other stones, many of which are foreign. The arrow-heads and hatchets of England differ in no respect whatever from those of Normandy and Brittany, of the centre and south of France, of Spain and Italy, of Sardinia and Sicily, and of other islands, as well as many places on the shores of the Mediterranean. These, again, have their exact counterparts in Arabia and India, Eastern Asia and Australia, in the islands of the Indian Archipelago and the South Pacific Ocean, in Mexico and the West-Indian islands, and on the mainland of the two Americas. Stone hatchets from Virginia, Mexico, and Arabia, are precisely identical in form with the Celts of England; and in every case these, and a few straggling fragments of the coarsest pottery, form the principal objects that remain to illustrate the manufactures of races of people essentially different, inhabiting the most widely distant countries for many ages. Nor is there any thing extraordinary in this. Assuming that human art is, and always has been, the same in its origin and essential characteristics, but progressive and variously developed in individuals and races, it is difficult to understand how there could be other than a general resemblance in the form and structure of the first weapons, instruments, and utensils invented. Assuming also that the human intellect has been developed from a very low state of ignorance

to its present stage of cultivation, one can readily imagine that a long and indefinite period might elapse between the first introduction of the human family on the earth, or on any part of it, and its advance to any defined point of civilisation. The first steps of any infant tribe may have been almost indefinitely retarded, although when the first step was made several successive steps would probably follow very rapidly. The advances of discovery in modern, as in ancient, times are by a few rapid movements followed by a pause, during which the mass of mankind, left far behind by the first advance, are gradually creeping up to the new level. Once there, ages may again elapse before another great progress is made.

M. Boucher, being an enthusiast, naturally rides his hobby to the death. He can see in the most shapeless stones, not suggestive to any other eye of the roughest human handling, mystical emblems of the domestic habits and mode of worship of the ancient races, the ancestors of the so-called Celts and Druids. He weaves from these fragments whole histories of early trials, and frequent failures of the savage, while attempting to manufacture the simplest stone implements; he discovers models of the temples and monuments, built subsequently on a large scale into cromlechs and monoliths; and he makes out the forms of various animals, in anticipation of the idols one day to be constructed. All this, no doubt, has tended to throw discredit on important statements which really describe matters of fact, and which require most serious consideration. It is not easy, nor is it always possible, to determine whether a particular stone, whose form may suggest to one person the idea of a fish, and to another that of a human face, while a third sees no resemblance to any known object, has been intended to symbolise this or that idea; but it is very important, and comparatively easy, to know whether this stone has passed through human hands, and been hewn, however roughly, before being embedded in a particular bed of gravel, or deposited on a certain part of a cave: and these are points on which M. Boucher gives good sound evidence.

The method that seems to have been adopted in the manufacture of the older flint and stone implements was simple enough, and can be followed now with success by any one possessed of sufficient time and patience. The stone was probably taken from the rock, as in that case it would be rather softer than after long exposure to the air. By a number of slight blows, made by using one stone as a chisel and another as a hammer, small chips were knocked off in the right direction; and thus the number of the faces becomes a proof of the mode as well as of the fact of manufacture. In after times the edges

were rubbed down on another stone as hard, or harder than the implement being constructed; and, at a later period still, a rough polishing process was introduced. These latter steps were, however, in all probability modern innovations, and involved efforts far beyond the powers of the oldest tribes. Not only are the implements and weapons found in various stages of completeness, but very rough beginnings are sometimes seen, and whole basketfuls of chips have been described as occurring in some localities. All of these tell the same tale; and although, no doubt, each one possesses a special interest, little is gained to science by the repetition of specimens either alike in structure and use, or intended for purposes we cannot at all make out. The main fact is this, that flint and other hard stones, bearing marks of having been broken artificially into a definite form, afford proof of the existence of human beings at the time when the stones were thus wrought into shape.*

There is one other point of considerable importance to be referred to before leaving this part of the subject. It is the nature of the stone itself. In many of the later and more perfect specimens of manufacture there is some difficulty in tracing the stone to any neighbouring quarry, and not unfrequently the material is decidedly and unmistakably foreign. In all the oldest flakes, arrow-heads, knives, and hatchets, the stone is that of the vicinity; flint in England, where this mineral is common; basalt or granite where flint is not obtainable. Elsewhere we find other rocks; but always the hardest and the toughest that could be obtained.

The condition of the flint implements in the gravel and caverns is peculiar, and corresponds in weathering with that of fragments of shapeless flint buried with them. They are discoloured by contact with ochreous matter, whitened when in a clayey matrix, incrusted with carbonate of lime when found with chalky matter, just as the other flints are; and in all respects appear to have undergone the same alteration by time and exposure.

There is naturally a great disinclination on the part of many to accept, on any terms, facts so adverse to all ordinary notions of human chronology; for, as we shall see presently, there is but one conclusion to be arrived at if the artificial origin of these implements is admitted, as the races of men that con-

* It may be well to remind the reader that the construction of flint implements has lately been undertaken with great success by a much more civilised race than the ancient inhabitants of Britain or Gaul, and that he is not unlikely to purchase or obtain from the quarrymen, even where celts have really been found, their own manufactures rather than those of our distant ancestors. The Birmingham reliques, to be obtained in inexhaustible store from the field of Waterloo, are hardly more common, and not an atom more real, than some recent acquisitions of this kind.

structed them must, in that case, have been contemporaries with the great extinct cavern bears, hyænas, and tigers inhabiting northern Europe at a period when elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotamuses wandered over the forests and tenanted the rivers. Mr. Wright, no mean authority in antiquarian matters, has endeavoured to throw doubt on the artificial origin of the flakes or more simple implements, of which the number found is very large; and states his belief, that "they might have been produced naturally by a violent and continued gyratory motion, perhaps in water, in which they were liable to be struck by other bodies in the same movement." This is a somewhat vague hypothesis, not supported by experiment or observation; but whatever its value may be as regards them, the more artificial forms already found, however few in comparison, are amply sufficient to destroy the value of the doubt as affecting the general question. With regard to the more highly finished of those described by Mr. Evans, they show a uniformity of shape, a correctness of outline, and a sharpness about the cutting points and edges, which, in the opinion of that gentleman, and most of those who have examined them, could not possibly be the result of accidental collision with other flints; and the progress of discovery cannot fail very soon to settle all doubt in this matter, since a very few additional facts will decide whether the specimens supposed to be artificial were really the work of intelligent beings, however low in the scale of civilisation.

Mr. Wright has also objected that the mere number of the flakes found in the same locality renders it improbable that they can be other than natural phenomena. That they are unequally distributed is, however, very probable; and it is not difficult to understand that objects of this kind might be drifted into groups, whether accumulated by burial into one place, or merely conveyed and brought together by their similar specific gravity However this may be, a little further observation will soon clear up whatever doubt remains, and either place the human origin of these flakes, knives, and axes beyond all doubt, or bring some clear proof that they are the results of natural fracture.

M. Boucher's book, published in 1847, having failed to attract the attention it certainly deserved, the whole subject seemed to slumber, and both in England and France fairly slipped out of observation for several years. The clever and persevering author, however, feeling that he had right on his side, did not relax in his endeavours to throw fresh light on the important question involved. In 1851 a part of M. Boucher's work was translated, and was published in England; and in 1854 Dr. Rigollot, a French geologist, entered fairly into the

subject, and satisfied himself as to the geological age of the deposit of gravel, in which no one doubted the remains had been found. The result of his investigations is expressed in a few words in a letter to M. Boucher, dated 29th November 1853. Speaking of a memoir he is preparing, he says: "In this memoir I merely follow in your steps; and my only ambition is, to prove that you were correct in announcing that our country had been inhabited by men before the grand disturbance that caused the destruction of the elephants and rhinoceroses that lived there. What you have said, with all the detail required to produce conviction, I have repeated more briefly, and no doubt less well."

M. Rigollot was soon followed by others; and in 1857 a second volume was published by M. Boucher, with fresh evidence and new figures of sculptured flints discovered, and extending also the district containing them, which then included the departments of the Somme, the Pas de Calais, the Oise, the Seine, and the Seine Inférieure.

Meanwhile our own geologists were also beginning to have their attention directed to the subject. The cave discoveries already alluded to had paved the way for the reconsideration of the evidence; and Dr. Falconer, satisfied that M. Boucher de Perthes deserved some credit for his investigations and specimens, induced Mr. Prestwich to examine the Abbeville sections. Mr. Prestwich, in a memoir read 26th May last before the Royal Society, confesses that he undertook the inquiry full of doubt, but went to see and judge for himself. He found the gravel-beds of St. Acheul (those that had been most productive in flint implements) capping a low chalk-hill a mile south-east of Amiens, more than 100 feet above the level of the Somme, and not commanded by any higher ground. The upper beds consisted of about 10 to 15 feet of brown brick-earth, containing many old tombs and some coins, but without organic remains. Under this was a whitish marl and sand, with recent shells and mammalian bones and teeth, whose thickness varied from 2 to 8 feet; while, lastly, there was found 6 to 12 feet of coarse subangular flint-gravel, with some remains of shells in sand, and teeth and bones of elephant, horse, ox, and deer, generally near the base. With these he found the worked flints in considerable number; and the whole deposit rests on chalk.

Another section of greater interest is described by Mr. Prestwich in the same memoir. It is at Menchecourt, a suburb to the north-west of Abbeville, where the deposit is very distinct in its character, and the association of flint implements with recent shells and extinct mammalian remains is unquestionable. The mammalian remains here include two extinct deers, an ex-

tinct species of horse, and another of *bos*, besides the mammoth and tichorhine rhinoceros; and there are a few marine shells mixed indiscriminately with fresh-water species. Amongst these, in the middle beds, at depths varying from 16 to 22 feet from the surface, are flint flakes of doubtful character; flint knives, resembling those found in barrows, and recognised by archæologists as of artificial make; and true flint implements ("haches"), believed by M. Boucher de Perthes to be from the lower bed of subangular flint-gravel, containing the mammalian remains.

With regard to the probability of these implements having been embedded in the gravel from the time of its formation, we append an extract from the memoir of Mr. Prestwich, already cited; which will have the greater weight, as coming from an observer not only thoroughly familiar with his subject, but among the most cautious and careful of the geologists of the day.

"Besides the concurrent testimony of all the workmen at the different pits, which the author (Mr. Prestwich), after careful examination, saw no reason to doubt, the flint implements ('haches') bear upon themselves internal evidence of the truth of M. de Perthes' opinion. It is a peculiarity of fractured chalk flints to become deeply and permanently stained and coloured, or to be left unchanged, according to the nature of the matrix in which they are embedded. In most clay beds they become outside of a bright opaque white or porcelainic; in white calcareous or silicious sand their fractured black surfaces remain almost unchanged; whilst in beds of ochreous and ferruginous sands, the flints are stained of the light-yellow and deep-brown colours so well exhibited in the common ochreous gravel of the neighbourhood of London. This change is the work of very long time, and of moisture before the opening out of the beds. Now in looking over the large series of flint implements in M. de Perthes' collection, it cannot fail to strike the most casual observer that those from Menchecourt are almost always white and bright, whilst those from Moulin Quignon* have a dull yellow and brown surface; and it may be noticed, that whenever (as is often the case) any of the matrix adheres to the flint, it is invariably of the same nature, texture, and colour as that of the respective beds themselves. In the same way, at St. Acheul, where there are beds of white and others of ochreous gravel, the flint implements exhibit corresponding variations in colour and adhering matrix; added to which, as the white gravel contains chalk *débris*, there are portions of the gravel in which the flints are more or less coated with a film of deposited carbonate of lime; and so it is with the flint implements which occur in those portions of the gravel. Further, the surface of many specimens is covered with fine dendritic markings. Some few implements also show, like the fractured flints, traces of wear, their

* Another locality to the south-east of Abbeville, where worked flints, and a few bones and elephants' teeth, have been found in the lower part of a ferruginous gravel and sand on the top of a low hill.

sharp edges being blunted. In fact, the flint implements form just as much a constituent part of the gravel itself,—exhibiting the action of the same later influences, and in the same force and degree,—as the rough mass of flint fragments with which they are associated" (*Proceedings of Royal Society* for May 26, 1859).

All observers are agreed as to the geological age of the gravel and drift deposits in question; and Mr. Prestwich and the English geologists identify them with the gravel at East Croydon, Wandsworth Common, and other places near London.

M. Buteux, author of a careful memoir on the geology of the department of the Somme, and M. Herbert, whose special study has been the deposits of the latest tertiary period (*terrains quaternaires* of French geologists), being called on by Dr. Rigollot to examine rigorously the position of the beds, state that "the implements are found neither in the loam nor brick earth forming the upper bed, nor in the intermediate beds of clay, sand, and small flints, but *exclusively in the true diluvium*, that is, in the deposit which contains the remains of species belonging to the epoch immediately preceding the cataclysm by which they were destroyed. *There cannot be the smallest doubt as to the point*" (*Antiquités celtiques*, vol. ii. p. 9).

It is curious to watch with how much difficulty evidence makes its way against preconceived notions. One-tenth part of the testimony that has been produced in reference to the facts just narrated would have sufficed to admit almost any statement in general science; but notwithstanding the evidence previously adduced, we find another French geologist adding his confirmation, as if the subject were still in dispute. M. Gaudry, a member of the French Institute, accompanied by M. Garnier, librarian of the city of Amiens, and two other gentlemen, went over the same ground as had been previously travelled by Mr. Prestwich and M. Buteux; and the former reported at a meeting of the Academy on the 3d October last, that he caused the face of the quarry at St. Acheul to be opened for the length of seven mètres, he himself watching the whole operation, and not leaving the ground while the work was going on. The head of brick earth, amounting to about one and a half mètres, had been removed, and there remained a thickness of two mètres before reaching the true drift deposit. Nothing whatever was found in this overlying bed; but no less than nine of the flint implements were obtained in a flinty bed, reposing on white sand, about a mètre below the top of the underlying deposit of drift. The flints thus obtained could not have been rolled, their edges being still sharp; and in the same bed, at a little distance, were found remains of rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and mammoth.

Thus, then, there would appear no reasonable doubt that the

discoveries of M. Boucher de Perthes, announced some twelve years ago, put prominently before the world in a book written for the purpose of attracting attention to the subject, and supported by specimens offered for inspection to all who would inquire, illustrated also by a vast series of drawings, but quietly set aside by every body except a few friends of the author, were really among the most remarkable discoveries ever made in geological and archæological science, and were calculated to throw the greatest light on the last great revolutions of the globe. Perhaps, indeed, if M. Boucher had been contented to give his facts simply, or with their necessary inferences, without overlaying them with elaborate explanations, and making them the foundation of theories, he might have been more successful; but however this may be, the facts have at last made their way, and are fairly afloat for general discussion.

To statements of this kind there are always, and properly, many objections raised. It has been asked, Why, if the flints are *in situ*, and were certainly manufactured, leading to the inference of human inhabitants contemporaneous with the cavern and gravel animals, are there not also human bones mixed with those of the quadrupeds? To this a very pertinent reply is given in the introduction to M. Boucher's second volume; and it is one which every geologist at least must appreciate. He says:

"Have patience. Before the time of Cuvier, who could have imagined that at Montmartre were hidden thousands of quadrupeds of the older tertiary period? Had any one asserted their existence, and especially the fact that they represented species of animals long since extinct, would not every body have refused belief? And even now, would the very possibility of the event be denied if any one were to assert the recent discovery of a heap of human bones under similar conditions? But there is no reason for this; for if not true to-day, it may be to-morrow, and if not in Paris or France, it will be elsewhere. Yes, this discovery must take place; and nothing but some retreat of the waters of a lake or a bay, some uplifting of a mountain mass, is needed to produce, not one skeleton only, but thousands; for the abundance of their monuments in stone, their knives and other implements, sufficiently prove that there was a large as well as an ancient population" (*Antiquités celtiques*, vol. ii., Avant-propos, p. xiii).

Other reasons might be given why further discoveries have not yet been made; but it is quite unnecessary, for the absence of organic remains in deposits of all ages has been so frequently proved by experience to have no further meaning than that they have not yet been discovered, that it would be idle to waste time in remarking upon it.

Bringing together the various threads of discovery and investigation in reference to the whole subject, we find abundant

proof, first, that races of men sufficiently civilised to manufacture brick and pottery inhabited Egypt many thousand years before the building of Memphis,—itself an event of some thousand years standing; secondly, that races of men capable of manufacturing knives and implements out of flint preceded by a very long interval the earliest tribes of which we have any historic record as inhabiting Western Europe; thirdly, that the implements manufactured by these ancient tribes were buried in gravel and in caverns, in association with the remains of numerous large quadrupeds now extinct; and lastly, that these extinct animals appear to have lived at a time when there were not only men, but numerous recent shells, land, fresh-water, and marine, not in any way differing from existing common species.

As the case at present stands, it is considered by Mr. Prestwich to be perfectly consistent with known facts, that the men and quadrupeds of the last great geological period may have been brought to a sudden end by a temporary inundation of the land; but the actual date of such an event, if it occurred on a large scale, must have been very much farther back than any present human chronology would admit. There seems, however, no reason to assume that such sudden inundation could have been other than very partial; and, as already stated, it could not have been very rapid. The duration of the human race is, at any rate, carried back by these investigations a very large number of years; although, as far as we know, it was a comparatively recent event, geologically speaking, and one which belongs to the very latest of the numerous geological periods. The extinct quadrupeds may possibly have been in existence at a date much more recent than we have been accustomed to think, and may only have been destroyed owing to their development locally under exceptional conditions, and the sudden termination of these favourable circumstances.

It must not, indeed, be lost sight of, that cavern deposits containing bones of gigantic extinct quadrupeds are found in other countries than Western Europe, and that recent deposits containing them exist in the southern as well as the northern hemisphere. The great animals of our gravel certainly ranged through all Southern as well as Western Europe; and very similar species were equally common under similar conditions in North America. Asia has yielded two curious groups: one found on the flanks of the Himalayan chain, ranging from Bombay in the west to the banks of the Irawaddy in the east; and the other occupying the shores of the frozen seas and the mouths of the large rivers running northwards to the Pole. South America has its megatherian group, and Australia its marsupial; while New Zealand presents us with gigantic birds

scarcely yet lost. Every where we see indications of a remarkable period, whether suddenly or slowly terminated no one can yet say; but it is only now that we are beginning to discover amongst the remains of these singular groups indications of half-civilised men, who, like the animals of lower organisation, seem to have died out, and were subsequently replaced by others to whom a higher destiny was open. Careful inquiry, properly directed, may discover amongst the various gravels and deposits containing these remains some further indications of men, if not actual portions of human skeletons; and we may yet hope to read the history of our race in its infancy by records more varied and more suggestive than the rude flint-knives hitherto found. At any rate, it is no trifling addition to the wide field of geological investigation, that these great questions of archæology and history are included within its domain.

But let us go a little further, and endeavour to make out somewhat more distinctly the associates of man during this period of drift and filling up of caverns. We may thus obtain an idea perhaps more clear and satisfactory both of the extent of the change in other animals, and the time that may be assumed to have been needed to produce such change without any violent disturbance of the natural order of things.

At this period, then, whatever the case may be with regard to the human race, there was, in what is now Western Europe, a large district occupied by land, although much of what is now land was then certainly covered by the sea. On this land, a portion of which reached to the latitude of Central Europe, the climate must have been excessively cold,—almost arctic in the inhospitable mountains of ice every where advancing towards the sea. Still further to the south were numerous islands, if not continuous land, covered with vegetation and peopled with various tribes of quadrupeds and birds, and probably (as we have seen) not without human inhabitants. These islands occupied chiefly those spots now at a great elevation above the sea, the lower plains being submerged, though probably not so deeply but that the icebergs would be stranded upon the numerous shoals that then approached the surface. The central plain of Europe, a large part of Asia north of the great Himalayan chain, an extensive tract of North America, a broad strip of South America east of the Andes, from the river La Plata southwards, and a part—no one can at present tell how large a part—of Australia, were all then under water. It was on the portions of the ocean-floor of that day, defined as above, that the great deposits of the drift period took place. The floor is since raised, and the ocean has left it; some of the ancient land is now submerged, while other parts form the mountain-tops;

the sea now brings warm water instead of ice to our shores, and the drifted icebergs deposit their load in the middle of the broad Atlantic, instead of on shoals a thousand miles to the east or west. The climate has changed entirely; the vegetation and the inhabitants of land and sea have also changed more or less; but man, with his power of modifying his habits to his climate, has remained; and many animals of lower organisation, moving freely in water, and able to find for themselves those conditions of climate and food that are favourable, have also remained as his contemporaries.

It will be interesting to inquire what were those animals that were associated with man during this period, which is historically so remote, but geologically very recent,—animals, many of which have since died out, leaving no direct and unaltered descendants on the earth. They include some of many kinds, large and small, belonging to various countries; but it will not be possible to allude here to more than a few of the more remarkable varieties.

In the caves both of England and Germany, bones of bats are found buried with other bones under the stalagmite, as well as amongst the superficial mud. Two species at least are made out; one of them, the "great bat" of English naturalists, still living in similar places, and the other, the horse-shoe bat, also living still. In these curious animals, limited in distribution to sheltered and dark places, there has been, then, but little change.

Bears, of at least three kinds, certainly inhabited the land during the drift period. The brown bear of North Europe, which is said to have lived in Scotland less than a thousand years ago, had already been introduced, and was accompanied by two other species, both since extinct; one of them smaller and less fierce, the other much larger, and more resembling the grisly bear of north-western America. The great cavern bear, as the larger extinct species is called, must have equalled in size a large horse; and though certainly very powerful, and from the structure of its teeth and extremities able to defend itself against enemies, it probably fed more on vegetable than animal food, in this also resembling the grisly bear.

The badger, the polecat, and the stoat flourished with the three species of bear above described, but seem not to have since undergone any change, resisting the alteration of climate and the gradual increase of the human race better than the larger animals of approximate habits. Bones of all of them are found buried in caverns with those of extinct races. The otter was another existing species which at that time had been introduced into Europe, and has not since been destroyed.

Wolves abounded during the deposit of the drift, and cannot

yet be said to have passed away, except where the cultivation of land has rendered their existence impossible. The same species now common throughout Northern Europe then ranged over England also, and numerous individuals have left bones and teeth in the caves by the side of those of the bears, and also of the common dog, of which latter there seem to have been already many varieties, and of the fox.

The hyæna is an animal combining many of the peculiarities of the canine and feline races. The largest of the groups to which it belongs, it includes species less destructive than many, the animals seeking rather dead carrion than the living prey. The teeth of the hyænas are admirably adapted to gnaw and crush bones, and the muscles of the jaw point out this as an important habit. At present animals of this kind are confined to Africa and the parts of Asia adjacent. Two well-marked species and one other are known; one only, the striped hyæna, inhabiting Northern Africa and Asia, and the others found in South Africa near the Cape. One very remarkable extinct species, more like the spotted hyæna of the south than the striped species of the north of Africa, has left abundant remains in caverns among the fossils of the drift period. This last species has been found in the principal caverns of England, Germany, France, and Belgium, and also in the unstratified drift of the same period. It is singular enough that the specimens from the latter localities are in a tolerably perfect state, not broken or gnawed, while those from the caverns almost always show marks of having been gnawed and broken by the teeth of their cannibal associates.

The hyæna of the caves was an animal equally remarkable for size and strength, exceeding very greatly that of the spotted hyæna of the Cape, and attaining dimensions even larger than those of the largest tiger. The number of individuals of this species whose remains have been found in the English caverns is not only extremely large, but they belong to animals of all ages. It seems clear that the caverns were the dens and hiding-places of these savage brutes, who dragged thither the deer or other prey they found while prowling about at night, and often, in default of other victims, fed on their own companions or offspring.

It is a common error to suppose that the larger carnivora are only met with where the climate is tropical, or warm and damp, and that a large development of animal life, especially of the larger races, is always accompanied by a vigorous vegetation. The contrary might almost be asserted as the usual condition in nature, as in South Africa, where are the largest known herds of wild animals, both carnivorous and herbivo-

rous, they exist in tracts of country scantily covered with vegetation; and in Brazil, where the vegetation is so enormously multiplied, there seems hardly room for large animals. So also on the northern side of the great mountain chain of Asia and in the colder parts of North America, the larger carnivora are represented by lions, tigers, lynxes, and jaguars, with many other feline species.

In ancient times, during the arctic climate of the drift period, a great cavern-tiger ranged over England and all that then existed of Europe, accompanied by another species of tiger of smaller size, a leopard, a wild-cat, and some others, besides a very remarkable genus, now altogether lost, as large as the cavern-tiger, but provided with weapons rendering it, if possible, more formidable. Of these the cavern-tiger seems to have resembled the jaguar in its proportions, but was stronger and larger in the limbs and paws; the others were fully as large as the existing species, but all slightly different, except indeed the wild-cat; whilst the extinct *machairodus*, with its peculiar canine teeth, shaped like a sword (whence the name is derived), and having a saw-edge, was not only larger than any of these, but seems to have been, in spite of some bear-like affinities, a more destructive creature. It ranged over the whole of the northern temperate land from England to India, its remains having been found, though rarely and at intervals, across the two continents of Europe and Asia. Several species have already been made out.

Accompanying this striking list of ferocious and carnivorous animals, we find a corresponding group of vegetable feeders serving as their prey. The beaver, and a species of rodent of very large size closely allied to it, have been found, together with a large group of the more minute gnawing animals; but with these were also the gigantic races of which the representatives now are the Indian and African elephants, the rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and the tapirs of the Old and New World. From a period long antecedent to that of the drift, and down to a comparatively recent date, elephants and rhinoceroses seem to have abounded in northern latitudes both in Europe and America, ranging even to the borders of the Arctic Circle, wherever a tree-vegetation could live. So lately have they there died out, or so long have their fleshy and soft parts been embalmed in ice in those countries, that in the beginning of this century a perfect elephant was melted out of the icy cliffs of the river Lena in Siberia, which must have been suddenly entombed when in full health, and while living in a natural state in such a climate as still exists in the same parallel of latitude in Western Europe. The carcasses of a rhinoceros and other animals have been seen also; but these have been left where they were seen, while the

skeleton of the elephant, the skin, and some of the hair and the contents of the stomach, were sent to St. Petersburg.

The bones of elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotamuses have been found very generally, both in cavern deposits and in the gravel of the drift period; so that no doubt can exist as to more than one kind of each having ranged over the whole of the land during the deposit of the various beds of gravel. They must also have been locally abundant, to account for the very numerous bones distributed wherever gravel appears, or where caverns exist. Of these, one of the elephants (the mammoth) grew occasionally to an enormous size, much exceeding that of the largest known Indian elephants, and was provided with tusks proportionally elongated and greatly curved. It may serve to give some idea of the abundance of these animals in England, if we mention the opinion of Mr. Woodward, that, from a bank off the little village of Happisburgh in Norfolk, upwards of two thousand grinders of the mammoth have been dredged up by the fishermen within thirteen years. And even this is by no means the richest locality, as all along the east coast of England, from Essex to Norfolk, the teeth and tusks of elephants seem to be among the commonest fossils dug up; while in the cliffs bordering the frozen arctic seas, the supply of tusks was at one time, and for a long while, so considerable as to render the importation of ivory from recently-killed elephants altogether unnecessary. It is remarked, indeed, by a traveller who published an account of the Laechow Islands on the north-eastern coast of Siberia, that one of these islands is little more than a mass of elephants' bones.

An equally gigantic and somewhat more massive animal than the elephant, but very closely allied to it—the mastodon—is now extinct; but during the drift period trod the wastes and fed on the tree-vegetation of Northern Europe, Asia, and America. The animals of this genus seem to have been even more widely spread than the elephant, ranging from the tropics both southwards and northwards, almost to the polar seas, and reaching back much farther in geological time. They were provided with a long proboscis, and were possibly more aquatic in their habits than elephants, approximating in form and habits to the hippopotamus, species of which have also been found embedded in the same deposits. Of these one was larger, and the other much smaller, than the species now inhabiting the Nile.

A well-marked species of rhinoceros of the two-horned group, provided with horns of remarkable size and strength, has been found both in gravel and caverns, and a complete skeleton was met with in a natural fissure at Wirksworth in Derbyshire, laid open by mining operations. Other bones of the same, and

some probably belonging to a distinct species, have been found in many parts of Europe and Northern Asia.

Two species of the genus *Equus*, one equalling a middling-sized horse, and the other a zebra, have left remains in caverns and gravel, and are accompanied by bones of animals assisting to fill up the wide interval at present existing between the hippopotamus and the hog. Several of these, of various sizes, and the wild-hog itself, evidently ranged throughout the northern countries during the drift period.

Of ruminating animals there are numerous remains in the caverns and in the gravel of the drift period. Two species of camels, a gigantic musk-ox, and a giraffe, were the prototypes of as many existing and well-known groups. Deer of all kinds were then, as they still are, represented by many and greatly varied types, and of them the great-horned Irish elk, as it is called, seems to have been the most remarkable for its dimensions, and from the enormous expanse and width of the horns, which in some specimens exceed fourteen feet from tip to tip, and weigh upwards of eighty pounds. The animal in certain respects resembled the fallow-deer, and in others the reindeer, and was not really an elk. Its horns must have fallen off and been reproduced every year, and exhibit proofs of their enormously rapid growth in the deep grooves left for the passage of the blood-vessels, which conveyed the material of which they were formed.

A true elk, a reindeer, and a gigantic fallow-deer and red-deer, have all left bones and teeth in caverns and gravel, and these are occasionally accompanied with remains of roebucks, antelopes, and goats. The *aurochs*, a large bison still roaming in the wild forests of Lithuania, and a gigantic ox, the *urus*, scarcely inferior to the elephant in size, both lived in England as well as Northern Europe about the commencement of the Christian era, and had lived in the same district during the whole of the drift period, together with a smaller species about the dimensions of the ordinary domestic cattle.

Whilst these were the inhabitants of Northern Europe, South America was provided with several gigantic representatives of the existing tribes peculiar to that country. Thus instead of, or in addition to, armadillos, we find bones of the *glyptodon*, covered with a coat of mail six feet in length, its vast bulk supported on massive columns with bases of corresponding magnitude. With this we have the *toxodon*, also a large animal, combining some of the peculiarities of the elephant and the beaver; the *macrauchenia*, a gigantic llama, with a body as large and massive as that of the rhinoceros; and if last, certainly not least, the megatheroid group, the most remarkable of all, including sloths larger

than the largest elephant, whose habits were not unlike those of the sloths of the present day, except that, instead of climbing the trees, their enormous strength enabled them to pull down the giants of the forest, and strip them of their leaves at pleasure.

The caverns of Australia, like the Pampas deposit of South America, contain the remains of an ancient fauna, strangely typified by the existing inhabitants of the country. As in the latter country the sloths and armadillos appear to be the dwarfed successors of more gigantic animals similar in structure and habits, so in Australia the peculiar characteristic of all the indigenous quadrupeds in their marsupial structure (the mother bringing forth her young in an immature state, and preserving them in a bag or pouch till they are ready to provide for themselves) is preserved in a group of gigantic prototypes of almost all the chief natural groups. In New Zealand, where no quadrupeds of any importance existed at the time of its discovery, there had in like manner been a gigantic race of wingless birds, of which the modern apteryx and the recently lost dodo may serve to give an idea.

Every where, then, we find occupying the land of the drift period, when the gravel was deposited and the caverns filled, important groups of quadrupeds, many of them of gigantic size, but all resembling pretty closely the present inhabitants of parts of the earth not very far removed. Thus we do not find in Northern Europe and Asia the remains of sloths and marsupials such as now inhabit South America and Australia; but of elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotamuses, of lions, tigers, and leopards, and of great deer and oxen, all of which are still more or less accurately represented there in a living state. Climate appears by no means to have limited the distribution of these creatures in former times, as in parts of the world certainly colder then than now are the remains of numerous species of which the nearest allied species are only met with in much warmer countries at present. That a similarity of typical character pervades the inhabitants of the same district, and seems to have done so through a vast period of time, is a point well worthy of remark, and cannot but have important reference to the laws, whatever they may be, which govern the succession of species.

While, however, the larger land-animals were thus different, the inhabitants of the water, and generally the smaller and lower organised races of all kinds of the drift period, seem to have altered but little, if at all, in passing through the changes that have taken place from that time to this; since only a few shells then common are now even rare, and none probably have so far changed as to be worthy of being called new species. The same

is the case, as far as the evidence goes, with the vegetable world. Notwithstanding, therefore, the lapse of the long series of ages required to introduce so many important modifications in the animal world, it is as nothing compared to those other periods contemplated by geologists, during which almost every species, both vegetable and animal, has been changed over and over again. The drift period is the first of those numerous successive steps by which we are conducted in tracing the history of the past; and being the first, and that which involves fewest and smallest changes, it is equally important in guiding our judgment, and interesting as showing, better than any other, the method and prevailing law of nature in the progressive history of creation.

We have seen in a former part of this article that the drift period—so modern in reference to geology, so ancient in reference to human records—was marked not only by races of quadrupeds different from the present inhabitants of land, but also by tribes of men, who in their habits of life, as judged of by their weapons, differed little, if at all, from those tribes inhabiting Western Europe two thousand years ago, and equally little from those found in America two centuries ago, and in many islands of the Pacific, and in the northern and unsettled parts of Australia, at the present day. Now as then the human race, in its power of resistance to cold and heat, hunger and thirst, and extremes of all kinds, possessed an elasticity, due no doubt to intellectual preëminence, which distinguished the most savage tribes, and rendered them superior to the most powerful and intelligent of the unreasoning animals. They remained and held their ground, whilst all or most of the others were forced to give way to changing climate and altered conditions of food; they continued to rule, long perhaps without much civilisation, but always the lords of creation, until the early and uncivilised tribes were driven out by others having more cultivation, and therefore greater power. They have left behind a few stone weapons, found in the caverns and gravel, buried with the bones of the quadrupeds of their day now extinct. Hitherto the subject is new, and the discoveries that can be depended on are few and inconsiderable; but we may look forward to the time when other indications than stone hatchets, knives, and arrow-heads will be found, and when bones and skulls shall testify to the peculiarities of the race. Perhaps, indeed, many such have been picked up already and lost again, owing to the total absence of preparation, even of scientific observers, to admit them; but now that the possibility is recognised, we shall soon see the evidence grow around us.

It is curious and interesting to find in this way another important department of human knowledge, archæology, taking its earliest facts and conclusions from geology, adding thus to the

large number of sciences based on the history of the earth and its contents. The facts brought forward by geological investigation in gravel and caverns are at present the only sources of information for determining the antiquity of our race.

There appears to be nothing in the Nilotic or cuneiform inscriptions of the most ancient date, nothing in the oldest hieroglyphics of Egypt or the records of India or China, and there is nothing in the Sacred Writings considered merely as a history of the human race, that points to the existence of an ancient people widely spread over the earth in both hemispheres, living at the remote period referred to, in a savage or at best half-civilised state, but capable of manufacturing arrow and spear heads and knives, roughly hewn out of hard stone. Far anterior in time to all ordinary records, to cyclopean constructions in stone, or to pictured and sculptured stones, however uncouth, their implements and manufactures found in many countries in caverns, in gravel-beds, or in river-mud, these tribes are, for the most part, dissevered from the oldest that show relation with actual history, and carry us back to the period when the last races of large quadrupeds ranged over the earth. Sculptured by beings who must have shared the earth with the cavern-bear, hyæna, and tiger, the elephant, mastodon, hippopotamus, and rhinoceros, the great Irish elk, the megatherium and glyptodon, the gigantic kangaroos and wombats, and the dinornis, and numerous other strange quadrupeds and birds,—these implements, simple and rudely formed as they are, still show a degree of ingenuity, and indicate a certain amount of intellectual cultivation, compared with which the cleverness of the monkey or any other unreasoning animal, however perfect in instinct, is not to be brought into comparison. There is enough in what is already known to stimulate curiosity, to hint very obscurely at the earliest condition of the uneducated human being, and at the same time to point to a lapse of time marked by geological epochs instead of years or centuries. How long this state of things lasted, and by what steps men grew out of this infancy into the partial and obstructed cultivation of the Chinese, on the one hand, or the hitherto unchecked progress of the Saxon races on the other, or what intermediate gradations are represented by the Celtic tribes, the Aztecs, the Egyptians, the North American Indians, the South Sea islanders, the Bosjesmans, or the indigenous Australians, there are no means yet of determining. We cannot even make out whether this early race was destroyed, or nearly so, to make way for a newer one of greater intellectual activity; or whether the newer arose out of the older, obeying some great law of development and intellectual progress.

Art. III.—THE BUDGET AND THE TREATY IN THEIR RELATION TO POLITICAL MORALITY.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer's Speech on the Finance of the Year and Treaty of Commerce with France, Friday, February 10th. London: J. W. Parker.

Writing on the 1st of April about a Budget and a Treaty both of which were virtually settled and approved by the 1st of March is rather melancholy work. To sing their praises would be simply superfluous, even were it not conscientiously impossible; while to indulge in an impotent protest against *faits accomplis* would be undignified because futile. The consequences these measures must entail are already in a great measure incurred by the mere fact of their acceptance by the nation; the violations of consistent principle and high morality which they involve are already perpetrated, and cannot be cancelled, however sincerely and sadly they may hereafter be repented of. But we need not, by our silence, sanction the injurious inference that the whole English people were acquiescent accomplices in the pernicious error; and we may at least raise a note of warning sufficient to avert further slidings in the same direction.

We have only a few pages to devote to the subject; therefore we must be very brief, and must spend no space in prefatory matter. We will speak first of the Budget, then of the Treaty; though, in truth, it is not easy to separate the two. Mr. Gladstone's Budget, then, may be characterised as a good thing, done in a bad manner and at a wrong time; a measure, or rather a series of measures, sound to a certain extent in principle, and possibly beneficent in result, but suggested by motives that are more than questionable, brought forward in a fashion that is almost cynical, and carried under circumstances which almost transform a right into a wrong. Considered in itself, the simplification of the tariff is undeniably a gain; the removal of all the differential and protective duties which remained is only the completion of a wise and just policy long since inaugurated; the free admission of a number of small articles, the charges on which have to some extent fettered trade and checked consumption, was desirable no doubt, and will probably be beneficent in its operation, though more slightly and more slowly than the public has been led by the eloquence of its advocate to anticipate; and as to the extinction of the paper duty, though we may differ greatly in our estimate of the benefits to be expected from it, no one will deny that a tax so open to objection might be fitly enough resigned whenever the country had a spare million which it could afford to give away, and when there were no more deserving claimants on its generosity.

If the Chancellor of the Exchequer had had a surplus to distribute; if commerce had been rendered stagnant and the revenue stationary in consequence of these fiscal burdens and cobweb restrictions which he proposed to remove; if even these modifications of the tariff, instead of being in the main *abolitions* of duty which involve a pure loss, had been *reductions* of duty which, by stimulating consumption, would ere long, according to sober calculations, have replaced that loss,—then, indeed, his position in defending these extensive operations would have been strong, if not absolutely inexpugnable. But none of these pleas could fairly be urged on his behalf. For, *first*, in place of a surplus, he had to face an enormous deficit, which by these changes he proposed still further to augment by a sum of *four* millions. *Secondly*, so far from the duties in the existing tariff having checked commerce, reduced consumption, and impaired the swelling productiveness of the revenue,—which was Sir Robert Peel's plea for his antitypal Budget,—no complaint of the sort was ever heard. Nor could it be; for year by year our imports and exports went on increasing with unparalleled rapidity, and the receipts from the Customs and Excise had never before been so large, or shown such irrepressible buoyancy. *Thirdly*, he did not even pretend to hope that he should recover by increased consumption the revenue which he proposed to sacrifice; at most he anticipated by a sanguine calculation, which few men share, that of the *four* millions surrendered, *one* will in time be recovered by increased consumption, and reduced and more economical establishments. Thus, in plain words, and to take his own figures, Mr. Gladstone, in the absence of all the recognised justifications and home motives for such a course, to an original deficit of nearly *ten* millions adds an artificial deficit of *three* millions more, *de pure gaieté de cœur*.

By this course Mr. Gladstone has deprived himself, and we fear his successors also, of the usual official and unanswerable reply to applicants for the remission of an unwelcome tax (and all taxes are unwelcome), "Gentlemen, I have no surplus." Mr. Gladstone has proclaimed to all future complainants, that neither heavy obligations nor an empty purse are any reasons for refusing the reduction or repeal of an obnoxious duty; or rather he has proclaimed that his obligations are never overwhelming, that his purse is never empty, that, in fact, he has always at any body's service a potential surplus, in the form of an elastic income-tax, augmentable *avec ou sans discrétion*. Herein lies the fatal mischief of the precedent he has created. Henceforth the rejoinder to the Treasury's plea of "no effects," on the part of those who wish to shift fiscal burdens from their own constituents or their own trade, will be this, "Nothing can be easier or simpler than to grant our demand; *you have only to add*

another penny to the income-tax, as you did avowedly in order to repeal the paper duty." We do not see how Mr. Gladstone can either deny the precedent or repel the argument, when brought forward to support other remissions; for assuredly more may be said against the tea and sugar duties than against the paper tax.

The second count of our indictment against Mr. Gladstone's Budget is, that, *under cover of a treaty with a foreign power, and as it were by a side-stroke*, he effects a substitution of direct for indirect taxation to the amount of four millions sterling. Now the *principle* of this substitution may be right or wrong. Without passing sentence, we may say that many sound financiers condemn it as an error; on the other hand, there is a small but active band of economists, who are agitating for this substitution throughout the whole of our fiscal system, and whose tool or whose accomplice Mr. Gladstone has condescended to become. It is a question on which an honest difference of opinion may well exist. But no difference of opinion, we should have fancied, could exist as to the impropriety of endeavouring to evade a full and free discussion of the question on its own merits, and of taking so vast a step in a special direction, without first asking the country to consider and decide whether that is the direction in which it thinks it wise to march. To determine the spirit and tendency of our whole financial policy, not by deliberate inquiry and reflection, but by sudden and secret diplomatic action, and by a sort of legislative surprise, appears to us, we confess, scarcely dignified and scarcely even decent. Again, the *amount* to which the Budget relieves the trading and consuming classes, and transfers the burdens hitherto borne by them to the "propertied" class, may possibly be just and fair—we do not prejudge this question; but at least it should not have been resolved upon except as the result of an inquiry as to the respective amounts already contributed to the revenue by the several classes of the community, since only by such inquiry could its equity have been ascertained. Yet, not only was no such investigation entered upon, but its propriety does not even seem to have occurred to Mr. Gladstone for a moment. And what renders this species of surprise, this sort of cavalier inconsideration, the more culpable and indecorous is, that Mr. Gladstone knows well—no man better—that a step of this sort is irretrievable; that customs and excise duties once repealed can never be re-imposed; and that a perseverance in the financial policy into which he has thus partly cajoled, partly tricked, partly forced the country, is irresistibly entailed upon his successors. We shall be reminded that not only each separate item of the Budget, but the entire details of the Treaty itself, were

submitted to the decision of Parliament, which was free to repudiate the first, and to refuse its sanction to the second. We reply, that the freedom was only nominal, scarcely more than a *congé-d'élire*, since it was universally felt, that to reject a treaty entered into and ratified with a foreign sovereign, would have been an act of incivility to both the high contracting powers which it was virtually impossible to commit, and which might have been attended with very unfortunate diplomatic consequences. In a word, Parliament was in a manner compelled to accept the provisions of the Treaty,—and the provisions of the Budget, which logically flowed from it,—under pain of insulting our own Queen and quarrelling with the Emperor of the French.

Our third ground of quarrel with the Budget, and with the Treaty as its pretext and occasion, is, that we believe it to have been dictated in the main by certain ulterior designs and concealed motives in the minds of its authors, which it would have been more frank and more respectful to have avowed openly and followed out straightforwardly. We fear that in this matter Mr. Cobden has not acted quite loyally towards the government which employed him, or towards the nation which trusted him; nor Mr. Gladstone quite sincerely towards the parliament which listened to him, or towards the colleagues who supported him. As to the common preference felt by these two eminent men for direct taxes,—a preference which to the same extent the country does not share in theory, and which therefore it ought not to have been overreached into adopting in practice,—we have already spoken, and need say no more. But they have one other strong opinion and desire in common,—an opinion and a desire which, again, are at variance with the general sentiments of the nation for which, and in the name of which, they have in these transactions been acting. They both are strenuous advocates of economy: Mr. Cobden would have economy at any price; Mr. Gladstone, not indeed at any price, but at a price which few among us would feel disposed to pay. Mr. Cobden has again and again declared his anxiety and determination to reduce our public expenditure to the standard of 1835, that is, by about twenty millions. Mr. Gladstone, it is well known, entertains the strongest objection to our present rate of outlay, which he deems extravagant and alarming; it was only with the greatest difficulty that he has been persuaded to consent to it, and he has made no secret of the sentiments with which he regards it, nor of his determination not to be a party to it in future. His tone and language when he opened his Budget left no doubt on this head. The House of Commons and the country, however, do not echo these sentiments. The estimates, which terrify Mr. Gladstone and disgust Mr. Cobden, they vote cheerfully and almost enthusi-

astically. It became necessary, therefore, for the purposes of these two gentlemen, to make us economical *in our own despite*, to enforce parsimony by creating poverty, to compel us to reduce our expenditure by depriving us of revenue. Mr. Cobden has repeatedly avowed his adherence to this line of tactics as the only one likely to be effectual; he has declared that so long as money could be obtained easily, so long it would be impossible to check an extravagant expenditure, which the House of Commons was just as ready to vote as the Government to propose. His aim, therefore, has always been deliberately and avowedly to abolish taxes, wherever practicable, with the distinct purpose of cutting off sources of supply, entirely irrespective of other considerations; and the government which intrusted him with a fiscal negotiation ought to have been on its guard against this well-known idiosyncrasy of his. Mr. Gladstone has never, so far as we are aware, expressed himself so nakedly or so strongly as Mr. Cobden on this subject; but we believe he would not disavow that he shares in his opinion, and is earnestly desirous to reduce taxation, as the most effective, and the only secure, means of ensuring a reduction of expenditure. He saw that it would be impossible for even his eloquence to persuade the House of Commons to cut down the estimates; but easy enough, by a sort of indirect method, to persuade them to diminish or repeal the duties by the yield of which alone those estimates could be met. He therefore, we are compelled to conclude,—though it is not a pleasant inference in regard to a statesman whom we so much admire,—gladly seized the occasion offered to him by the suggested Treaty of repealing four millions of taxes, which were little felt and by no means unpopular, and replacing them by an impost which of all others is the most unpopular and the most severely felt. He substituted for a source of revenue which was ancient, not onerous, and therefore permanent, a source which every one detests, which has never been looked upon except as an expedient for meeting perilous emergencies, and which therefore was certain to be contested every year, and to be repudiated as soon as possible. In other words, in order to make expenditure unwelcome, he has made taxation unpleasant. He has deliberately exchanged a permanent for a temporary revenue to the extent of four millions; nay more, he has also provided for the necessities of the year by two other casual and transient expedients, viz. the malt and hop credit, and the closer collection of the income-tax; and he has done all this, we fear, with the purpose, which he did not avow, of depriving his successors of the means of supplying what he regards as the spendthrift propensities of the country. In fine, it is scarcely too much to say, that he has conspired with Mr. Cobden to im-

poverish the public treasury for the public good; he has alienated national funds, because the nation, like a great baby, was not to be trusted with so large a sum of money in its purse; and in acting thus, we cannot think that he has acted either with the loyalty which became him, or with the respect which was due to the parliament and the country.

But grave as all these offences are in point of principle and morality, they are thrown into the shade by the cynical indifference, and almost insolent contempt, which has been shown throughout the entire transaction for the sentiments of the French people. The hostility of four-fifths of the nation, and four-fifths even of the Senate and the Corps Législatif (subservient as they are), to the faintest approach to free-trade, is notorious and vehement. It was well known, and had more than once been proved, that the Emperor's more enlightened tendencies in this direction would have little chance of being carried out in practice, had the question been brought before the public in the ordinary way, and been made the subject of regular discussion. It was determined, therefore, to take advantage of a power, conferred upon him by the Constitution, of making whatever changes he pleased in the tariff, provided these were effected under cover of a treaty with a foreign state;—that is to say, he agreed with the Queen of England to do that by diplomatic arrangement which he dared not attempt, and could not have done, by the usual process of legislative enactment. This was the Emperor's part of the transaction, and herein he acted characteristically, after the fashion of his family and kind. Our part was similar, but, alas, far from being so natural or so consistent. Our ministers—the constitutional government of a free people, approving his object, knowing his difficulties, being made confidants of his plan for overriding the most rooted prejudices and the most unanimous convictions of the nation which he ruled—gladly consented to become his accomplices, and without shame or hesitation proceeded to assist him in his despotic dodge. This is no matter of inference; it was avowed and explained at the time with the most insulting *naïveté*. Treaties of commerce have for some years been discarded contrivances in England; modifications in our tariff by process of arrangement with foreign powers have long been condemned as errors of policy, and by none more decidedly than by Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell,—and that as recently as last July. There was, and there could be, no reason for departing from these sound and deliberately adopted principles on the present occasion, except the desire of assisting Louis Napoleon in coercing the wishes of his people, and turning the flank of his pensioned and nominated Chambers.

Accordingly no other was even pretended for a moment; Lord Palmerston explained to the House the special clause in the French Constitution which made the Treaty possible; while the *Morning Post*—the ministerial journal, and Lord Palmerston's peculiar organ in the Press—described (most truly) the Emperor's proceeding as "a commercial *coup-d'état*," and justified it as the only means by which free-trade could have been introduced into a country where it is so universally dreaded and disliked.

Now we can perfectly understand that the Emperor of the French—who feels that in this matter he is in advance of the nation, whose strongest characteristic it has always been to be resolutely bent on his ends and utterly unscrupulous as to his means, and whose contempt for the cobweb restrictions of oaths, and institutions, and constitutional forms is perhaps profounder than that of any monarch of his time—should be resolved to benefit his people in their own despite. He thinks himself wiser and more far-seeing than the nation or its representatives; he never concealed from them his opinion that he is where he is to carry out his own purposes, and not theirs; he could feel no hesitation in trampling on universal suffrage, as he has trampled on every thing else. We do not wonder at him, and we do not blame him,—any more than we compassionate the people who gave him power thus to ignore them, despise them, and dispose of them at pleasure. That he should have acted as he has acted, is comprehensible and defensible enough. That Mr. Cobden, again, caring for free-trade much, and for free institutions comparatively little, essentially fanatical and narrow, devoted to one great principle, and reckless of every other principle which stands in the way of or is likely to postpone its triumph, not precisely immoral or unprincipled, but too much enamoured of material interests to allow to moral considerations their due weight,—that Mr. Cobden should have been proud and charmed to become co-conspirator with a great emperor in forcing even nominal free-trade down the throats of a prohibitive and protectionist nation, we can comprehend readily, though we must regret it much. Even Mr. Cobden, however, might have reflected with some misgiving, and with some self-reproach—if a rapturous sense of triumph had allowed him leisure for reflection—on the wide difference between his present victory, and that he won in England fourteen years ago, when discussion, persuasion, truth, and patience were the weapons which conquered his magnificent success; a difference no less than that between *changing* the convictions of a nation by noble argument, and suppressing and violating them by ignoble force,—the difference between a chivalrous wooing and a brutal rape. Nor is it easy to reconcile Mr. Cobden's advocacy of popular claims, and his professed deference

to the will of the numerical majority, with his self-complaisant complicity in a proceeding in which that will and those claims have been so cynically set at naught. Still, knowing the character of the man, his enthusiasm for one great object, and the inherent want of breadth and depth of philosophic vision which has always distinguished him, we can easily explain his temporary alliance with despotism, and a contempt for the principles of liberty, which we trust is only *pro hâc vice.*

But that the chiefs and administrators of the first constitutional kingdom in the world; that a Queen whose whole life has been signalised by the most unfailing and most delicate respect for the wishes of her people constitutionally expressed; that ministers who rule only by incessant deference to popular opinion, who never dream of offending or neglecting it, or of taking any important step except after the fullest discussion,—should have made themselves the tools and accomplices of a neighbouring sovereign acting in direct violation of all those principles and habits, and have helped him to do abroad what they would not for one moment have dared to do at home;—should, in a word, have proclaimed in a fashion absolutely naked and indecent that the French Chambers did not deserve to be consulted, and that the convictions and desires of the French people were unworthy of the slightest consideration,—this, we confess, does appear to us in the highest degree unseemly and insulting; and we cannot wonder that the insult has been keenly felt. We doubt whether any thing England has ever done has gone so far to alienate and outrage the feelings of our only true friends in France (the Parliamentary party), or to exasperate still further those who have always been our enemies. We, who are *par excellence* the special votaries and upholders of constitutional proceedings and of regard for popular opinion, have departed in the most avowed and flagrant manner from our usual course of policy, for no other assignable reason than to assist the *coup-d'état* of a monarch who is beyond all others famous for his habitual trampling upon both. We have said plainly to the French people: "These luxuries, which we so value, which we cherish with the fondest love, and will defend with our hearts' best blood, are unfit for you, and we will help your monarch to deprive you of them."

To reduce taxation is a good thing; to simplify the tariff is a good thing; to liberate trade from fiscal or formal restrictions is a good thing; to extend our markets abroad is a good thing; to inaugurate even the approach to a free commercial policy in a land which has hitherto been the very paradise of prohibition and protection, is perhaps a better thing than all. We at least shall not be charged with undervaluing any of these benefits.

But to effect all these things by indirect methods, and without frank avowal and full discussion; by opening the door to future encroachments on an artificially impoverished revenue, to unwise loans, or still more unwise parsimony; and by coercing the wishes and inflaming the prejudices of an allied people, and trampling on what little remains to them of constitutional forms and popular freedom,—this, we confess, does seem to us "buying gold too dear."

The men who have done these things may all of them have meant well—some of them we know meant well. But their error, to use the fine language of Mackintosh (which we quote from memory, and may therefore quote amiss), has been that "of regarding rather immediate results than ultimate success; of too readily allowing exceptions to general rules; of too easy a sanction to the use of doubtful means when the end seemed to them good;—that, in fine, of believing, unphilosophically as well as dangerously, that there *can* be any scheme or measure as beneficial to the State as *the mere existence of men who would not do a base act for any public advantage.*"

Art. IV.—ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

Vita S. Thomæ Cantuariensis Archiepiscopi et Martyris. Epistolæ Sancti Thomæ Cantuariensis et aliorum. Gilberti Episcopi Londoniensis Epistolæ. Herberti de Boseham Opera quæ extant omnia. Edidit J. A. Giles, LL.D. 8 volumes. Oxford, 1845.

Joannis Sarisburiensis Opera omnia. Collegit J. A. Giles, J.C.D. 5 volumes. Oxford, 1848.

The History of Latin Christianity. By Henry Hart Milman, D.D. Vol. III. London, 1854

The Life and Martyrdom of Saint Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury and Legate of the Holy See. By John Morris, Canon of Northampton. London, 1859.

Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. A Biography. By James Craigie Robertson, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. London, 1859.

A FULL catalogue of the materials for the history of the wonderful man whose name heads this Article, a complete list of all the books, old and new, of which he has been the subject, would take up a space rather suited for an article itself than for the

mere heading of one. We have selected a few only of the most recent and important. We have original materials of every sort,—chronicles, biographies, private letters, state-papers; we have the panegyrics of friends, the invectives of enemies, the correspondence of the man himself. And as his own age was divided in its opinion of him, ours seems to be divided no less. He has still enemies who pursue him with the fierceness of a Gilbert Foliot, and idolaters who worship him with the devotion of a Herbert of Bosham. There is hardly any man of past times for estimating whose life and character we have such ample means. Every action of his own, every action of others with regard to him, has been chronicled and commented on by men who where both eye-witnesses and actors. And there are few men about the main features of whose history there is so little doubt. Here and there, among the multitude of witnesses, we find unimportant contradictions; here and there we may have our doubts as to the accuracy of a date or the genuineness of a letter; but the main events of his life, from his birth in London to his murder at Canterbury, are known to us as clearly and vividly as the transactions of our own time. Our materials are not confined either to the land of his birth or to the land of his exile. The vast Thomaic correspondence spreads over the whole Latin world. The terms of peace between a king of England and an archbishop of Canterbury fluctuated according to the triumphs and the failures of a German emperor in Italy. Our materials, in short, are infinite; indeed, until somebody shall kindly put them in order for us, they are overwhelming. We know, or by the help of a decent editor we might know, all about every body and every thing. As to mere matters of fact, the points of controversy, for so vast a field, are exceedingly few. The peculiarity of the history is, that, with the same facts before them, no two people seem to be content to draw the same inferences.

The cause of all this diversity and controversy—a diversity and controversy most fatal to historic truth—is to be traced to the unhappy mistake of looking at the men of the twelfth century with the eyes of the nineteenth, and still worse, of hoping to extract something from the events of the twelfth century to do service in the controversies of the nineteenth. Thomas of Canterbury has become surrounded by a mist of theological and quasi-theological disputation; it is impossible even to name him without raising a storm of controversy. For how is the man to be spoken of? "Thomas à Becket," on the one hand, and "St. Thomas of Canterbury" both have their dangers, while every intermediate form expresses some intermediate shade of estimation. "Becket" is perhaps neutral; "Archbishop Becket" car-

ries with it a degree of reverence for the office, if not for the man. And again, it is doubtful whether his own age even called him Thomas Becket, much less Thomas à Becket, or Becket alone.* King Henry the Eighth's proclamation has converted his historical title of "St. Thomas of Canterbury" into a badge of party. Otherwise we might probably have called him Saint Thomas with no more offence than is incurred by speaking historically of Saint Dominic or Saint Dunstan. By way of being safe, we mean to call him, as his contemporaries called him, Thomas, which we hope will not commit us to any thing either way. Thomas of London, Thomas of Canterbury, Thomas the Archdeacon, the Chancellor, the Archbishop, and finally the Martyr, are the only descriptions by which he was commonly known in his own day.

But when we have settled his name, we come to the more important question of his character. Was he a good or a bad man? Is he worthy of honour or of dishonour? To two classes of inquirers no business can be more easy to settle. It is a very simple business to rule either that an archbishop must be right who opposes a king, or that a king must be right who opposes an archbishop. But at the tribunal of historical criticism no such sweeping general principles are admitted. Nor does it at all decide the question to say which side we should take if the same controversy were to arise now. What would be very unreasonable and inexpedient now may have been exactly the opposite seven hundred years back. If we wish fairly to judge of the right and the wrong between Henry and Thomas, we must first of all shut our eyes to all modern controversies whatever. We must not carry into that region any modern theories about Church and State, about Catholicism and Protestantism. We must not think whether the events of those times can be made to help High Church, Low Church, or Broad Church. Even whether we are right or wrong in having no spiritual dealings with the Bishop of Rome, is a question which has just nothing to do with the matter. Yet it has been with at least a side-glance to questions of this sort, that the history of Henry and

* His father was undoubtedly called Gilbert Becket; but in the twelfth century surnames were very fluctuating, and a son, especially if a churchman, did not at all necessarily bear his father's name. The most natural way of calling him would be *Thomas of London*, just like John of Oxford and Herbert of Bosham, and we find him actually so called by Gervase (col. 1377). We find the archbishop himself only once called "Thomas Becket," namely, by the knights at his death, according to Edward Grim (ap. Giles, i. 75), where it may be very likely an unusual expression of contempt. This remark, as far as we know, has been made by no English writer; but we find from M. Buss's work (p. 150) that German industry has forestalled us: M. Buss has found one more instance of the use of the name "Becket," which (perhaps through Dr. Giles's fault) we cannot verify.

Thomas has been for the most part recently written. If we want to read or write it as it should be read or written, we must forget every thing of the kind. We have before us two of the foremost men of the twelfth century; it is only by the customs, the principles, the light and knowledge of the twelfth century that we can ever fairly judge them.

Cautions of this kind are more necessary with regard to the dispute between Henry and Thomas than with regard to almost any other portion of history. With regard to many other controversies of past times, it is almost impossible to avoid looking at them with the eyes of our own day. In many cases, within proper limits, it is even right that we should do so. The controversies of remote ages and countries may be closely analogous to controversies of our own day. The controversies of our own country in past times may be but the beginning of controversies still going on among ourselves. In such cases the side taken in present politics will always decide the general estimate of past politics. We only ask for the men and measures of the past, what we should ask for the men and measures of the present, that opposition and criticism be fair and honest, that particular men and particular actions be not misrepresented, and that it be never forgotten that, both then and now, wise and good men may be found on both sides. But the twelfth century stands in a peculiar position. It was a highly important period, fruitful in great men and great events; but its work was a silent one, and its controversies have, less than those of most ages, either before or after, any direct bearing upon present affairs. The events of the age which came before, and those of the age which followed it, speak at once to our hearts. The spectacle of a nation, and that the English nation, overcome by foreign enemies, made bondmen and strangers in their own land, is one which requires no explanation. The struggle of Englishman and Norman is one which awakens sympathies common to all times and all places:

εἷς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος, ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης,

is a sentiment which speaks equally to the heart, whether it be put into the mouth of Hector, of Hereward, or of Garibaldi. The thirteenth century, again, has for every Englishman an interest of another kind. We have now entered on the England of our own time; the great struggle has begun which still continues; we have begun to walk among that goodly company of statesmen, heroes, and patriots, which leads us from Langton and Grosseteste and Winchelsea, from Fitzwalter and De Montfort and Roger Bigod, on to the Peel, the Russell, and the Gladstone of our own day. Compared with the eleventh century

and with the thirteenth, the age of Henry and Thomas seems like something with which we have nothing to do, and which we can hardly understand. The political position of England was like nothing before it or after it. In the eleventh century and in the thirteenth, there was an English king and an English people; but in the twelfth such objects are hardly discernible. There is, indeed, a king of England, the mightiest and richest prince of Europe; but he is a mere foreigner, a Frenchman living in France, devoting his energies to French objects, and holding England almost as a province of Anjou. And as with the position of the island, so with its internal controversies. We imagine that no Roman Catholic or High Churchman would claim for the clergy a freedom from secular jurisdiction in criminal cases, or would think the exclusive right of the Archbishop of Canterbury to crown the King of England a matter for which it was worth while to resist even unto death. In the twelfth century the case was much less clear. Thomas and Henry, in short, were two very remarkable men in a very remarkable age, who engaged in a controversy about which there could not be two opinions now, but about which opposite sides were then taken by the best and wisest men of the age. If a man will study the materials before him fully and fairly, he will probably rise up with very considerable respect for both disputants on the whole, mingled with strong condemnation of particular actions of both. Thomas often disgraced a good cause by violence and obstinacy; Henry disgraced a cause equally good by mean cruelty and petty personal persecution, and sometimes, which Thomas never did, he allowed momentary passion to hurry him into practically giving up his cause altogether.

On the modern writers on the subject we do not intend to enlarge at length. Though the history has been touched on incidentally by some very distinguished men, it has never been made the subject of any separate work of first-rate merit. We will therefore touch briefly on the most important modern writers on the subject, and then proceed to give our own estimate of Thomas himself and his contemporary biographers.

Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Berington were probably the first, among the modern "amici" and "inimici Thomæ,"* who could give any reason for their friendship or enmity. Their histories of Henry II. were both of them highly creditable to their authors at a time when historical learning was at its lowest ebb. In an age of second-hand knowledge, they had really read the contemporary writers. Each maintains his own position well, and each may be still turned to with profit, even after the accumulation

* Among the Letters is one (Giles, iv. 256) headed "Alexandro Papæ et omnibus Cardinalibus *Inimici Thomæ* Cantuariensis Archiepiscopi."

of so much recent literature on the subject. Mr. Berington, we may add, though an apologist of Thomas, is by no means a blind admirer; he is not a Herbert of Bosham, but claims the higher character of a John of Salisbury.

Among more general historians, in whose pages Thomas and Henry necessarily play a considerable part, Dr. Lingard at once occurs as a Roman Catholic writer of much the same school as Mr. Berington. Both of them have the wisdom to write, not as Roman Catholics, but as ordinary men; they at all events affect impartiality, and of course are much more likely to influence Protestant judgments than if they checked them at the beginning by any ostentatious display of their peculiar dogmas. On the other hand, Southey's agreeable, but very superficial, *Book of the Church* contains one of the very best of what we may call the incidental biographies of Thomas. It is full, vivid, and sympathising. It is clear that the heroic grandeur of the Catholic saint appealed irresistibly to the heart of the poet, even while invested with the character of a Protestant controversialist.

Thomas also figures very prominently in Thierry's well-known History of the Norman Conquest, where he is pressed into the service of that writer's peculiar theories. He is made to figure as an English patriot contending against Norman oppressors. Of this utterly untenable notion, and of the small nucleus of truth around which M. Thierry has gathered a mass of very attractive romance, we shall have again to speak.

The more recent literature on the subject begins with the *Remains* of the late Mr. R. H. Froude. Strangely enough, the first recent apologist of St. Thomas of Canterbury was brother of the apologist of King Henry VIII. The elder Froude, one of the original leaders of the Oxford Tract movement, was a man of ability and independent thought, but, as one might expect, he approached the subject from a wholly false point of view. His case was one of the most conspicuous of misconceiving history, in consequence of seeing it through an atmosphere of modern controversy. The subject attracted him from some fancied analogies between the position of the church in the twelfth century and the nineteenth. The career of Thomas occupies the whole of the third volume of Mr. Froude's *Remains*, but a large portion of the narrative part is from another hand, no less an one, we believe, than Dr. Newman's. Mr. Froude's own labours were chiefly given to translating and partially arranging the Epistles, a task before which any amount of energy might excusably have broken down.

After Mr. Froude came Dr. Giles. We suppose we must allow the praises of zeal and research to a man who has edited,

translated, and written more books than any other living English scholar. But really we can give him no other praise. The Epistles, as edited in his *Sanctus Thomas Cantuariensis*, are, as most later writers have complained, a heap of confusion, made far worse confounded by Dr. Giles himself. The principle of arrangement is an elaborate puzzle, which renders it almost hopeless to find any particular letter; the indexes are very meagre, and the mere editing is exceedingly bad.*

Dr. Giles has, indeed, also given us *The Life and Letters* in two volumes of English, in which there is an attempt to arrange some of the letters in the order of time. But scholars do not want a translation—and a very bad translation too—of some of the letters, but an intelligible edition of the original text of all. Dr. Giles's attempt at original biography amounts to little more than a filling up of interstices, and is moreover as poor and superficial as may be. Nearly every thing that is good in it is copied from Mr. Froude.

The life and death of Thomas have also been taken up by two writers of a widely different stamp from either Mr. Froude or Dr. Giles. Professor Stanley, in his *Historical Memorials of Canterbury*, has given us a harmonised narrative of the martyrdom, written with such minuteness, life, and truth, that we deeply regret that it extends to the martyrdom alone, and does not take in the whole history. No less admirable is his treatment of what we may call the posthumous history of Thomas in the chapter on the "Shrine of Becket." The Thomaic controversy, again, occupies a large portion of the third volume of Dean Milman's *Latin Christianity*. With some drawbacks, this is the best English life of Thomas we know, though the narrative perhaps suffers a little from over-compression; and though we think that the Dean passes on the whole too harsh a judgment on Thomas, it is only fair to add that he sometimes bears rather hard upon Henry also. Still his narrative, allowing for some of those little slips in names and details, in which it is strange to find so really learned a man as Dr. Milman so constantly falling, is the very best history of Thomas we know, far better, considering its scale, than the more special ones which we have now to mention.

The year 1859 produced two rival biographies of our hero; the works of the Roman Catholic Canon of Northampton, and of the Protestant Canon of Canterbury. On these we might be tempted to dilate at some length, as the contrast between them is very curious and amusing. Each of the rival canons has

* We thoroughly agree with Mr. Robertson's wish, that a really good edition of the whole literature on the subject should form part of the series now publishing by authority of the Master of the Rolls.

read his books well and accurately; each brings local inspiration to the task; each does his best, such as it is, to be fair; but each is disqualified by invincible prejudices, and the work of each alike labours under incurable objections in point of form. Canon Morris writes in a spirit of undiscriminating admiration; Canon Robertson writes in a spirit of carping and fault-finding, with which we have still less sympathy. Canon Morris might have written a purely devotional life of St. Thomas of Canterbury for members of his own communion, and no fair person would have objected; or he might have written a historical life in the same spirit of prudence as Mr. Berington and Dr. Lingard; but he has confounded the two ideas together, and has produced something far too historical for purely devotional use, while, as a history, it is certain to offend every Protestant reader. Canon Robertson has worked up into a book two old articles from the defunct *English Review*, written, it would seem, against Mr. Froude and Dr. Giles. The book retains far too palpable traces of its origin in its somewhat poor and heavy attempts at wit, in its constant sarcasms on the writers reviewed, and its occasional allusions to things quite unintelligible to those who have not all the numbers of the *English Review* by heart. Nothing, for instance, can be truer, but nothing can be more out of place, than the elaborate criticism on Dr. Giles's editing which is thrust into the middle of the biography. For the matter of the book, it is what might be expected from a man who understands his subject without loving it, and whose chief object is to upset Mr. Froude. The narrative is accurate, the references are highly valuable. The author does his best to be fair, and rejects all the more vulgar calumnies against his victim;—for, unlike most biographies, this of Mr. Robertson has no *hero*. But Mr. Robertson sees every thing through the coloured glass of the *English Review*. He is utterly incapable of entering into the position of either a king or an archbishop of the twelfth century. Above all, Thomas of Canterbury, whether saint or not, was emphatically a hero, and a hero is just the sort of person whom Canon Robertson cannot possibly understand.

Of the foreign writers on the subject, we must confess with shame that we know less than we ought. Reuter's History of Alexander the Third is frequently quoted by Dean Milman and Mr. Robertson; and, as it seems to be highly favourable to that Pontiff, we suppose we ought in fairness to have mastered it, for certainly our own study of the Thomaic correspondence does not lead us to a conclusion at all like what we take M. Reuter's to be. M. Ozanam's *Deux Chanceliers d'Angleterre* (Paris, 1836), and M. Buss's *Der Heilige Thomas und sein Kampf für die Freiheit der Kirche* (Mainz, 1856), we only heard of through

Mr. Robertson's references. M. Ozanam's book we have not seen; M. Buss's has reached us since we began to write this article, and we have had time only to glance at it. It is easy to see that M. Buss is a strong Catholic and partisan of Thomas, but we do not see any thing of the offensive ostentation of Catholicism of which we complain in Mr. Morris. His research and labour are unwearied, and, as far as we have seen, his work seems to be the best suited of all to serve as a guide to the original writers. But there are some tasks before which even German industry breaks down, or at least which it cannot go through without complaining. M. Buss complains, not indeed with the sarcastic rhetoric of Mr. Robertson, but with a simple pathos which is quite as effective, of the superhuman difficulty of finding any thing he wants in a book edited by Dr. Giles.

We will now turn from modern writers on the subject to the original authorities for the Life of Thomas. These are of three kinds,—the biographers, the contemporary chroniclers, and the correspondence of Thomas, Gilbert, and the rest. All our authorities are in Latin, except a single very important biography in French verse. English records we unluckily have none. The Saxon Chronicle breaks off at the accession of Henry the Second. What would one not have given to have seen this stirring period described, with the same life as the days of the Conqueror and of Stephen, by a real native Englishman, in the old Teutonic mother-tongue?

The French Life of Garnier of Pont Sainte Maxence must be the earliest of all, as the author tells us it was written between 1172 and 1174, being completed within four years after the martyrdom. The author had himself seen the saint in the flesh, but before he assumed his saintly character:

> "En Gascuingne fu-il lung tens pur guerreier.
> As Gascuns i kovint de lur chasteus lesser.
> En Normendie r'out sun seinur grant mester,
> *Et jo l'vi sor Franceis plusur feiz chevaucher.*"*

He visited Canterbury, and also conversed with Thomas's sister, Mary Abbess of Barking, so that he had good sources of knowledge; and he tells us that, in the course of writing his book, he often altered what he had written, as he obtained better information. Besides direct narrative, the book contains many digressions or versified sermons; he has also taken the trouble to translate several of the more important letters into his French verse, and a very odd effect they have in their new shape. This biography is very important from its early date, and to the philologist it is highly valuable as a specimen of the French language in the twelfth century.

* Garnier, p. 14, ed. Hippeau.

Of the Latin Lives the most important are those of Edward Grim, Roger of Pontigny, William Fitz-Stephen, Alan of Tewkesbury, and Herbert of Bosham, together with the short Life by John of Salisbury prefixed to that of Alan. All these writers were contemporary, and were intimate with the Archbishop at some portion or other of his career. Each therefore tells part at least of his story from his own personal knowledge. Each, to a great extent, fills up the deficiencies of the others. Thus Edward Grim only entered the service of Thomas a few days before his death; his earlier narrative is, therefore, written from hearsay; but, in his new-born zeal for his master, he gives a full and vivid account of his martyrdom: of that martyrdom, indeed, he was more than a spectator, he was actually a fellow-sufferer, having his arm broken in a vain attempt to defend the Archbishop. Roger was the attendant of Thomas during his sojourn at Pontigny. We might have expected him to be very full on that part of his history; but, writing doubtless mainly for the monks of Pontigny, he says that he will not enlarge upon what every one knows, and cuts that part very short. He therefore writes mainly from hearsay, but it is from the hearsay of Thomas himself; so that we may look upon Roger's work as being more nearly an autobiography than any of the others. William Fitz-Stephen seems to have been attached to Thomas earlier than any of the rest. He was his clerk when chancellor, and consequently gives us many details of that time of his life which are not to be found elsewhere. He did not follow the Archbishop into exile, though he had one interview with him in the course of a journey through France, but he was present at the martyrdom. Hence he can tell us little from his own knowledge of his master's doings in banishment, but he supplies many valuable particulars of what was going on in England meanwhile. Herbert of Bosham, on the other hand, followed Thomas through his whole career both in England and France, but he was not present at the martyrdom, and he seems to have known very little of his early life. He is, therefore, the fullest of all in his biography of the archbishop, but tells us very little of the chancellor. Alan, and the fragmentary Life by William of Canterbury, in Dr. Giles's second volume, also contain occasional particulars not to be found elsewhere.

The comparison of these biographies with one another is exceedingly curious and interesting. We fully agree with Mr. Robertson that they need to be more closely analysed and compared than they have ever yet been, "with a view of ascertaining their correspondences and divergences, and the sources from which each writer derived his materials." Mr. Robertson goes on to say, rather darkly, "Perhaps the result of such an inquiry

might be found to throw some light on questions connected with a *Historia Quadripartita* far more important than that which is devoted to the Life of Thomas of Canterbury." This we take to be Canon Robertson's roundabout way of describing the Four Gospels. The hint is an excellent one, especially as coming from so orthodox a source, though it is very likely that some inquirers might push it to results at which Mr. Robertson might be rather alarmed. The general character of the narratives is that of close agreement in the main story, combined with constant contradiction in minute particulars. This is just what might be expected from narratives written from memory some years after the event. Herbert, for instance, did not write till fourteen years after the martyrdom. He speaks rather pathetically of himself as the last survivor of the whole band of faithful disciples.* On the other hand, there is not uncommonly a minute, sometimes even a verbal, agreement between two or more narrators, as if they had copied from one another, or from some common source. Take, for instance, one grand scene in Thomas's life, his "fighting with beasts" at Northampton. Two at least of our authorities, Herbert and William Fitz-Stephen, were there. Yet if a man were to try to force even their narratives into exact conformity, as commentators do with Mr. Robertson's other *Historia Quadripartita*, he would utterly break down in the attempt. Comparing all the narratives, there is a good deal of difference in the order of events, and even as to the mouth into which particular speeches are put. But in the whole history we only remember one contradiction of any real moment. William Fitz-Stephen says, that Thomas did affix his seal to the Constitutions of Clarendon, which is stated by no one else, and which the rest implicitly deny. Here we confess is a difficulty. William was something of a lawyer, and seems always careful about legal technicalities, so his testimony is especially valuable. But it has to be set against a *consensus* of the other writers and the general tenor of the story. Whether Thomas did or did not seal the Constitutions is of real importance to the history, and it is strange that any of his followers should be careless or misinformed about it; but the slight diversities which elsewhere lie thick upon the narrative are just what always happen to several unassisted human narrators telling the same story. No reader of the Life of Thomas is likely to be troubled at discrepancies of this sort; but exactly similar ones in the other *Historia Quadripartita* have given no small trouble to tender consciences. Each biographer of Thomas, like each of the Evangelists, has a character of his own. Edward Grim has the greatest tendency to the marvellous; Roger, as a Frenchman, is far

* Giles, vii. 335.

more bitter against Henry than any of the rest, and he makes just those little mistakes about English matters which a Frenchman would make in any age. William Fitz-Stephen is lively and amusing; Herbert is given to sermonising and twaddling, and to putting long speeches not only into his own mouth (which is his own affair), but into the mouths of Thomas and others, which we trust and believe are Master Herbert's own composition. But even this is no more than every historian gave himself the license of doing till very recent times. Herbert is, moreover, the Boanerges of our story. He seems to have been the double of Thomas in mind and body, and probably did Thomas very little good by his constant company. As if the primate were not of himself daring and unyielding enough in all conscience, Herbert was always stirring him up to the strongest measures. Like Thomas, he did not fear the face of man, and spoke as boldly to King Henry on his throne as to his own master in his chamber. Like Thomas too he was tall of stature and goodly of countenance; and, like Thomas in his unregenerate state, he did not object to set off his bodily perfections to the best advantage.* These two faithful followers appear in their several characters in that most striking scene at Northampton.† Thomas sits with his cross in his hand, defying the king of earth in the name of the King of Heaven. Herbert, the true Boanerges, would fain have him excommunicate every man present on the spot. William counsels meekness and patience. Forbidden to speak to his master, he points in silence to the figure of the crucified Saviour. Even the cold heart of Mr. Robertson forbears to sneer at this most touching incident.

Besides these biographies by writers whose names and actions we know, there is a very remarkable one printed in Dr. Giles's second volume, from an anonymous Ms. in the Library at Lambeth Palace. The author affirms that he was present at the martyrdom; still his contemporary character is doubted by some modern writers. If it were fully ascertained, the work would be most valuable; for, though it does not contain many new facts, it is written in a tone of unusually independent criticism, and has fewer coincidences with other Lives than any one in the series. It states the case for Henry and against Thomas with great fullness and fairness, and enters into arguments at some length against those who denied the Archbishop's claims to the title of martyr.

As for contemporary chroniclers, who wrote, not special Lives of St. Thomas, but general annals of their own times, several of the best of the class have recorded the reign of Henry the Second. These of course are highly valuable, as giving us the

* William Fitz-Stephen, Giles, i. 265. † Ib. i. 226.

view of affairs taken by those who were not Thomas's immediate followers, and also as helping us to the more exact chronology of the period. The biographers commonly are rather careless as to the order of time. Each, as we have seen, recorded what struck him most or what he best knew; one set down one event, and another another; and none of them paid much regard to the order of details. The chroniclers step in to correct their errors and supply their deficiencies. Ralph de Diceto, Dean of St. Paul's, a moderate partisan of the king's, supplies in his *Imagines Historiarum* several important facts not in the biographies, together with the chronological arrangement of all. Gervase and Roger of Hoveden were also contemporaries; but they were younger men, who wrote after the biographers, whom they continually copy. But it is always curious to see which Life they follow for any particular fact, and they also often add touches and details of their own. Gervase especially, as a Canterbury monk, admitted by Thomas himself, had good means of information. William of Newburgh is chiefly remarkable for the manly and independent tone with which he treats the whole controversy, doing full justice to the originally honest motives of both the king and the primate, but not scrupling to deal severe censure to particular actions of both.

The Letters, of course, are invaluable; at least they will be when any one shall be found to edit them decently. For the whole of Thomas's sojourn in France, they, much more than the biographers, are really the history. Many of the letters are strictly public documents, and many others, though private in form, were meant at least for the eyes of all the writer's own party. Mr. Robertson thinks the correspondence does not give a favourable idea of the time, and that it is on the whole discreditable to the mediæval church. That the letters are full of strong language is no more than was to be expected; but we do not know that St. Thomas and his contemporaries use any stronger language than those worthies of the sixteenth century whom doubtless Mr. Robertson, as a sound Protestant, duly reverences. If Thomas is rather fond of calling Geoffroy Riddell "archidiabolus" instead of "archidiaconus," was it not the established joke of the Reformation to call a bishop a *Bitesheep*, and to turn "Cardinal Poole" into *Carnal Fool?* In short, in ages when decorum was not very stringent, all men who have been in earnest, from the Prophets and Apostles downwards, have used very strong language upon occasion. But Mr. Robertson's taste is so delicate that he is actually offended by Thomas's hearty, honest, and thoroughly English denunciations of the iniquities of the Roman Court. These we suspect, in any body but St. Thomas of Canterbury, he would have hailed as an instance of Protestantism before its time. But he has weightier accusations

still against the unfortunate Letters. They are, he thinks, full of "cant," and of "strange tossing to and fro of Scripture, perverted by allegory and misapplication."* In a certain sense this is true; but talk of this sort always reminds us very strongly of the doctrine taught us by Mr. Grote, that all religions seem absurd to those who do not believe them. Most undoubtedly a calm and critical reader of those Hebrew and Greek writers which we call "Scripture," will find constant "misapplications" and strange "tossings to and fro" in the writings of Thomas, his friends, and his enemies. But he will find misapplications and tossings equally strange in any sermon, any religious tract, any religious biography of our own times. In their belief, as in that of the Protestant enthusiasts of the seventeenth century, every word of the Old and New Testament was written for the direct example and instruction of every man of every age. Believing this, they did not shrink from carrying it out in detail. If God spake unto Moses, why should He not speak also to Anselm or Bernard? If He bade Joshua lead his people against the Canaanite, did He not also bid Peter the Hermit to preach the crusade against the Saracen? If the destroying angel smote the host of Sennacherib before Jerusalem, was the arm of the Lord to be shortened when the schismatic Frederick threw up his banks and shot his arrows against the tomb and temple of the Prince of the Apostles? The faith of those times was at least a real, living, practical faith; professing to believe certain books as their rule of faith and their personal guide of life, they did believe them as such. Consistently, at all events, they shrank from no "misapplication," no "strange tossing to and fro," of what they held to be real lively oracles, speaking direct comfort and counsel in every circumstance of the life of every man.

We, however, fully agree with Mr. Robertson in placing the letters of John of Salisbury far higher than any other in the collection. John was a thoroughly good and pious man, and withal learned, thoughtful, moderate, and prudent. A firm friend and faithful follower of Thomas, he rebukes him, whenever he thinks him in the wrong, with apostolic boldness; down to the very day of his death,† he withstands him to the face as often as he is to be blamed. We have no hesitation in setting down John as a wiser and better man than Thomas himself. But does not Mr. Robertson see that it speaks very much in Thomas's favour to have attracted and retained the devoted attachment of such a man? A really candid writer would have pointed out that if John's bold and faithful rebukes tell greatly to his honour, they tell almost equally to the honour of Thomas, who invariably took them in good part.

In a similar spirit elsewhere Mr. Robertson exhibits an

* p. 173. † Rog. Pont., ap. Giles, i. 164; Ben. Petr., ibid. ii. 62.

amount of delight and triumph altogether childish, in pointing out the error of "certain writers" who had not put the events connected with the excommunication at Vezelay and the removal from Pontigny in their right order. The "certain writers" seem to be Dr. Lingard, and perhaps Dr. Giles and Mr. Froude. We are not greatly concerned for them; but when Mr. Robertson ventures to say* that the original biographers "wished to falsify the history," that is quite another matter. The case is this. In 1166 Thomas went from Pontigny to Vezelay, and there, in discharge of legatine powers with which he had been lately invested by the Pope, he excommunicated, with especial solemnity, several of the king's friends, both clerical and lay, for various offences, and uttered a solemn warning against Henry himself. Him also he had intended to excommunicate, but forebore doing so on hearing that he was dangerously ill. On hearing of this proceeding, Henry, by violent threats against the whole Cistercian order, procured the removal of Thomas from the Cistercian abbey of Pontigny, where he had hitherto been sheltered. The comment of an impartial historian would be, that the archbishop's conduct was violent and imprudent, the king's revenge mean and cowardly. Unfortunately it happens that not one of the biographers, except the anonymous Lambeth writer, describes this scene in all its fullness. The complete account of the matter has to be made out from the chroniclers and the Letters. That most of the biographers do not mention it, is really not very wonderful. Edward Grim was not there, and his whole narrative of this part of Thomas's life is utterly meagre. Roger of Pontigny cuts his almost as short, because his brethren knew all about it. William Fitz-Stephen was not there; he tells us chiefly what happened in Henry's dominions. Herbert was there, and records the scene; he does not, indeed, directly mention the excommunication; but this is clearly because the warning against the king was the most striking point, that which he found most vividly impressed on his mind eighteen years after. For an archbishop of Canterbury to suspend a disobedient bishop, and excommunicate a schismatic dean and a sacrilegious layman, was no very wonderful occurrence. The awful and unexpected part of the proceedings was, when Thomas arose, with a voice broken with tears,† to warn the King of England that, if he did not repent, excommunication should fall upon him as well as upon inferior sinners. That Herbert had no intention of concealing the far less important fact of the excommunication and suspension, appears from his speaking directly of them in

* p. 193.

† "Confestim, omnibus audientibus et stupentibus, miro motu compunctûs, voce quidem flebili et intentissimo compassionis affectu in ipsum Anglorum Regem Henricum nominative comminatorium emisit edictum." Herb., ap. Giles, vii. 230.

the very next page.* So equally does William Fitz-Stephen,† though without strict regard to chronology, he being more intent on the reception of the excommunications in England than on their first denunciation in Burgundy. In short, if Mr. Robertson enjoys crowing over Dr. Lingard, we have not the least wish to interfere with his enjoyment; but he has not the slightest right to repeat the note of triumph over any one of Thomas's original biographers.

We must now turn from the ancient and modern biographers of Thomas to the estimate which we have ourselves formed of Thomas himself. If we can trust ourselves, that estimate is not swayed by party considerations of any kind. We do not feel ourselves bound to indiscriminate worship because of a papal canonisation; but we do not look on such papal canonisation as at all taking away a claim to honour when honour is due. And be it remembered that it was not only the Roman Chancery, but the spontaneous voice of the English nation which raised Thomas to the honours of saintship. Through his whole archiepiscopal career, alike in England and in France, Thomas was the darling of the people. One of his biographers is content almost to rest his claims to reverence on the adage, familiar then as now, that the voice of the people is the voice of God.‡ When he "fought with beasts" at Northampton, when his king accused him, when barons condemned him and bishops deserted him, an admiring multitude followed him in triumph from the castle-gate to his lodging at St. Andrew's. When he turned away from the conference at Montmirail, when every earthly power seemed to have forsaken him, every eye as he passed was fixed in admiration on the primate who "would not deny the honour of God for the face of two kings." His return from banishment, his reception at Sandwich, at Canterbury, and at London, was a nobler triumph than ever awaited returning conqueror. The bells, the organs, the processions of monks and clergy, might have expressed a mere constrained or official homage; but there could have been nothing of such compulsion in the voice with which, in defiance of hostile nobles and officials, all Kent and all London poured forth to bless him who came back to them in the name of the Lord, the father of the orphans, and the judge of the widows.§ Such popular reverence does not prove that the cause which he defended was one which the sober voice of history will permanently approve. It does not prove that his own character may not have been disfigured by many and grievous faults. But it is a homage which assuredly was never paid to a mere proud and ambitious

* Giles, vii. 231. † Ib. i. 258. ‡ Lamb., ap. Giles, ii. 136.
§ "Pater orphanorum et judex viduarum." Herb., ap. Giles, vii. 315.

hypocrite, or to the assertor of a cause which was at the time palpably that of unrighteousness or oppression.

Nor must we suppose that the popularity of Thomas in his own day was at all the popularity of an assertor of the cause of the "Saxon" against the Norman. This is a mere dream, to which an unlucky currency has been given by the eloquent writing of Thierry. There is no trace in the history of the period of any such strongly marked antagonism as Thierry supposes still to have existed; still less is there any trace of Thomas of London being its impersonation, if it did exist. Thomas, in reality, was himself of Norman descent. His family was settled in London at the time of his birth; but his father was originally from Rouen, while his mother seems actually to have been born at Caen.* It is evident, however, that at the time of his birth his family was thoroughly established in England, and that they had the feelings, not of strangers, but of Englishmen and Londoners. The truth is, that there is not a word about "Saxons and Normans," or any controversies between them, in any one contemporary biographer, chronicler, or letter-writer. The whole evidence seems to us to show that the wide distinction and hostility between the two races, supposed by Thierry and his school to have remained so late as the reign of Henry the Second, is a mere imagination. The probability is, that though the upper classes were mainly of Norman, the lower of old English descent, the distinction had then become one merely of class, and not of nation. In the middle class, Thomas's own class, the two races must have been much mixed up together. Indeed, the Conquest itself must have had the highly beneficial effect of at once forming a middle class out of the higher ranks of the conquered people. The Norman gentleman, born in England, often of an English mother, would soon feel himself much more English than Norman. The Norman citizen, Gilbert Becket or his father, would do so still sooner. In truth, every where mankind are far more sensible of birth than of descent, and they identify themselves with the country where they were born, rather than with the country of their fathers. We are sometimes led to suppose that the feeling of race lasted longer than it did because the kings remained foreign so long. Henry the Second was not an Englishman, he was not even a Norman; he was a great French prince, who reigned in France, and treated England as a dependency. To his English subjects he was the "rex transmarinus,"† the king beyond the sea, who sometimes visited them, but who commonly dwelt in more favoured parts of his dominions. Twice in his reign he seems to have wished

* Lamb., ap. Giles, ii. 73.

† William Fitz-Stephen, ap. Giles, i. 284, 289, 294.

to confine his own immediate government to his French territories, and to convert England into the formal state of a viceroyalty. Such, if we may believe the Lambeth biographer,* was actually his object in pressing the election of Thomas to the archbishopric. Henry was to reign in France, and Thomas in England. And afterwards it was clearly with the same object that he procured the coronation of his son as a "rex cismarinus" during his lifetime. Those whom he, and the kings before and after him, advanced by preference to high office were neither "Anglo-Saxons" nor "Anglo-Normans," but absolute foreigners, natives of the Continent. This is especially to be seen in ecclesiastical promotions. Thomas is always said to have been the first Englishman who became Archbishop of Canterbury since the Conquest; it might have been added that he was nearly the first Englishman who became bishop of any see. This is perfectly true. He was the first native of England, of either race, who attained to the metropolitan throne; while his predecessors, and the greater number of the contemporary bishops, were natives of the Continent. It is probably this ambiguous expression of "Englishman" which led M. Thierry into the mistake of looking on Thomas as an "Anglo-Saxon" patriot. The real phenomenon of the age is, not the struggle between the two races in England, but the fusing together of the two races preparatory to the struggle with a royal line foreign to both. This silent, gradual fusing of "Saxons and Normans," is recorded by no chronicler, just because it was so silent and gradual. But we see it plainly enough in its results. It was the great work of the twelfth century. It is this work which gives that century that peculiar character of which we have already spoken. No process could be more important, more necessary to all that was to come after. But its silent, hidden nature is alone enough to give a sort of isolated and unintelligible character to the outward aspect of the age.

Of this fusion, Thomas, the son of Gilbert Becket of London, may be taken as the type. Though of Norman blood, his whole feeling, his whole character, is English; and it is clear that no man in England looked upon him as a stranger. His general character, in mind and in body, stands vividly forth in his own letters, and in the descriptions of his biographers. The man of majestic presence and of unyielding soul at once rises up before us. St. Thomas of Canterbury was indeed a "muscular Christian" with a vengeance. Of strength and stature beyond the common lot of men; with a quick ear, a keen eye, a fluent speech, cheerful in discourse, and ready in debate; foremost in the mimic warfare of the chase, and on the actual field of battle,

* Ap. Giles, ii. 86: cf. Garnier (et Freteval), 152.

—such was Thomas the Chancellor. And scourge and fast and sackcloth did but little to change the essential character of Thomas the Archbishop. The weapons of his warfare alone are changed. Of old he stormed the strongest castles, and unhorsed the stoutest knights in single combat. He laughed at the scruples of his sovereign which kept him back from assailing his liege lord King Lewis within the walls of Toulouse. The saint clearly took exactly the same delight in wielding his spiritual arms. He writhed under the timid and time-serving counsels of pope and cardinals, who kept back the sword of Peter from the slaughter. And yet this man, so ardent and headstrong, must have been, at both times of his life, amongst the most amiable and delightful of companions. The intense love with which he inspired his immediate followers breathes in every page of their writings. It is alike in the neophyte Edward Grim, in the fellow-exile Herbert, and in his earlier follower William Fitz-Stephen, who seems hardly to know which most to admire, the magnificent chancellor or the martyred archbishop. Nor did he awaken less attachment among men of other ways and callings. All their disputes never could quite efface the old friendship from the heart either of Henry or of Thomas. At every personal meeting the unextinguished love breaks out again, if only for one brief moment. Henry, there can be little doubt, was kept up to his opposition by men who hated Thomas far more than he did. The bishops, even the better ones, for the most part disliked him from their natural repugnance to see a man of his early life and conversation so strangely exalted over their heads. Ruffians like the De Brocs were actuated by the motives common to men of their stamp in all ages. The higher and better class of the laity,—men like the Earls of Arundel and Leicester,—oppose Thomas with deep sorrow, and in every respect exhibit a favourable contrast to the bishops on the king's side. The love and the hatred of Thomas were passions of intense depth, and he could call out both feelings in others in as great intensity as he felt them himself.

The intellect of Thomas was clearly one ranking very high in the second order of genius. He was not a creator. We should look in vain to him for any thing original or comprehensive. He could never have left any such impress upon his age as did Hildebrand among popes, or Charles the Great among kings. His great qualities were an ardent and impetuous spirit; a practical energy, which carried every thing before him; an admirable versatility, which could adapt itself to all circumstances and all people; and a lofty sense of duty, which could support him under any amount of adversity and disappointment. His faults were chiefly the exaggeration of his virtues. His impetuosity

often grew into needless and injudicious violence; his strong will continually degenerated into obstinacy. His biographers praise him for uniting the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. We must confess that we can see in him very little of either dove or serpent; their other favourite quotation of "the righteous man bold as a lion," is very much more to the purpose. His enemies have accused him of pride and of duplicity. Doubtless he magnified his office to the extremest point; his long brooding over his wrongs at Sens and Pontigny imbued him with a fanatical spirit, and an overdone, almost frantic, longing for martyrdom. Yet how far the personal exaltation of Thomas of London was still thought of in procuring the triumph of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Legate of the Holy See, it is not for mortals to presume to judge. The charge of duplicity, which we are sorry to see brought on one occasion by so weighty a writer as Dean Milman, is, we think, without foundation. The faults of Thomas were the natural faults of his lofty and impetuous character,—the faults of obstinacy and violence. But duplicity, conscious bad faith, was utterly alien to his nature. Once, possibly twice, in his life—certainly at Clarendon, perhaps also at Montmirail—he allowed himself to be talked over into conduct which he did not thoroughly approve. He repented, he drew back; in a certain sense he violated his promise; but he was not guilty of any deliberate deception. His conduct may be called either vacillating or obstinate, two qualities quite consistent with one another; it may be called over-scrupulous, it certainly was provoking and offensive; but we do not think it fairly deserves the name of double-dealing.

The whole character of Thomas strikes us as essentially secular. He was made for the court and the camp, not for the cathedral or the cloister. His episcopacy and his saintship strike us as mistakes. There was not a particle of hypocrisy in him; but the whole of his saintly career was artificial, unnatural, and overdone. His misfortune was to be born in an age, and in a class, to which the church alone offered means of advancement. His first great advancement was, indeed, secular; he was a statesman and a soldier, not a priest; but, strangely enough, it was only his ecclesiastical character which allowed him to become a statesman and a soldier. His parentage was respectable, but no more; he was himself in no way ashamed of his descent, but it is clear that it was humble enough to be used as a means of disparagement by his enemies. The son of Gilbert Becket of London would, as a mere layman, have had little chance of presiding in the king's Chancery or of commanding the king's armies. Once tonsured, secular as well as ecclesiastical greatness was open to him. As chancellor he nearly cast off his

clerical character. Strict men condemned the secular pomp of the great courtier and captain, who was also archdeacon of Canterbury and provost of Beverley. But two things are to be remembered: first of all, he was not a priest. Loaded with preferment, which now no deacon could hold, the terror of King Lewis and counsellor of King Henry remained ecclesiastically in that lowly order. A fighting archdeacon was a scandal, though Edward Grim seems to have thought otherwise; but the conduct of Thomas did not present the far greater scandal of a priest, one invested with the mysterious powers of sacrifice and absolution, casting off his spiritual character like Cæsar Borgia or Talleyrand. In modern estimation the difference between a priest and a deacon seems very slight; but when once the full sacerdotal idea is realised, it becomes something infinite. Secondly, though Thomas as Chancellor led a thoroughly secular life, he did not lead either an irreligious or an immoral one. Looked on as a layman, he might almost, even then, have passed for a saint. That he already bared his back to the discipline does not prove very much, as Henry himself now and then did the same. But it is no small credit that a man, whose order debarred him from marriage, should, in a profligate court, have strictly preserved his personal chastity. How far he rebuked the king's vices we know not, but he resisted many strong temptations to share in them, and was a severe censor of inferior offenders in the same line. At last came the moment of the great change. Thomas the Chancellor-Archdeacon is converted into Thomas the Archbishop. We have every reason to believe that the appointment was against his own wishes. He was as great as he could be in the line which best suited his powers, and felt no desire to adventure himself in a line for which he must then at least have felt himself less fitted. He warned his master, that, once archbishop, he should be sure to lose his favour.* But Henry insisted on the appointment, and Thomas was ordained priest, and elected and consecrated primate of all England.

And now came that great change by which, in the language of his biographers, he became another man. Was the change miraculous? Was it hypocritical? Or shall we say with Mr. Froude, that there was no sudden change at all? To us it seems merely the natural result of change of circumstances in a man of Thomas's character. He was not a man to do any thing by halves; whatever master he served, he served to the uttermost. As the servant of the king he was the most faithful of chancellors; as the servant of the church he would be the most faithful of bishops. One at least of his biographers seems to have quite understood† what is really no very wonderful pheno-

* Herb. vii. 26: cf. Rog. i. 108; Will. Fitz-Steph. i. 193; Alan, i. 322.

† "Siquidem quum ante promotionem suam tanquam unus excellentium eni-

menon. Thomas was in all things a man of his own age; we never find him rising above it or sinking below it. He accepted without hesitation the current notion of a saintly prelate, and endeavoured to carry it out in his own person. The ideal ecclesiastic of his times was one who united the loftiest hierarchical pretensions with the most unbounded liberality and the severest personal mortifications. Into this ideal Thomas threw himself with characteristic fervour. His perfect sincerity no man can doubt who has studied at once human nature and the records of the time. But the change, though perfectly sincere, was still artificial; his saintship never sat quite easily upon him; with the zeal of a new convert he overdid matters. We at once see the difference between him and those holy personages whose sanctity has been the sanctity of a whole life, or those again who have been suddenly turned from notorious sinners into contrite-hearted penitents. Nor was he one of the class of great ecclesiastical statesmen, to whom the church has been through life as a fatherland or a political party. Had Thomas belonged to any one of those classes, he would have been somewhat more chary of his spiritual thunders. But his artificial frame of mind allowed no scope either for the long-suffering of Anselm or for the policy of Hildebrand. His fiery soul would have revolted against either as remissness in the cause of God. Thomas could be meek and gentle after a sort, yet always only by an effort; himself personally he could humble, as he did to his censor John of Salisbury; but the rights of his office, the cause of the church, were never to be humbled by him. Throughout his life the garb of saintship never fitted him. Through his whole career the old Adam is perpetually peeping out: we see the spirit of former days when he tells his slanderer at Northampton, that were he a knight, his sword should assert his righteousness; when he is detected on the Flemish coast by his eye fixed on the hawk on the young noble's wrist; when, even in his last hour, after years of scourging and penance, the strong arm which had unhorsed Engelram de Trie threw Reginald Fitz-Urse prostrate upon the pavement of the cathedral. It peeps out in less excusable form in those words of reviling, rather than rebuke, from which he could not restrain himself even in the hour of confessorship and of martyrdom.* Had his early life been one of deeper sinfulness, his conversion might have brought a more chastened and truly mortified spirit to the service of his Maker. But a saintship artificial, though thoroughly sincere, had always something awkward and incongruous about it. If the church really

tuisset seculo, non minus etiam postmodum inter præcipuos orthodoxorum eminere studuit militans Christo. Nesciebat enim nisi maximorum unus esse quemcumque sortitus esset ordinem vitæ." Will. Cant., ap. Giles, ii. 130.

* "Garcionem et spurium" (Will. Cant., ap. Giles, ii. 13) at Northampton. "Lenonem appellans" at Canterbury (E. Grim, ap. Giles, i. 76).

needed a champion, the lion-heart of Thomas was certainly less fitted for the office than the true union of dove and serpent to be found in his friend and monitor John of Salisbury.

Our estimate of Thomas's personal character ought not to be at all affected by modern notions, however well founded, as to the abstract justice of the cause which he maintained. The immunity of clerks from the jurisdiction of the civil power would now be justly considered monstrous in every well-governed country. All that is wanted is, to show that it was a cause which might be honestly maintained in the twelfth century. And that it surely was. Thomas did not invent the ecclesiastical claims; he merely defended them as he found them. Even if the "Customs" were, which seems very doubtful, the established laws of the land, they were laws which a churchman of those days could at most submit to in patience, and could not be expected to approve or subscribe to. None of his fellow-bishops loved the Constitutions of Clarendon any better than Thomas did; they simply submitted through fear, some of them at least clearly against their own judgment. The most violent attack on Thomas ever penned, the famous letter of Gilbert Foliot,* does not blame the archbishop for resisting the king, but for not resisting him more strenuously. And we must remember that if the so-called liberties of the church were utterly repugnant to our notions of settled government, they did not appear equally so in those times. The modern idea of government is an equal system of law for every part of the territory and for every class of the nation. In the middle ages every class of men, every district, every city, tried to isolate itself within a jurisprudence of its own. Nobles, burghers, knights of orders, wherever either class was strong enough, refused the jurisdiction of any but their own peers. Every town tried to approach as nearly as it could to the condition of a separate republic. A province thought itself privileged if it could obtain a judicial system separate from the rest of the kingdom. Even within the ecclesiastical pale we find peculiar jurisdictions: orders, monasteries, chapters, colleges, shake off the authority of the regular ordinaries, and substitute some exceptional tribunal of their own. For the clergy to be amenable only to a clerical judicature was really nothing very monstrous in such a state of things. It was of course defended on totally different grounds from any other exemption; but it could hardly have arisen except in a state of things when exemptions of all kinds were familiar. And we must also remember that ecclesiastical privileges were not so exclusively priestly privileges as we sometimes fancy. They sheltered not only ordained ministers, but all ecclesiastical officers of every kind; the

* Ep. Gilb. Fol., ap. Giles, v. 272.

church courts also claimed jurisdiction in the causes of widows and orphans.* In short, the privileges for which Thomas contended transferred a large part of the people, and that the most helpless part, from the bloody grasp of the king's courts to the milder jurisdiction of the bishop. The ecclesiastical judicature was clearly inadequate to deal with the most serious class of offences; but, on the other hand, it did not, like that of the royal courts, visit petty thefts or assaults with such monstrous penalties as blinding and castration.† One of the Constitutions of Clarendon, that which forbade the ordination of villeins without the consent of their lords, was directly aimed at the only means by which the lowest class in the state could rise. And this constitution did not, as Dean Milman says,‡ pass unheeded; on the contrary, it called forth an indignant burst of almost democratic sentiment from the French biographer of Thomas.§

But while we do justice to Thomas, we must also do justice to Henry. Foreigner as he was, careless of special English interests, and stained as his life was by vices and faults of various kinds, Henry had still many of the qualities of a great ruler, and we have no reason to doubt that he was sincerely desirous for the good government of his kingdom. The civil wars of Stephen's reign had left England in a state of utter anarchy. This state of things King Henry and Chancellor Thomas set themselves to work in good earnest to undo. Their government did much to restore order and peace; but it is easy to see that to restore perfect order and peace, no class of men must be allowed to break the law with the certainty of an inadequate punishment. Thomas's own admirers state Henry's case very fairly, and do full justice to his motives.‖ Herbert himself goes so far as to say that king and archbishop alike had a zeal for God, and leaves it to God Himself to judge which zeal was according to knowledge.¶ No doubt both Henry and Thomas saw the evil, and each set himself vigorously to correct it in his own way. The number of clerical offenders was large, and some of their offences were very serious. Thomas, during the short time that he lived in England as archbishop, certainly did his best to strike at the root of the evil by unusual care as to those whom he ordained; and he also passed

* See the letter of John of Poitiers, Giles, Ep. Gilb. Fol. vi. 238.

† See a most curious story in Benedict's *Miracles of St. Thomas*, pp. 184-193. On the cruelty of the royal jurisprudence, see Herb. vii. 105.

‡ Lat. Christ. iii. 465.

§ "'Fils à vilains ne fust en nul liu ordenez
Sanz l'otrei sur seignur de cui terre il fu nez.'
Et Deus à sun servise nus a tuz apelez!
Mielz valt fils a vilain qui est preuz et senez,
Que ne feit gentilz hum failliz et debutez." *Garnier*, p. 89.

‖ See Herb., ap. Giles, vii. 102, 122; Ann. Lamb. ii. 85, 86.

¶ Herb. vii. 108, 109.

severe sentences, though of course not of life or limb, upon the offenders whom he sheltered from the royal vengeance. Still there can be no doubt that there were a good many churchmen in the kingdom for whom the gallows was the only appropriate remedy. Henry had a noble career before him, had he but adhered steadily to his own principles. The only danger was, that the full carrying out of those principles would have led to consequences which in the twelfth century would have been altogether premature. They involved not only the subjection of the clergy to the ordinary jurisdiction, but the throwing off of all dependence upon the see of Rome. This noble, but perhaps impracticable cause Henry wilfully threw away. He let the contest degenerate from a strife of principles into a petty personal persecution of the archbishop. In the scene at Clarendon we see the clashing of two causes, both of which contained elements of right. In the scene at Northampton we see only a series of mean and malignant attempts to crush a man who had become offensive and dangerous. Henry was now the tyrant, and Thomas the hero. By allowing his bishops to appeal to the Pope, by appealing to the Pope himself, Henry gave up his own cause. Nor did he mend it when he recognised the Pope as arbiter whenever he thought him favourable, but whenever he turned against him, denounced savage penalties on all who should introduce any papal letters into the kingdom. Henry, at the beginning at least, appears as the statesman of wider and clearer vision; but Thomas deserves the higher moral praise of sticking firmly and manfully to the principles which he conscientiously believed to be right.

And now for a few words on the closing scene. As usual, we find a heroic firmness, a lofty sense of right, mixed up with circumstances detracting from the purely saintly ideal. We admire rather than approve. We hold Thomas to have been highly blameworthy in returning to England among a storm of censures and excommunications; so did many of his wisest contemporaries. An amnesty on such a triumphal return would have been naturally expected from a secular conqueror; much more would it have become a minister of peace victorious in a bloodless struggle. But in the state of fanatic exaltation into which Thomas had now wrought himself, lenity would have seemed a crime which would incur the curse of Meroz; to have failed to smite the contumacious prelates, would have been failing to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty. The quarrel in itself was not so frivolous an one as it seems in these days. The ancient right of the primate of Canterbury to crown the English king seems to us a mere honorary privilege; it was a very different matter when a king was no king till he

was crowned and anointed. And in the actual choice put before him, no one can wish that Thomas had chosen otherwise than he did. "Absolve the prelates; fly, or die." He would not fly; he had fled once; he would not again desert his church. As for the absolution, he was probably canonically right in saying that the Pope alone could pronounce it; but a conditional absolution he did offer. Now, whether the sentence was just or unjust, wise or foolish, no public officer, bishop, judge, or any other, could be justified in withdrawing a solemn and regular judgment in answer to the bidding and threats of four ruffians armed with no sort of legal authority. To have absolved the bishops through fear of the words of Tracy and Fitz-Urse, would have been unworthy cowardice indeed. That Thomas showed a most unhealthy craving after martyrdom cannot be denied; but a martyr he clearly was, not merely to the privileges of the church or to the rights of the see of Canterbury, but to the general cause of law and order as opposed to violence and murder.

We have thus tried to deal, by the clear light of impartial historical criticism, with a man whose history has been disfigured by three centuries and a half of adoration, followed by three more centuries of obloquy. The almost deified St. Thomas, the despised Thomas à Becket, appears by that light as a man of great gifts, of high and honest purpose, but whose virtues were disfigured by great defects, and who was placed in a position for which his character was unsuited. Indiscriminate adoration and indiscriminate reviling are alike out of place with so mixed a character; petty carping and sneers are yet more out of place than either. Thomas and his age are gone. He has perhaps no direct claims upon our gratitude* as Englishmen; none certainly for those acts which most won him the admiration of his own day. He won the martyr's crown in contending for principles which we must all rejoice did not ultimately prevail. The Constitutions of Clarendon are now, with the good will of all, part and parcel of our law. We do not claim a place for Thomas of Canterbury beside Alfred and Æthelstan, beside Stephen Langton and Simon de Montfort; yet, as a great and heroic Englishman, he is fully entitled to a respect more disinterested than that which we show to benefactors whose gifts we are still enjoying. Of no man of such widespread fame have we so few visible memorials;—Northampton Castle has vanished, Canterbury Cathedral is rebuilt; a few

* We speak doubtingly, because the account of one exaction of Henry's resisted by Thomas (Edw. Grim, ap. Giles, i. 21; Rog. Pont. i. 113; Garnier, p. 30) reads very much as if it were resisted on general and not on purely ecclesiastical grounds. Even Mr. Robertson allows (p. 74), in his half-sneering way, that "the primate appeared as a sort of Hampden."

fragments alone remain on which the eyes of Thomas can have rested. No great foundation, no splendid minster or castle, survives to bear witness to his bounty or to his skill in the arts. He lived in and for his own age. To understand him thoroughly, one must first thoroughly know what that age was. And no fair-minded man who has at once mastered the history and literature of the twelfth century, and has attained the faculty of throwing himself with a lively interest into times so alien to our own, can rise from his studies without the conviction that Thomas of Canterbury, with all his faults, is fairly entitled to a place among the worthies of whom England is proud.

Art. V.—MADAME RECAMIER.

Souvenirs et Correspondance tirés des Papiers de Madame Récamier. 1859.

Such is the title of a publication which has excited more curiosity than any biography neither scandalous nor immoral that has appeared in Paris for years. It is written and collected by Madame Lenormant, the adopted niece of Madame Récamier. To those who, like ourselves, have enjoyed Madame Récamier's conversation in her latter years, these recollections have much the same effect that a *hortus siccus* of tropical flowers would have on a traveller just returned from seeing them on their native stems. This may be partly owing to the difficulty of giving an accurate account of events the outlines of which are dimmed by time, and of retaining the shades and graces of language ten years after the speaker is no more. But besides this, Madame Lenormant has with laudable caution avoided giving offence to any survivors whose names have been brought into contact with Madame Récamier's. Hence it follows as a matter of course, that private conversation so trimmed and docked must lose much of its value. Moreover, Madame Récamier's style had a peculiarly delicate flavour; and as we have no remains of the *parler Mortemart*, which so charmed the fastidious taste of Louis XIV. and his court, so we fear Madame Récamier's *parler* will never be known to posterity.

Besides Madame Lenormant's recollections of her conversation, we have a few fragments of an autobiography, in which her friends were more prominent than herself. These had been lent to M. de Chateaubriand and not returned. The manuscript

was burnt at her desire by her devoted friend M. Paul David (a nephew of M. Récamier). Her blindness during the last four years of her life prevented her from reading it over again. She was reluctant to trust to any judgment but her own for selecting what should be saved, and preferred destroying the whole. Perhaps the most interesting, because the most spontaneous, portions of the work are the letters addressed to her by her numerous admirers, whom by a rare alchemy she had transmuted into friends; and we owe many thanks to Madame Lenormant for publishing them, and more particularly for the portrait she has so well traced of Mathieu de Montmorency,—the pearl of the book both for its beauty and rarity.

There are three epochs in Madame Récamier's life. During the two first her own destiny is so influenced by public events, that it is impossible to speak of her without saying a word on the state of France. Like a fine silver thread, her career runs through the web of history, and cannot be drawn out without dragging some shreds of the coarser tissue along with it. Thus from 1796, when Madame Récamier first appeared in public, to 1814, we see France reviving after the Reign of Terror, and submitting to the yoke of Bonaparte. She was then intimate with many both of his family and of his opponents; she was made acquainted with Bernadotte's private opinions, and with Moreau's vacillations, as Napoleon's power grew. We see the general gloom like a leaden mantle weighing down France for twelve years, while the harmless beauty's destiny was crossed and darkened by despotism, like the spirit of the country. During the second epoch (or, as we might call it, act) from 1814 to 1830, her friends were at the height of power: ministers came to her small apartment at the convent, and discussed their measures there; and her attachment to M. de Chateaubriand became the motive and end of all her actions.

In 1830, another revolution overthrew her friends and their whole system. They therefore retired into private life, where they had time for society; and the Abbaye-au-Bois became a literary resort, which recalled to mind the *salons* of ancient France. Many members of the new government mingled with the retired ministers of the last, and many republicans, literary men, and foreigners from all parts of Europe, made a point of being introduced to this last Parisian *salon;* nor are those who frequented it for eighteen years yet reconciled to the loss of the mental cup of coffee which they sipped every day from four o'clock to six in that cheerful *salon.* And, as though she were identified with the destinies of France, she died in 1849, a year after the mad whim of a few men, even more vain than ambitious, had overturned what appeared to be the nearest approach to the

reasonable liberty which the generous reformers of 1789 had sacrificed their lives to obtain. And sixty years of hard-earned experience ended at last in the most debasing despotism.

Returning to the beginning of Madame Récamier's career, we must make an effort to picture to ourselves the total dislocation of all social order, or we shall never conceive the strange adventures and positions to which every body was reduced during the several years which are properly called the French Revolution. Madame Récamier's are among the strangest. She was born at the end of 1777: her earliest childhood, therefore, belongs to the *ancien régime.* Her father, M. Bernard, was a notary in the town of Lyons. In 1784, however, he obtained the lucrative place of *Receveur des Finances,* through the influence of M. de Calonne, then minister of Louis XVI. Madame Bernard was a beauty and also a manager; for Madame Lenormant tells us she increased her fortune by well-calculated speculations. Her only child, Juliette, was left at a convent near Lyons, where she remained till she was about ten years old, when she came to Paris, and was never separated from her mother till the death of the latter. Her beauty and childish grace was already remarkable, and she became the pet of M. de la Harpe and other literary men who frequented the house, which was probably the source of her taste for literary society, to which, more than to her beauty, she owes her lasting celebrity. Madame Bernard, however, attached the greatest importance both to her own charms and her daughter's; and Madame Récamier remembered many years afterwards the fatigue of the hours spent at her toilette.

Among the intimate friends of her mother was M. Jacques Récamier, of a wealthy commercial family near Lyons. He seems to have been a good-natured, jovial man, with an aptitude for making money and spending it, combined with a fancy for quoting Virgil, of easy morality and very courteous manners.

There is something so mysterious, not only in the story of Madame Récamier's marriage, but in the report universally believed, when she was at the height of her fashionable celebrity, that we can only repeat them both, leaving the reader to his own conjectures. She was married in April 1793, that is, three months after the execution of Louis XVI., at the age of fifteen. M. Récamier was a handsome man of forty-three. What was then said, and still continued to be believed, by her contemporaries was, that she was M. Récamier's daughter; and Madame Lenormant's account rather confirms than contradicts it. She says, that she lived solely with her mother for the first two years after her marriage, at which time M. Récamier hired a house at Clichy for his young wife and mother-in-law. In 1793, when

she was married, carts were daily dragging the nobles and best people in France to the guillotine. No priest could give sanctity to a marriage ceremony save at the risk of his life; the Goddess of Reason and her fêtes in the street supplanted all Catholic ceremonies. All commerce was at a stand, assignats the only currency: fifty pounds in paper money were often given for a loaf. M. Récamier was a banker, rich for such times; and riches were a sufficient ground of accusation with the *Comité du Salut public.* Madame Lenormant relates that M. Récamier went every day to see the people guillotined; and that, when thirty years afterwards she asked what could induce him to go to such a painful spectacle, he answered, "I expected each day to share the same fate, and I went that I might prepare myself for it." In such fearful times, in daily expectation of death, when all the forms of law and religion had disappeared, it is no longer so impossible to comprehend that, if Madame Récamier was his daughter, he might have thought the form of marriage the only chance of securing his fortune to his daughter, and that his death would soon restore her to freedom; besides which, a divorce at that time was so easily obtained, and so common, that you often met women who had been married four or five times.

Madame Bernard's reputation had little to suffer from this story. It was said that the lucrative place which her husband, a mere provincial notary, had obtained was due to the administration of Calonne. And Madame Lenormant says positively, that the Revolution left her in full possession of her fortune, which she even increased through the protection of Barère, one of the worst of the Terrorists. This protection was very necessary, for M. Bernard was a Royalist, and probably the only *Receveur des Finances* of Louis XVI. who was not guillotined. This shows that Madame Bernard's clever management was not confined to improving her own fortune, but was extremely useful both to her husband and M. Récamier. If we have dwelt too particularly on this strange story, it has been only to do justice to Madame Récamier's character, and because it was characteristic of the times. It is to show that her peculiar destiny was forced upon her from a child. She once said in her later days to a friend, "I was often very melancholy, for when young I could not properly reconcile myself to my position."

She certainly never alluded to her marriage. If the story was true,—and many more believe it than deny it,—she would be the last to know it; and if she knew it, since she loved her mother, would be the last to speak of it. She always spoke of M. Récamier as of a kind friend totally uncongenial to her, and of M. Bernard as a father she much loved. But if we accept the

story as the public did, it explains all the anomalies of her life. For the first three or four years after this marriage, Madame Récamier, shy and childish of her age, lived in complete retirement, even through the first fifteen months of the Directory. About 1796, when a little security was reëstablished, a violent love of pleasure, like the high spirits of a convalescent lately escaped from death, seized every one; but as yet there was scarcely a drawing-room to receive company. The finest hotels of the Faubourg St. Germain might be hired for almost nothing; the whole Hôtel de Suisse was let for 24*l.* a year. The funds were down at 5. Then, and long after, a few army contractors and bankers were the only people who had homes fit for the reception of company. The Tuileries gardens in the morning, subscription balls at illuminated gardens, such as Tivoli, where every one could go for three francs, and take a lady for one franc more, were almost the only places where the new society could at first show its beauty and fashion.

It is probable that the keen appetite for all social enjoyment, sharpened by the long privation and terror, war and famine, much increased the effect that the beauty of Madame Récamier produced. The few survivors from those days can scarcely find words to express the rapture she caused to a large and mixed public: all distinctions of rank were not only instantly abolished but forgotten; every one pushed on pell-mell to see the beauty; and some remember being half-crushed to death in the Tuileries by the most suburban crowds, who *would* have a look at her.

The churches were only just re-opened and frequented, when she was requested to hold the plate for the collection for the poor. Twenty thousand francs were given; certainly more in proportion to the state of people's fortunes then than five times the sum now. The crowd climbed on chairs, on columns; and it was as much as the two gentlemen appointed to protect her could do to prevent her being crushed to death by public curiosity. Mass and charitable collections were as new as they were welcome; as, indeed, was every other symptom of the return to former habits.

The beauties of the Revolution, such as Madame Tallien, &c., had come out at the fêtes of the Republic, where Madame Récamier had never appeared. During these fêtes the most educated and refined portion of the public who had not emigrated lay concealed and terrified. This section saw with joy one of the leaders of the new society come forth on the side of religion, and the solemnities that had seemed lost for ever; and there can be little doubt that her inclination towards this party, whether from her own taste or other circumstances, was very favourable to the position she so soon acquired; for though fashion seems light

and capricious, it usually has its source in deeper causes. Longchamps was another of those popular resorts, where a former custom was revived: during three days of Passion-week, from the Place de la Concorde to where now stands the triumphal arch, the finest equipages, the best-drest ladies, and the handsomest young men drove, rode, and walked. The carriages, though not very numerous, were obliged to go at a foot-pace, to allow a full view of the ladies; and Madame Récamier was universally proclaimed the most beautiful.

On the 10th of December 1797, a fête was given to Bonaparte, on his return from Italy, by the Directory, at the Luxembourg. In the court, at the farther end, was a statue of Liberty; the five directors, dressed in Roman costume, were under the statue; ambassadors, ministers, public functionaries, seated on the lowest benches, were all round the court. The public behind them were on raised benches, arranged as in an amphitheatre. The windows were crammed with ladies,—better off than the poor directors, with their bare legs, and their togas like Roman senators, on a December day. The General appeared; to a speech from Talleyrand he answered very tersely, as he was wont; the crowd received his reply with loud acclamations. Madame Récamier was among the spectators in the court, and stood up to get a better view of him, while Barras was making a long oration. Her whole figure was thus displayed; and the crowd, turning their faces towards her, gave her a long cheer of admiration. Bonaparte looked that way to see what took attention from himself; and seeing merely a young woman in white, gave her such a harsh look that she sat down in a fright.

In 1798 M. Récamier, whose fortune rapidly increased, bought a house in the Rue du Mont Blanc, No. 7 (now Chaussée d'Antin), that had belonged to M. Necker. This was the origin of her acquaintance with Madame de Staël, who called on her to speak about it: a fragment of Madame Récamier's journal gives an account of this first interview and of the impression she received. This hotel was repaired and expensively furnished in the Greek style, the fashion of the day. As luxury had disappeared, all Paris talked of this magnificence, and great was the exaggeration: those who have seen some of the remnants of this furniture can testify to its simplicity, compared to the extravagance of 1859.

Two years before this time, M. Récamier had hired a chateau at Clichy, where he had established his young wife and his mother-in-law; himself living at Paris, but driving every day to Clichy to dinner. The most brilliant portion of Madame Récamier's first youth was spent at this house; great balls and fêtes were given in the Rue du Mont Blanc, but all the habitual society

went to Clichy. It was about 1799 or 1800 that Lucien Bonaparte, assuming the name of Romeo, because hers was Juliet, wrote to Madame Récamier very grandiloquent love-letters, the first she had ever received. She showed them to her husband, and proposed to forbid him the house; but he, good, easy man, said it would be the height of imprudence to affront the brother of the First Consul; that it would injure his banking-house; and commending her good conduct, he desired she would be very civil to Romeo, keeping him withal at a respectful distance. Whatever he might be to her, he certainly was *not* a "suspicious husband." We may conclude from this that the talent she displayed, now and long after, in combining the various elements of society, the new powers and the old aristocracy, who were returning from emigration, turned out to be useful by extending the circle of his connections; indeed, the latter especially formed a large portion of her society.

Lucien continued for more than a year his gallantries and love-letters. At last he began to think he was making himself ridiculous, and requested they might be returned; and we must own it was a wise foresight. Madame Récamier refused to give them up. Lucien would fain have had the reputation of being more successful; and we think she was fully justified in keeping them, as he by no means discouraged the rumours that were spread; and young and beautiful as she was, she did not escape calumny, which she felt severely, as this was the first affliction she had ever endured. Madame Lenormant adds, with rather questionable taste, that she has these letters still, and keeps them as a testimony to Madame Récamier's virtue; a very useless one *now* that her whole life is before us, with the letters of Mathieu de Montmorency and many others, expressing the esteem and homage of such noble minds and distinguished characters. But these *testimonials*, things useless to her, are curious to us as being written by the man of the 18th of Brumaire, and as showing, therefore, the cross-breed between the ruffian and the Lovelace which began to flourish about 1800.

The Bonapartists had now overturned the last remnant of the republican institutions, and they encouraged with all their might the frivolity that had seared the public mind. Lucien was then Minister of the Interior; and, in the highest fervour of his passion for Madame Récamier, he gave grand dinners and concerts to the First Consul. M. Récamier had no notion of her abstaining from such good opportunities of meeting these great and useful powers. And now came the second and last time she ever saw Bonaparte, and the only time she ever spoke to him. The impression that she made on him, unlike the first at the Luxembourg, was very favourable. He looked at her

with softness and admiration, and whispered to Fouché, who came immediately behind her chair, and said in a low voice, "The First Consul thinks you charming." This interview was not without consequences.

Madame Récamier became more and more the fashion. Her *salon* included the best and most enlightened of the *noblesse*, daily returning from emigration: the Duc de Guignes, Adrien de Montmorency (afterwards Duc de Laval), Mathieu de Montmorency, Christian de Lamoignon, M. de Narbonne, Madame de Staël, some of the old republicans, and all the new society; Lucien Bonaparte, his three sisters, the Beauharnais, Fouché, Bernadotte, Massena, Moreau, all the generals of the late war, and the most distinguished of the strangers that flocked to Paris from all Europe. It was at this time that her friendship for Mathieu de Montmorency first began, the most interesting and curious feature of the book to those who love the study of rare and beautiful characters. We are sorry to say it has not been duly appreciated or even understood in France.

Montmorency was born in 1760, and during his first youth was a man of fashion and pleasure, very charming and impassioned. When Lafayette went to America, he accompanied him: it was the fashion at that time among the young nobility. On his return, he became one of that section of the highest aristocracy who enthusiastically adopted the idea and hope of regenerating their country. It was on a motion of Mathieu de Montmorency, then *député* to the States-General, that the Constituent Assembly decreed on the night of the 4th of August the abolition of the privileges of the nobilty. Madame de Staël was as enthusiastic in the same cause. Thus sympathising in all noble and generous thoughts, he became deeply in love with her; he often alludes to this great passion of his life in his letters to Madame Récamier, and even to his latest years there is a solemnity when speaking of Madame de Staël that indicates the depths within. In 1792 he emigrated to Switzerland, and while there he learned that his brother the Abbé de Laval had been guillotined. He was excessively attached to this brother; it fell like a thunderbolt on him; he almost lost his reason; he accused himself of his death. His brother had fallen a victim to the revolution that he himself had been so enthusiastic in bringing on. Remorse had the same intensity as every other sentiment in this impassioned nature. Madame de Staël's friendship, her tender sympathy, did every thing to soothe this acute suffering; but it was religion alone that gave him peace. From this time the impetuous and fascinating young man became an austere and fervent Christian, and renounced all earthly passion. He was handsome, had the most elegant manners, with a benevolence,

slightly reserved, which inspired a tender reverence. Naturally impetuous, it was always felt that his calm and serene manner was the effect of self-government. His charity was boundless. The passions which he had subdued had left in this ardent mind a vivacity that gave to his friendship an incomparable charm.

His affection for Madame Récamier was never quite free from anxiety; he was in perpetual fear that her delight in pleasing should be carried too far, and endanger a soul so precious. His advice, his consolations, his pious encouragement, were associated with every painful or dangerous circumstance of her life; he often had to support her strength, for she had many moments of discouragement in a life so brilliant, but yet so empty. For we must always recollect that her destiny precluded her from the natural affections of a wife and mother, and that, lovely as she was, and ever exciting love, she must never feel it. Her pride was a safeguard, but not a consolation; she had none but the pleasures of vanity and the excitement of conquests. The love of pleasing was with her certainly a passion in early youth; we shall see later that when her heart was filled by a deeper sentiment, this passion was much subdued and modified into a habit of pleasing and making those around her happy. Mathieu de Montmorency's letters are a rare monument of an affection, whose purity was equal to its warmth. His mind was elevated, perhaps not sufficiently enlarged; but in all his judgments, his feelings, and his language, there was an incomparable delicacy. The recollection of his youthful errors tempered his severity; and the austerity of the life he had imposed on himself since his conversion added to the veneration he inspired, and gave him an authority, to which he seemed to have a natural right, over all who approached him.

In 1800 M. Bernard was named manager of the post-office; in 1802 he was accused of favouring a conspiracy, which at first seemed to threaten him with deportation or worse. One of the preserved fragments of Madame Récamier's own journal will give a description of this and a picture of the times. "My acquaintance with Bernadotte," she says, "dates from an event of my life too important, too painful, ever to be forgotten; his kindness to me will ever be impressed on my mind." "In August 1802, my father was at the head of the post-office. Just then a very active Royalist correspondence attracted the attention of the government. Pamphlets written to promote that cause were circulated in the south, and it was impossible to discover by what means; it was long suspected that a public functionary was in the secret. My father had never mentioned it, and both my mother and myself were entirely ignorant of it."

Madame Bacciochi was dining with Madame Récamier and her mother at Clichy with a party, when a letter was brought to Madame Bernard announcing the arrest of her husband, which caused her to faint away;—by the by, all ladies fainted in those days, but they have given it up now. Her father was in the Temple. The company dispersed. But Madame Récamier saw what terrible consequences might follow; and although Madame Bacciochi showed more desire to get out of the way than to help, she said, half-choked with the effort, "As Providence, madam, has made you a witness of our misfortune, no doubt it is that you may help us. I must see the First Consul to-day—I *must;* and I trust in you to obtain this interview." Madame Bacciochi seemed embarrassed, and advised her to see Fouché to know the exact truth; and then, if necessary, she would try. Madame Récamier asked where she should afterwards find her, and was told that Madame Bacciochi would be in her box at the Théâtre Français. After seeing Fouché, who merely said that this was a very serious matter, but that he could do nothing, and went on to advise her, "See the First Consul this evening; to-morrow will be too late," she left him in great anxiety; and notwithstanding Madame Bacciochi's reluctance to aid her, she went to the theatre to speak to her. There she was with Madame Le Clerc (afterwards the Princess Borghese); they received her very coldly, but she pretended not to see it, and said she came to claim her promise. "I must speak to-night to the First Consul, or my father is lost." They actually told her to stay till the tragedy was over; and Madame Le Clerc asked her if she had ever seen Lafond in Achilles before. She went to the darkest corner of the box, a large and deep one, and dropped on a chair. She then, for the first time, saw in the opposite corner a man with very large, deep, black eyes, who looked at her with kindness and sympathy. When Madame Le Clerc asked this question, and lamented that Lafond's helmet did not become him, and was in a cruel state of anxiety because the plumes were not well fixed on it and would certainly fall off, the black-eyed stranger lost all patience, and said to Madame Bacciochi, "Madame Récamier seems poorly. If she would allow me to accompany her, I will take her home, and go myself to the First Consul." Madame Bacciochi, delighted to get rid of this affair, said to Madame Récamier, "Nothing can be luckier; trust to General Bernadotte; no one is better able to serve you." Accordingly they went away, and he said much to give her hope. After taking her home, he went immediately to the Tuileries. Her own *salon* she found full of people, come to inquire all the particulars: all Paris was talking of it. She had not courage to face

them, and waited alone till a late hour, when Bernadotte came back triumphant. He had with great difficulty obtained a promise that M. Bernard should not be tried, and he hoped soon to get him released. Of course she was overjoyed, but could not sleep for thinking how she should get at her father, for he was *au secret*, and she wanted to reassure him. She had been at the Temple before to see poor prisoners; and as she always carried a charm about her, one of the turnkeys was ready to do any thing for her—Coulommier was his name; and with great mystery he took her to Bernard's cell the next morning. They had not been long enough together to explain any thing, when Coulommier rushed in pale and half demented. He seized her by the arm, thrust her into a dark hole, locked her in, and then she heard a bustle. She put her head against the door, heard a monotonous voice, then total silence. The outer door opened and shut; for this recess was within the room or cell where her father was confined. Here she remained till she was half stupefied with thinking of all the horrors committed in the Temple; imagining that Coulommier had been found out, that he was carried to prison, that no one knew where she was, that he might not tell. How long might she remain? The royal family had been in the Temple; what had they not suffered? She thought she should lose her reason, but she heard the keys and survived. Coulommier came and took her out. The *Préfet de Police* had sent for her father just when she had arrived. "A fine fright I have had. Come away as fast as you can, and never ask me the like again." She had been two hours in her recess.

Bernadotte kept his word, and one morning he brought an order for her father's release, which he presented with a sort of homage at her feet, asking as his reward to go with her to the prison. Of course her father was dismissed from the post-office. In the St. Helena Memoirs this story is related very differently, but a letter from Bernadotte confirms Madame Récamier's account. It would be well if the whole of those memoirs could be thus sifted; we should then see that the Bonapartist mendacity of 1859 dates in that august family from an earlier period than the *coup-d'état*.

In 1803 Madame de Staël was ordered not to approach within forty leagues of Paris. Madame Récamier, who saw the affliction this caused her friend, comprehended from that time the character of the Napoleonic despotism. She saw much of Bernadotte, who foresaw the future, and made her his confidant. It was full time, he would say, to put a stop to Bonaparte's ambition; that he was not only plotting to seize the whole power, but intended to make it hereditary in his family. Bernadotte's plan was to arrange a deputation, imposing both

from the names and number of its members; that this should give Bonaparte to understand that liberty had cost France dear enough for her to wish to keep it, and not to let such sacrifices all turn to the elevation of one man. All this appeared to Madame Récamier both wise and just; he showed her the list of Republican generals. Moreau's name was missing; yet his was the only name whose fame as a general could compete with Bonaparte's. She was intimate with Moreau. Bernadotte and he met at her house, and had long discussions; but it was impossible to persuade him to take the lead. Soon after, in the winter of 1803, Madame Moreau gave a ball. All the strangers in Paris were there, but not one person in power; all who were French were of the Republican opposition.

"I was struck," says Madame Récamier, "with a look of desertion. I saw that Bernadotte and his friends were preoccupied, and Moreau even more so. Bernadotte offered me his arm to a small empty *salon*, where only the distant music and noise from the crowded rooms were heard. I told him my impressions, but he still would hope in Moreau, whose influence he thought so important. 'In his place,' he said, 'I would be this very night at the Tuileries, and dictate to Bonaparte the condition on which he should govern.' Just then Moreau passed near the door; Bernadotte called him in, and repeated all he had said. Moreau's answer was (and it is memorable that he felt the danger to liberty, though he dreaded civil war), that he was ready if wanted. His friends would always find him ready; they might act, he would not stand back: but he thought this was premature; he even could not agree that he was so important a man. The conversation grew warm; Bernadotte lost his temper. 'Ah, you dare not take up the cause of liberty; and you say Bonaparte will not dare to attack it: he will laugh at liberty and at you too. It will perish, in spite of our efforts, and you will be crushed under the ruins, and not have made even an effort to save it.' I was all in a tremor. Others joined us; we returned to the ball-room; and this conversation left a deep impression on me."

And so it ought on all who read it. Here was an opportunity lost! here was an honest man too scrupulous to save his country. Thus did Louis Philippe oppose Bugeau, when in February he offered to cannonade the mob and reëstablish order, saying he could not bear to fire on the people who had elected him; whereas Lucien Bonaparte never hesitated to sweep the streets with cannon on the 18th of Brumaire; nor Louis, on the 1st of December 1851, to send officers to the head of each street opening on the Boulevards, with sealed orders to fire along the Boulevards on every passer-by. We ourselves know the widows of some of the last-mentioned victims; and probably enough

some future memoirs may tell us that on that same 1st December some such man as Moreau was balancing in his own mind what course he should take.

But we must pass from the deeper political interest of this ball to another ball-anecdote which we have heard Madame Récamier relate, characteristic enough of the times. We select it as having been related with exactly the same details by the royal interlocutor thirty years afterwards to one of his subjects who knew Madame Récamier. It is not correctly given by Madame Lenormant. About 1802 masked balls at the Opera were very fashionable. Ladies went in masks and dominos, gentlemen in their usual dress; and the favourite amusement was for a lady to talk so as to puzzle a gentleman as to who she could be. This was called to *intriguer* him. The young Prince (now King) of Wirtemberg, had been presented to Madame Récamier at one of her great balls, and she had scarcely spoken to him; but seeing him at the *bal de l'Opéra*, and recollecting his appearance at her house, she began a conversation, and soon asked him what he thought of Madame Récamier. He answered that she was very handsome, but an inanimate beauty, had not a word to say for herself, and did not please him. Piqued by this, and emboldened by her mask, she commenced a very lively and fascinating conversation. The prince had no suspicion who she was; but probably the turn of her neck, her bright eyes, and graceful carriage, assured him that this agreeable converser would lose nothing by being seen. He was completely captivated, and entreated her to unmask. This she refused, but gave him a ring, and told him to meet her at some ball (not a masked one) where they were both to be, and that he would know her when she claimed her ring. She did claim it, and enjoyed his confusion when he saw that the insipid beauty was one with the piquant converser. The prince's letter on sending back the ring accords perfectly with the story related by herself thirty years afterwards.

But to return: what we have already narrated sufficiently proves that neither Madame Récamier nor her friends saw Bonaparte assume the imperial power with satisfaction. But his sisters continued to visit her, especially Madame Murat. Napoleon was now endeavouring in every way to add splendour to his court, and he felt that the beauty and fashion of Madame Récamier, courted as she was both by the old nobility and the new society, ought to ornament his palace. About 1805 Fouché took to coming very often to see her. As the Minister of Police was overwhelmed with cares, Madame Récamier, who knew better than most people how much he had to do, wondered at the time he spent at Clichy. At last the truth came out. He began by

exhorting her to ask for a place at court, even telling her that Bonaparte had never had any beautiful and good person near him who might guide and direct him. Then Madame Murat came, in a coaxing way, hoping she would be her lady of the palace as well as her friend. At last Fouché one day arrived with a face full of sunshine. "Well, now you will have no more excuses, for the Emperor has sent me expressly to offer you the place of lady of the palace." It seemed to him so natural that she should accept it, that he did not wait for her answer, but went to talk with some one else. It was now full time to decide. She told the whole to M. Récamier, adding that her repugnance was invincible. M. Récamier left her to decide entirely for herself. When Fouché came next time, she qualified her refusal with many flattering speeches, but declined the honour. He flew into a passion; abused all her friends, especially Mathieu de Montmorency; broke out against the *caste nobiliaire*, for whom he said the Emperor had a fatal predilection; and, turning on his heel, he never again entered her house.

Madame Récamier now hoped the matter was settled. She enjoyed her success; the few eye-witnesses who survive still remember the circle that used to collect round her when she danced: for now the luxury and riches of Bonaparte's court, the wealth he had brought back from the countries he had invaded, made Paris a very different place from what it was five or six years before, and ladies had now *salons* to show themselves in.

Madame Lenormant has been criticised by the few remaining contemporaries of Madame Récamier for saying that she was unconscious of the effect she produced. Those who enjoyed her intimacy during the latter period of her life remember how amusing she was in recounting these scenes of her youth, and how little she affected to have been indifferent to the admiration that surrounded her. There are still some who remember the sensation when Madame Récamier came in; and though the drawing-room population of those days was not so dense as it is now, they all rushed to see her, and it was difficult to approach. She was celebrated for the shawl-dance, and the description of it in *Corinne* is taken from her: it was invented by Lady Hamilton, on seeing the drawings of Pompeii and Herculaneum; and at a period when every thing was Greek it could not fail of success. Madame Récamier seemed now at the height of her prosperity, and many letters prove that she was ready to share it with others. Mathieu de Montmorency's anxiety to prevent her from being absorbed by the world, no doubt cherished this kind feeling, though occasionally a shade of melancholy came over her. She herself said that her life

had been up to this point peculiarly fortunate; prosperity had not weakened her character, and she was soon called upon to show it.

One Saturday, in the autumn of 1806, M. Récamier rushed in, his face so altered she scarcely knew him. He told her that, on account of the financial state of Spain, his bank was in danger of stopping payment, unless the Bank of France would lend him about a million of francs, for which he could give the best security; but if this was not obtained, he was a bankrupt; that she must do the honours next day at their usual weekly dinner-party, in order that nothing might be suspected; but that he could not bear to be present, and would go out of town till he should get the answer on Monday. Gathering her strength, she endeavoured to raise his courage, but in vain. He left her, and she described that she had felt during the dinner-party as if all danced before her; but no one perceived any difference in her manner. The loan of the million francs (about 40,000*l.* sterling)—not at all an extraordinary request at a time when government was doing every thing to reëstablish public credit—was flatly and harshly refused. Madame Récamier could not conceal from herself that by her refusal to be a lady of the palace she had brought about the denial of her husband's request. She bore this without complaining: yet she had been the child of prosperity; and not only was she educated without acquiring the first elements of household economy, but she had never been permitted to learn any thing on the subject.

The sensation caused by this catastrophe was immense; many smaller houses were ruined in consequence of this failure. M. Récamier gave up every thing, and his creditors proved their esteem by placing him first amongst the liquidators. She immediately disposed of her jewels; the plate was sold; the fine hotel was advertised for sale. Until so large a property could find a purchaser, she took up her abode in a small apartment in the hotel, on one side of the garden; and the large handsome suite of rooms was immediately let ready furnished. It is but justice to the good feeling of society to say, that the respect this behaviour inspired increased the crowds, who literally besieged the house to express their sympathy. Madame de Staël writes from her place of exile with impassioned friendship and sympathy, entreating her to come to her. Many were the letters she received from mere acquaintances, who were changed into friends. Three months after the bankruptcy Madame Bernard died of a painful illness, which she had borne till this downfall with a singular mixture of fortitude and frivolity. Every day, most becomingly dressed, and lying on a sofa, she received company for a few hours. Madame Lenormant says that M. Récamier's

ruin caused her death. She had never been separated from her daughter since her marriage; and Madame Récamier spent the ensuing months in extreme privacy; her health suffering from these disasters. Madame de Staël at length persuaded her to go to Copet, where a romantic adventure awaited her.

This was in the summer of 1807. Prince Augustus of Prussia, nephew to Frederick the Great, had been taken prisoner in 1805, and was now on parole at Geneva. His youth (he was but twenty-four), the recent loss of his brother, killed by his side, the misfortunes of his country and of his family, would alone have made him interesting in Madame de Staël's eyes; added to this, he was very handsome and chivalrous, ardent in his feelings, with that mixture of frankness, innocence, and sentiment, peculiar to the young Germans of that epoch. He became passionately in love with Madame Récamier. He was a Protestant. In Prussia, divorce was authorised both by the ecclesiastical and the civil law, and in the beginning of the century custom had made it so general in Germany, from grounds of complaint quite independent of moral conduct, that no obloquy was attached to it.

There was nothing very extraordinary, therefore, in his venturing to hope that Madame Récamier would obtain a divorce, and might consent to accept his hand, as Madame de Staël had probably told him all the strange story that was current. Her imagination, always favourable to the impassioned and the romantic, pleaded eloquently for him; and in the beautiful country round Geneva the very air was full of romance. The associations of the place with Rousseau, the society of Copet, and Madame Récamier's hostess, were invested with an ideal halo unlike the plain, everyday people of the present day. Thus surrounded, she wrote to M. Récamier to ask for a divorce. In a fever of impatience the prince awaited the answer. It came; he did not refuse; he admitted that she had a right to obtain it, but he appealed to all the generous sentiments of her heart; he recalled the affection he had shown to her from childhood, and he ended by requesting that if it did take place, it should not only be out of Paris, but out of France; and he said that he would meet her at any spot she might choose to appoint, to follow up the measures necessary to complete it. The letter was dignified, paternal, and tender. She was struck dumb; she saw the protector of her youth, whose indulgence had never failed, growing old, despoiled of the large fortune which he had delighted in seeing her enjoy; and to leave him in his misfortunes now appeared impossible.

Madame Lenormant adds, that she returned to Paris in the autumn, giving the prince no decided answer; and peace

(a disastrous peace for Prussia) having been concluded, he was soon able to return to Berlin, where he employed himself in trying to obtain the consent of his family to this marriage. Madame Lenormant then gives letters from the prince, written at long intervals, and the whole narrative leaves a most unfavourable impression of Madame Récamier; particularly a letter written in 1812, in which he had entreated her to meet him at Schaffhausen, when he came three hundred leagues to meet her, and she never came. Madame Récamier might be too fond of pleasing, and no doubt was not blameless; but this seems cruel trifling, and so unlike her, that we cannot accept it without searching a little deeper into the matter.

In the year 1846 there came to Paris two German ladies; the eldest was thirty-eight at least (thirty-five years of age by her own admission), the other considerably younger. They were called Countesses of Waldenburg. Madame Récamier received them most tenderly, as the daughters of a late valued friend, who had died in 1845. The eldest must have been born between 1808 and 1811, and they were the daughters of Prince Auguste, some said by a left-handed marriage; but, however that might be, he had owned them as his daughters, all Berlin visited them, and they had presided at his house for years. We have no doubt that his passion for Madame Récamier was genuine, and that the three months at Copet were, as Madame Lenormant expresses it, spent in the enchantments of a passion which touched her, though she did not entirely return it. We will suppose that M. Récamier's letter recalled other feelings. We have no doubt that she was ever the idol of Prince Auguste's imagination; but, as we have seen these two ladies, we cannot look upon Madame Récamier as the dry-hearted coquette she must have been if the prince had been a single-hearted and faithful lover. Madame Lenormant knew these ladies well. We prefer sacrificing a little of the prince's character as a hero of romance, in order that we may clear Madame Récamier, as justice requires. In speaking of him she once said he was passionately in love, but that he was very gallant, and had many adventures.

Much more might be said on the *dramatis personæ* of this singular story. M. Récamier's consenting to the divorce, yet preventing it by appealing to her feelings, appears to us intensely selfish. Whatever might be the truth of the original story, he knew that she had been married to him as a child, that her conduct was unimpeachable, that her position was a false one, that she had many years still before her, and that he had now an opportunity of releasing her from a chain that had been fastened on her with as little responsibility on her part as if she had been an infant in arms. It is remarkable that he should

have made it a condition of his consent that the divorce should take place out of France; it looks as if he had always regarded her as a useful and showy ornament to his household, and did not like to publish his loss, but could bear it very well for his own part.

Madame Récamier spent much of the following year at Copet, where Madame de Staël remained two whole years, writing her work on Germany; in which she had so carefully abstained from politics, that she hoped it might be the means of obtaining the recall from her exile. From this illusion she was roused by a sentence of complete banishment from France, an order that the 10,000 copies of her work should be destroyed, and that she should not go more than four leagues from Copet.

It has been seen that Madame Récamier did not write nor meddle with politics, she only refused to belong to the party of the oppressor; yet she was now to suffer from the same awful despotism which every year enlarged its circle, and was as minute as it was gigantic. She was resolved to see Madame de Staël again, before the latter left France—perhaps for ever—for Sweden; and, not to awaken the vigilance of the police, she had given out that she was going to Savoy for her health: many of her friends warned her against this, which they called an excess of friendship. She set out for Copet on the 23d of August 1811; Mathieu de Montmorency had preceded her. An eloquent passage in Madame de Staël's *Dix Ans d'Exil* describes her feelings, when the day after his arrival he received at her house the sentence of his exile; sent thither in order to show that she was the cause of it. She then relates, that during this paroxysm of indignation and grief, she received a letter from Madame Récamier, announcing her visit to Copet for a few days, on her journey to Aix. Madame de Staël, with all the ardour of her character, wrote entreating her not to come; but to drive past her windows and not see her seemed impossible. She remained one day and night. It was enough; the plague was not more infectious than contact with an enemy of Bonaparte. The sentence was immediately passed. M. Récamier joined her at Dijon, and informed her that she was banished forty leagues from Paris. She decided on going to Chalons, where she knew the *préfet*, taking with her M. Récamier's great niece, then a child, whom she had already thought of adopting some time before. Chalons was near Montmirail, the chateau of the Duc de Dondeauville, whose great friendship for her, and his alliance with Mathieu de Montmorency, and the consequent visits of the latter, made her hope to feel less lonely in a small country town. Yet she seldom saw them, so fearful was she that they would suffer for their kindness to an exile.

One letter which she received at this period is curiously significant of the times; it warns her against her project of travelling, lest she might meet accidentally at an inn any of her friends who were obnoxious to the Emperor. He would be sure to know it; and complete exile, or perhaps even imprisonment for life, might be the consequence.

During the whole time of her exile Madame Récamier adopted the retired and quiet habits of life that her age and lonely position required; but as she was resolved never to solicit a recall, she never stooped to any of the prudent calculations recommended by her friends. She had particularly requested Junot, who was a favourite of the Emperor's, never to pronounce her name before him. This honourable pride in a young and beautiful woman, brought up in the very lap of vanity and worldliness, would alone show that a woman can have the sentiment of political dignity, even though she never writes on the subject, and is not pledged to any opinion. Chalons was very monotonous, and, considering her former life, must have been difficult to bear; but, instead of fretting after Paris, she turned to account the resources it presented. She made a friend of the organist, and obtained leave to play during high mass, and to practise at times; her love and turn for music were a great solace to her.

After eight months spent at Chalons, Madame de Staël entreated her to come to Lyons. Accordingly she went, and there found a companion in the unfortunate Duchesse de Chevreuse, also exiled by Bonaparte. Madame Récamier, seeing that the latter was ill, endeavoured to persuade her to go to Italy with her, and thus make the best of her position; but all her reasoning was thrown away, and she says of her, "mais elle n'était point raisonnable:" Madame Récamier was herself, however, eminently so. We will give one anecdote of her exile, showing at once the spirit the empire had created, and how truly reasonable Madame Récamier was. She had been but a few days in Lyons when a M. G—, who had visited her in Paris in the days of her splendour, hearing she was at Lyons, hastened to pay his homage to the fashionable beauty. He was preparing a *fête champêtre* at his house, a few miles from Lyons, and entreated her to grace it with her presence. She had avoided large assemblies since her reverses, and declined, saying she had come only to visit her sister-in-law, Madame Delphin, and pleaded that visits from M. Ballanche and the Duc d'Harcourt would detain her at home. All was useless, she must bring them all; and, tired of refusing, she agreed. They all went; but M. G— just nodded to them, and did not even ask them to sit down. Astonished at this, they looked at each other, and immediately took their leave,

laughing at the oddity of the adventure. A few days afterwards M. G— met her at a dinner-party, and happened to sit by her; he said, with great simplicity, "What could I do? I learnt that you were exiled; I hope you are not offended." Madame Récamier was so amused at his unconscious rudeness, that she said laughingly, "Sir, it is impossible to be offended with such a person as you are." This he took for a compliment, and declared she had the most charming temper.

Madame Récamier set out for Italy with her maid, and the little girl afterwards Madame Lenormant, in 1813. She had no longer a large fortune, and travelled by *voiture*. To make the journey less irksome, they carried a little library with them, selected by M. Ballanche, whom we shall now introduce as a new and important element in her life. This devoted friend had been presented to her at Lyons; he was the son of a printer, and the friend of Camille Jordan (afterwards a celebrated orator of the Chamber), who, anxious to secure her good will, told her his history, which was one of disappointment. His face had been disfigured by an operation, but it was by no means ugly; his eyes were large, bright, and intelligent; the lower part of his face was swollen on one side as if from toothache; his air was simple, perhaps a little uncouth; but the most remarkable benevolence in countenance, voice, and manner, gave a general impression entirely pleasant to all who had any discrimination. He had a poetical mind. Madame Récamier, ever open to admiration for generous and romantic sentiments, took to him with all the kindness of her nature, and he expanded like a drooping plant in the sunshine of her presence. From that moment he was her property; he never asked, never thought of a return for his intense devotion; the pleasure of listening and looking was enough. Those who can recall their first evening at Madame Récamier's, in the days of the Abbaye-au-Bois, after 1830; who remember how, awed by the reputation of its *habitués*, they shrank timidly into a corner; and how the kind address and the benevolent look of M. Ballanche then reassured them, cannot think him ugly. His speech was slow, all his ideas refined, his taste exquisite. He was ignorant of foreign literature, except the Italian philosopher Vico; but his knowledge of all the delicacy and refinements of French literature was complete, and his style of conversation had the flavour given by the constant study of the beautiful and perfect in art. His letters are a true image of a nature so singular, and, with those of M. Mathieu de Montmorency, form the most original feature of the book; but we have no room to quote them. One of his friends always spoke of Madame Récamier as his Beatrice, since in his worship for her he recalled Dante's love for the divine Beatrice:

there must have been a similar spark of the celestial love in these two minds. Such was M. Ballanche, of whom we shall soon have occasion to speak again.

Madame Récamier and her party arrived at Rome in Passion-week. We must not imagine the Rome of 1812 what it was twenty or thirty years later: Rome had no pope, no cardinals; it was not the capital of Catholicism, it was the *chef lieu du département du Tibre.* The French troops then, as now, were masters of Rome. The ceremonies of Passion-week were not performed in the Sixtine chapel, but in the chapel of the Chapter of St. Peter; the pope was a prisoner at Fontainebleau; a mournful spirit seemed to hover over the whole place. The aversion to the French dominion was intense in all ranks; the banker's was the only house where any company assembled. Madame Récamier took an apartment in the Corso, which soon became the rendezvous of the few French and other strangers then at Rome; for it was no longer the resort of the curious and cultivated from all Europe. Soon after this M. Ballanche came all the way from Lyons to spend one week at Rome with Madame Récamier, who, wishing to show Rome to him, took him the very evening of his arrival to the Coliseum. The party filled three carriages, to see it by moonlight. Some one seeing him bare-headed, entreated him, with the usual horror of the Romans for the night air, to put on his hat; but he had forgotten it at Alessandria, in his haste to come to Rome, and never thought of buying another. He was obliged to return after one week's stay; and his affliction at leaving Madame Récamier alone in Italy made him characterise it as the most melancholy place on earth. But she thought not thus, and ever remembered this journey as a poetical chapter in her life. The political state of Italy was congenial to her, for the people hated Bonaparte. She was doubtful, in case she should go to Naples, how Madame Murat might receive her; but on receipt of a most cordial message from both king and queen, she set off in December 1813. This was the eventful winter of Bonaparte's downfall. Fouché was just then going to Naples on a mission to Murat. He had not seen Madame Récamier since the day when she refused to belong to his master's court; he now met her at an inn at Terracina. She had left Rome a few hours earlier than he, and all the post-horses which he had bespoken to hasten to Naples had been by some mistake given to Madame Récamier, who had been driven with unusual celerity to Terracina. He entered the hotel in a towering fury. "Where is the impudent rascal who has taken my horses?" Recognising his voice, she came out of her room: "I am that rascal, monsieur le duc." He was astounded; and, pretending not to see his embarrassment,

she asked him the object of this hurried journey. King Joachim (Murat) was just then required by England to join the coalition; and as Fouché went to prevent this, no time was to be lost. He asked her, rather abruptly, what business she had at Naples; to which he had the goodness to add his advice, terminating by, "Yes, madame, recollect the weak should be meek." To which she answered, "Yes, and the strong should be just." Thus ended the conference, which contrasted strangely with their last meeting.

Immediately on her arrival at Naples, a page came from the queen to the apartment taken for her, with an elegant basket of fruit and flowers. The next day, when she went to thank her, she was received by both king and queen more like an ambassadress than an exile.

And now the catastrophe of 1814 came on like a river of icebergs, crushing to pieces all the show-kingdoms which had been got up and painted and gilt during the last twelve years. Poor Murat was in a quandary; his satin doublet, his hat and feathers, did not cover a heart and head fit for such times. Austria and England were egging him on to join the coalition. He had written to his brother-in-law to exhort him to make peace; but Napoleon always treated his kings very cavalierly, and this time he did not even vouchsafe an answer. Meantime the allies threatened him with ruin to himself and his subjects; he was told that his duty as a king suspended his duty as a French subject; and it was during this inward conflict that Madame Récamier arrived at Naples. Madame Murat confided the state of her husband's mind to her. Public opinion called loudly for King Joachim to declare his independence of France. The nation clamoured for peace at any price; the allies exacted an immediate answer. Murat signed on the 11th of January 1814 the treaty with the coalition, and it was just going to be publicly proclaimed. Murat rushed into his wife's drawing-room, where he found Madame Récamier; and perhaps hoping she would advise him to do what was already done, he asked her opinion, "You are French, sire; it is to France you should be faithful." Murat turned pale, ran to the window, opened it violently, crying out, "Am I, then, a traitor?" and he pointed to the whole English fleet sailing majestically into the bay. What a picture! He threw himself on a sofa and burst into tears. He might have left the kingdom to the natural politics of its position, joined Bonaparte, and fought by his side; but this third course never seems to have occurred to him. However, as all Bonaparte's generals at that time did what they could in the *sauve-qui-peut* line, we may charitably suppose that they had all found out that their master thought of no one but himself, and that they

had a right to do the same. The queen, much firmer, though probably not less agitated, got him a glass of orange-flower water, and endeavoured to calm him. They then drove all over the town, were enthusiastically received, and appeared at night at the theatre with the Austrian ambassador and English admiral. Murat soon left Naples for the army, leaving his wife regent.

The overthrow of Napoleon delivered the pope, Pius VII., from his thraldom; and Madame Récamier counted it one of the most solemn moments of her life when she witnessed his return to Rome. All the young nobles and gentry went to meet him, took out the horses, and dragged the state-carriage to St. Peter's. The rapture of the whole town was not to be described. When the old man, whom they had scarcely ever hoped to see again, knelt before the altar, and the *Te Deum* resounded through those high vaulted arches, tears flowed from all eyes.

All now was changed. The last were now first; and Madame Récamier was at liberty to return to Paris. There she arrived on the 1st of June, after three years' exile; and with what proud satisfaction must she have thought that she had never once stooped to ask, nor even negotiated for, a recall!

Madame Récamier had passed the romantic period of her life, and was entering on a new phase of it. She had been rich and the fashion; she had been ruined and banished; she had been surrounded by lovers, and yet had escaped from the troubles of passion, though her imagination may have been somewhat captivated. This seems to be looked upon as a personal affront by all those who have reviewed the book; yet they might have seen many men who at thirty-five had never found the woman who entirely satisfied their imaginations; and they might have recollected that many human beings, male and female, never *do* meet with this ideal. Not a few have even had Hobson's choice (poor fellow!). This, however, was not her case. She was not starving for affection, nor lonely. Want did not make her snatch at any thing she could get. She had besides a very romantic imagination, a very proud nature, and did not like to lower her pretensions; and, moreover, reviewers might recollect that her peculiar position, her pride, her delicate taste, and her good sense, were all on the same side. Again, her education had all been directed to the love of pleasing; her husband had made her talent for charming all beholders a useful element in his business; and no wonder if this, joined to the natural gaiety of her nature, had given her great delight in making conquests. But it

was a good-natured, laughing, joyous delight; she did not wish to give pain, she only wished to give pleasure; and she had the same feeling towards man, woman, and child. If a child appeared, she would give it sugar-plums, without inquiring too curiously how far they might spoil its teeth. She was instinctively kind and courteous to inferiors and servants; she would talk pleasantly to a dog, and stroke it that it might wag its tail. And thus also she treated her admirers; and this no doubt helped to preserve her from any one absorbing sentiment. As long as she lived she had still much of this in her character; but in youth it was naturally the most predominant feature.

When she came back to Paris, she was radiant with delight; she had lost none of her beauty, but solitude and reflection had greatly increased her powers of enjoyment. Society had now returned into its old channel. No woman of character would now be followed by crowds in public gardens as in 1798. *Salons* had never attained the development natural to them under Bonaparte, but had been blighted by the terror of his all-prying eye, and the vulgarity of the ladies of his court. But now once more they flourished as brightly as before the Revolution.

M. Récamier's business was less extended than in the beginning of the century; but he was now again a prosperous banker. She herself too had inherited her mother's private fortune, about 16,000*l.* She therefore returned to many of her former habits, though never to the great splendour of her youth. All her old friends had returned; and Mathieu de Montmorency was appointed *chevalier d'honneur* to the Duchesse d'Angoulême.

The year 1815 began joyfully for the Royalist party: they had now the lead in every thing. Madame Récamier's persecution under Bonaparte, and the great influence of her oldest friends, placed her in a higher position than either her beauty or her fortune had given to her before. This party was thinking of remodelling France according to its own ideas, when the news of Bonaparte's landing came like a thunder-clap. All Madame Récamier's friends, filled with terror, were flying in every direction, and did all they could to persuade her to go; but she would not leave Paris.

Murat, on hearing of Napoleon's success, turned with his army against the Austrians, was put to flight, and landed in the south of France, where Bonaparte had him imprisoned. After the battle of Waterloo he was released, and after various adventures landed near Naples. He hoped that his former popularity, real or fancied, would set him again on the throne; but it was in possession of the Bourbon family, and he was taken and shot. He died courageously. He had always been a valiant soldier; delighted in fine clothes and spirited galloping horses. He loved to bend

on one knee at a lady's feet, to put his hand on his heart, to talk of being a *chevalier français*, and love and glory. He always had superb feathers in his hat.* Such was Madame Récamier's description of him. Poor Murat! His wife, left regent, had prevented anarchy; and when she expected the Austrians, she remained in the palace and had it all lighted up, that the mob might believe her still there, while she was quietly escaping. Knowing they would arrive in the morning, she remained as late at night as she could, that the town might not be a scene of pillage and anarchy, as it would have been in the absence of all government;—a contrast to many sovereigns who ran away in confusion, not excepting her illustrious brother.

Paris had a second time the mortification of seeing strange uniforms in every street; and the Royalist party, who profited by their success, hated them almost more than they hated the Bonapartist uniforms. We observe that the fragment of Madame Récamier's own writing in relation to the Duke of Wellington merely says that she saw him on his return from Waterloo, and that the visit was painful to her; but she says not a word of a boastful speech attributed to him by Madame Lenormant; and we have little doubt that, as it was quite inconsistent with his general character, her memory has deceived her.

In the beginning of 1817 M. Ballanche, having lost his father, sold his printing establishment, and came to live at Paris, that he might see Madame Récamier every day.

In July 1817 Madame de Staël died. This was a great affliction both to Mathieu de Montmorency and Madame Récamier. It was during her last illness, and a short time before her death, that Madame Récamier and M. de Chateaubriand met for the first time; but it was not till 1818 that he began to frequent her house. We have seen how her enthusiasm for literary talent had drawn her to Madame de Staël, how she risked every thing to go to her. We might expect that when to this was added an honourable reputation set off by noble and graceful manners, her imagination would be entirely captivated, and so it now was; her most devoted, her most generous friends, Mathieu de Montmorency and M. Ballanche, soon perceived that they now occupied only a secondary place in her heart. From the letters of these incomparable friends to her, it is evident that she would not, or could not, conceal from them that M. de Chateaubriand had taken the place for which so many had striven; and when thirty years afterwards she spoke of this overwhelming sentiment to a friend, she said, "It is impossible for a head to be more completely turned than mine was by M. de Chateaubriand: I used to cry all day."

*. He was the son of a hatter.

Mathieu de Montmorency, in a letter written about this time, says: "I was hurt, I was ashamed, to see the sudden change in your behaviour. . . . . I opened with profound emotion your note, which is better than your incredible silence, that sudden coldness which I know not how to characterise or to explain. I don't think it was a bad feeling which made me dread asking for an explanation." And he says farther on: "I was covered with trouble and confusion, both in my own eyes and those of others, at this sudden change in your manner. Ah, madame, what rapid progress in a few weeks must this evil have made which could thus estrange you from your best friends! Does not the thought make you shudder? Ah, turn,—it is yet time,—turn to Him who gives strength when the will to obtain it is sincere; to Him who alone can cure all ills. God and a valiant heart combined may do any thing. I pray from the depths of my soul, and with all the strength which the ardour of my wishes gives me, that you may be upheld, enlightened; that you may be preserved by his powerful aid from weaving with your own hands a chain of wretchedness which will make those who love you even more wretched than yourself." If we read this in a work of fiction, we should say such friendship was imaginary. Happily there is no denying it. Both M. de Montmorency and M. Ballanche dreaded for Madame Récamier's peaceful life "the contact of one so various, so fitful; they dreaded the uncertainties of a temper to which the greatest success had failed to give content, and which was always overshadowed by a causeless melancholy. A sort of idol, spoilt by public admiration, he had been flattered like a monarch, and had paid the penalty attached to power; he had become intoxicated with himself." These are Madame Lenormant's own words. We think she is over-severe; Madame Récamier was more just because more indulgent. She felt that the artistic faculty is possessed on certain conditions indispensable to its existence. In the depth of her admiration for genius she found that generosity and forgetfulness of self which every woman who loves a celebrated man should be capable of feeling.

We must quote one more letter of Mathieu de Montmorency on this subject: "My letter, lovely friend, was scarcely gone when I saw your charming little hand, and I was seized with regret; it has increased, and my whole soul is now filled with remorse. How deeply I was affected when I saw how implicitly you confided all to my friendship, and all the efforts of your reason to conquer, and all your melancholy reflections! I have not the heart to find fault when all this ends in giving you more love for our poor valley, and to me the exclusive privilege of admission and consolation. I am proud of it for friendship's

sake, and I long to go and enjoy the sweet privilege once more. Forgive me this morning's letter; but own it was very natural. Adieu: persist in your high resolve, and ask for help from Him who alone can both fortify and recompense."

M. de Chateaubriand about this time was obliged to sell the house he had built near Aulney; the grounds, called the *Vallée-aux-Loups*, containing the cedar he had brought from the Holy Land, and other trees planted by his own hands. Madame Récamier and Mathieu de Montmorency hoped to buy it between them. This cherished project was necessarily abandoned on account of a second failure of M. Récamier, which took place in 1819. Madame Récamier, in hopes of saving him, had given up 4000*l.*, one-fourth of the property her mother had left to her. To avoid the pain of declaring to all the family that dispersion was absolutely necessary, she made up her mind to break up her establishment, to sell the hotel she had lately bought and the furniture, and retire to the Abbaye-au-Bois, where a friend of hers had lived for several years, from whom she learnt the advantages to be derived from it. The first and most necessary was economy. No men were allowed to live even in the exterior of the convent. Her husband, M. Bernard, and old M. Simonard, who was always one of the family, could live in a small lodging close at hand; they could dine with her every day, and spend the evenings with her. By this means all the expenses of hospitality, to which they had all been accustomed, became impossible. Retiring to a convent was retiring from the world. It also enabled her to live alone without the appearance of disagreement with M. Récamier. Being afraid of his speculating habits, she required a promise that he would entirely give up all money transactions. He was sixty-nine, and had failed twice; she saw nothing but misery if he began again; she had conformed as much as she could at all times, considering her exile and strange position, to the exigencies of public opinion; and, considering this position and her beauty and successes, the world had been very just to her. This is the more remarkable, because, though very scrupulous both in appearance and reality about herself, her early intimacies with the ladies of the Bonaparte family, and many others not more scrupulous, would have injured her reputation, had not her standard of morality been widely and visibly different from that of her associates.

We must now see her in a small apartment with a brick floor on the third story in the Abbaye-au-Bois, a large old building in the Rue de Sèvres, with a courtyard closed on the street by a high iron gate surmounted by a cross of the same metal. Through this iron gate you see the court, and at the end the entrance to

the chapel. Various staircases descend into this yard, conducting to apartments inhabited by retired ladies. This was called the exterior of the convent. She only inhabited the third floor for a year or two, and then removed to a better apartment on the first floor, with the same staircase, whose windows opened also on the convent garden, where she remained till 1838. But we return to her first entrance into the convent. On the first day, when dinner assembled the little colony in the very small and crooked apartment, Madame Récamier did not find it easy to raise the spirits of the party; but in a few days all the world found out the way to this out-of-the-way place; and the visitors included some of the most eminent for rank and talent. She would say many years afterwards, that when she lived in her crooked brick-floored apartment on the third story she felt more certain that she was sought for her own sake, and took more pleasure in it, than in her grand house in the Rue du Mont Blanc. Her cell, as M. de Chateaubriand called it, was soon as cheerful as all places became when she inhabited them. Hither every night came Mathieu de Montmorency,—always late, because his duties as *chevalier d'honneur* to the Duchesse d'Angoulême required his attendance till she retired to rest; so that the iron gate of the convent, which had always been closed at eleven, was now permitted to remain open till twelve. Until his death these evening visits never ceased.

From the very beginning of M. de Chateaubriand's daily visits to Madame Récamier he became the first object of her life. He was the most methodical man in the world. He wrote a letter to her every morning, and arrived at three o'clock precisely. He was not a shy man, but he disliked company; and she admitted no one at his hour without asking his leave. The circle enlarged by degrees; but at that time, whatever mixed company she saw came in the evening, when he was not there. All her habits were modified to suit his convenience. Madame Récamier had been till then the object round which others revolved. He was now the centre; and perhaps the self-forgetfulness now required of her elevated her character.

In consequence of the murder of the Duc de Berry, the ultra ministry came in. Mathieu de Montmorency, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, went to the Congress of Verona and its continuation at Vienna. And after much difficulty on the king's part, M. de Chateaubriand, then ambassador in London, was sent to join him at the Congress. M. de Chateaubriand's very numerous letters leave the impression that ambition at that time had complete possession of him, and that Madame Récamier was the devoted confidant of all his hopes and fears. On the 26th of December 1822, M. de Villèle, Minister of Finance, refusing to

fulfil what Mathieu de Montmorency had promised at the Congress, he sent in his resignation, as he did not think it strictly honourable not to keep to the very letter the fulfilment of his agreement with the European powers. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs was then offered to M. de Chateaubriand, who had remained at Vienna, who was a favourite of Alexander, and who had appeared to M. de Villèle more disposed to agree with his measures. He writes to Madame Récamier: "I refused Villèle at twelve. The king sent for me at four. He kept me an hour and a half preaching to me; I resisting. At length he ordered me to obey. I obeyed. Thus I remain with you. But this ministry will kill me. Yours." We see no sign of death in what follows. He had ardently desired to declare war with Spain, and to conduct it. This ministry of M. de Chateaubriand was in his own eyes the culminating point of his life. His party proclaimed him the first statesman and writer of his time. His great literary reputation in the beginning of the century had given him a voracious appetite for praise, and he was not proof against the dizziness which seizes poor mortals in high positions.

Although Madame Récamier sympathised entirely with the joy and triumph of her illustrious friend, she could not but feel that his access to power had destroyed all the quiet of her existence; that her peaceful life was troubled by the agitation of his. Those former pleasant interviews every day at the same hour were prevented by cabinet councils, sittings of the Chamber, &c. And not merely his habits were altered; his temper and character had not withstood the intoxication of the world nor its flattery, and especially of that portion of the world to which he was most susceptible,—the fine ladies, who wished to charm the melancholy poet and great statesman as *they* were charmed. Chateaubriand ever protested that his pure and devoted affection never could cease to be hers; that Madame Récamier was and ever would be "the sweet star that guided his path," as he called her in a poem addressed to her long afterwards. But he did not follow this star undeviatingly, but was led out of the path by at least one Will-o'-the-wisp. Mathieu de Montmorency could not but feel that M. de Chateaubriand had now the place in the cabinet which from a delicate sense of honour he had given up; Chateaubriand had sided with Villèle against him; and once in the cabinet, had made Villèle follow the very measures to which M. de Montmorency had pledged himself at Verona, and thus got all the credit of them. His tenderness for Madame Récamier inspired the most delicate and constant vigilance in concealing how much he felt this conduct, in order that her position might be free from

pain between him and his victorious rival. Many years afterwards she told a friend, that feeling a sentiment so perfect and which had filled her whole mind losing all its charm, dwindling into nothing,—and feeling that she might not always be able to help reproaching Chateaubriand, so that even the happy past might be clouded and spoilt, and be replaced in her mind by the recollections of quarrels and reproaches,—feeling the danger of this, and resolving that it should not be, she determined to go abroad. She left for Italy in November 1823. The health of her adopted niece was the ostensible cause. M. Ballanche could not comprehend existence where she was not, and prepared to follow. He had a charming companion in the son of an old friend and compatriot, M. Ampère, then about twenty-two, who had been introduced by him at the Abbaye-au-Bois, and who became as devoted to Madame Récamier as any of the earliest friends of her youth. Perhaps nothing can prove her peculiar charm so well as the attachment of this young friend. It is true he had lost his mother when an infant, and he found with Madame Récamier that delightful sensation of rest which is as necessary to affectionate natures as the soft feathered nest is to the unfledged bird.

This departure for Italy was a terrible effort to Madame Récamier. If there could be any doubt as to the cause of her departure, and as to the correctness of the explanation which she gave of it five-and-twenty years afterwards, M. de Chateaubriand's letter would remove it. He writes thus: "No, you cannot have bid adieu to all the happiness this earth can give. If you go, you will soon return; and you will find me what I was and ever shall be. Do not accuse me of what you do yourself." In another letter he says: "You see you are mistaken; this journey is useless: if you go, you will soon return." These were written before the day of her departure. She left Paris on the 2d of November. The next letter says: "Always fearing to hurt your feelings when you think so lightly of mine, I write these lines in time to reach you at Lyons. On Thursday I shall be in Paris, and you will be there no more. You would have it so. Shall you find me when you return? You don't care. To one who like you has had the heart to trample on every thing, what signifies the future? But I shall ever hope and wait; I never did cease to love you." In another, "Your resolution was so sudden that doubtless you supposed it would bring happiness to you. What should you care for letters?" There are many more written in this querulous tone. They continue about five months. Madame Lenormant supposes the others may be lost; but we happen to know that Madame Récamier told a friend that he had been a year without writing to her.

Madame Récamier never ceased thinking of M. de Chateaubriand, and when, on the 6th of June, he was dismissed by Louis XVIII. in the most abrupt manner, she entreats her friends to write all the particulars. The reason was his disagreement with Villèle, who proposed lowering the five per cent government stock to four, a measure which M. de Chateaubriand thought dishonest, and would not defend. This was the second time he had gone out from honourable motives. The first was in 1816, for having attacked a measure contrary to the Constitution in his greatest political work. This honourable conduct ever commanded Madame Récamier's devotion; in her eyes he was the personification of the noble in character besides being the first literary genius of his time. Mathieu de Montmorency, ever faithful to himself, expresses his generous approbation. He writes, "His behaviour is simple, noble, and courageous; he went quietly back to his former place in the Chamber." The Duc de Dondeauville, who was of the Villèle party, and soon had a seat in the cabinet, was one of Madame Récamier's best friends. He often complains of the violence with which M. de Chateaubriand now attacks the government, both in the *Journal des Débats* and in his own pamphlets, and assures her that if she were there, she might soften his asperity. The virulence and talent in his pamphlets did the Royalist party a great deal of harm. In September Louis XVIII. died, and Charles X. succeeded him. He kept the ministry formed by Louis XVIII.

In May 1825 Madame Récamier returned to Paris. M. de Chateaubriand hastened to see her the moment he learnt she was at the Abbaye-au-Bois. He was in raptures at her return, but not a word of reproach was exchanged. She saw by the delight with which he returned to his former habits what respectful tenderness he entertained for her. He was again the same, nay, better than when she first knew him; and she now understood that the sacrifice she had imposed on herself had its reward. From that time his sentiments were unalterable. The joy of returning to her family, of finding them all well, and herself more necessary than ever to M. de Chateaubriand, gave her some of those moments of unmixed happiness which can only be of short duration.

In 1825 Mathieu de Montmorency was elected a member of the Academy, and in January 1826 he was named to preside over the education of the Duc de Bordeaux. It seemed the place he ought to occupy. It was one of those rare occasions when a good man is honoured as he ought to be, and it seemed not unreasonable to hope that by the education of the heir to the throne Montmorency's virtues would have a

lasting effect on the happiness and improvement of a nation. It was not to be. He appeared in perfect health, when two months after this nomination, while kneeling in the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, on Good Friday, at the most solemn moment of the religious ceremony appointed for that day, his head sank lower and lower, as if he was absorbed in prayer. Those around him feared at first to disturb his devotions; they looked again, and the spirit was fled. This loss was mourned by Madame Récamier to the last day of her life. Montmorency's wife, who retired into the country to give herself up to charitable works, took a room at the Abbaye-au-Bois, that when she came to Paris she might be near Madame Récamier. She writes to her the most affectionate letters, telling her, "He was so fond of you."

We must pass rapidly over the political history of this period. The fall of the Bourbons, which destroyed the system which M. de Chateaubriand and his friends had made such efforts to establish, could not but be considered by them as an unfortunate and even a fatal event; but we cannot say that Madame Récamier's convictions were as deeply rooted as theirs. She had suffered from the tyranny of Bonaparte, and loved freedom; and though her sense of justice was often obscured by her patriotism, it never was so by party spirit: she disapproved of their unwearied efforts to thwart the national tendencies. One day the Duc de Laval was recapitulating what the Revolution of 1830 had cost the nation; and if his account had been exact, it was certainly a bad bargain. "Yes," he said, "France has spent all this to get rid of us," meaning the nobility as a caste. "And France," she replied, with an arch look, "does not think she pays too dear for it." She said a profound truth; but though she saw their mistakes, her oldest and dearest friends were Royalists, except M. de Ballanche, who had totally changed since 1830, and would fly into a passion when they talked of replacing Henry V. on the throne; a favourite project of theirs until the Duchesse de Berry's attempt, and its catastrophe, quenched the whole party. When her friends were in power, Madame Récamier's constant care was to soften their asperities, to listen to their plans, and to sympathise with their disappointments. She now had the more difficult task of persuading M. de Chateaubriand not to conspire, not to ally himself with Republicans, to which his hatred of Louis Philippe constantly inclined him. She was the confidant of all the Royalist conspirators, and not less of the Bonapartists. Long before the first attempt of Louis Napoleon, Madame Salvage, the well-known confidant of the Queen Hortense and her son, came every day to tell her of those plans which afterwards produced the Strasburg move-

ment: they appeared to her so absurd that she sometimes doubted the sanity of her dear friend. She knew less of the Republican plots; but through M. Ampère's friendship with Carrel she was not ignorant of their hopes and wishes. She said one day, "What afflicts me is, that not one of these parties has a real love for the country." During Casimir Perier's ministry every thing was quiet; at his death, in 1832, the insurrection of the Legitimists in the Vendée, and the Republicans in the Paris streets, broke out.

It may easily be supposed that during such events, and with such opposite opinions advocated by their most ardent promulgators, discussions often became disputes; and when they grew too violent, it required all the grace and address of Madame Récamier to keep the peace. During the Duchesse de Berry's adventures M. de Chateaubriand was kept in a state of constant excitement. He made himself her champion, went twice to Prague to reconcile her with Charles X. and his family, in which he only partially succeeded. But these journeys resulted in the conviction that his political career was closed. Madame Récamier now devoted herself to the problem, how to give an interest to the life of M. de Chateaubriand, who, deprived of all political activity, was devoured with *ennui*. He had begun for some time to write the memoirs of his life; and about the end of 1833, either because he wished, like Charles V., to have a foretaste of what posterity might say, or because Madame Récamier urged it, hoping to amuse him, they decided between them to invite a small and very select party to hear a fragment of the first part of these memoirs—about four or five persons among his contemporaries, and about as many more of the young generation, whose impressions might be considered a thermometer of the modern taste.

The experiment completely succeeded. The reading began at four; they dined at six; and went on again from eight to half-past ten. Not only did attention never flag, but no one knew that he had listened between four and five hours. The memoirs described the scenes of the writer's childhood, his family, his earliest impressions, the manners of the times,—described them so vividly, so charmingly,—that though all has since been published in the *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, those who heard the first reading felt as if they saw but its dead body when they read it in print. M. Lenormant was a perfect reader. In some of the scenes the tears that stole unconsciously down the cheeks of one or two of the audience (the younger portion) gave more satisfaction to the author than all the well-turned compliments of his old friends. This put him in high spirits. The readings continued for months about once a week. He went on writing, and as he

wrote read to Madame Récamier alone. The audience was increased; all Madame Récamier's good sense, quick tact, and knowledge of society were exerted in deciding who would have sympathy enough with the author to outweigh his political hostility, or who could forget political hostility in literary pleasure; who had the vivid sensibility to enjoy and to show enjoyment. M. de Chateaubriand's political opinions made this sifting necessary: the young generation looked upon him as the upholder of the old *régime*, who would willingly have brought back the feudal laws; neither could they understand that a man devoted to Charles X., the violator of the constitution, could think otherwise than the whole ultra party. The old-fashioned Royalists, on the other hand, looked upon M. de Chateaubriand, —who for four years had never ceased attacking the government of Charles X. in the most virulent articles and pamphlets, who had always maintained that liberty and the charter should be respected,—with the same dislike which Charles X. had felt and had shown by the pertinacity with which he had ever opposed his entering the cabinet. Of those Royalists who wished for a limited monarchy many had accepted Louis Philippe, and M. de Chateaubriand's opinions appear at this distance nearer to his *régime* than to the former; but he had the most intense hatred to Louis Philippe. He was a man of imagination; grand old France standing up before him took away his judgment; the commonplace, humane, managing monarch of 1830 was totally displeasing to his fancy. And hence the small political influence he had (when compared to his power of writing down his opponents), and the short period of his sway. His real power was the popularity of his writings. He could not go into any small town in France without receiving an ovation.

But Madame Récamier had need of all her tender devotion to him to keep up these exciting readings for more than two years. Her first object was M. de Chateaubriand; but she had other friends; and M. Ballanche, as well as himself, was now a constant object of anxiety from his total incapacity in all pecuniary matters. M. Ballanche, at his father's death, had inherited a moderate independence; he came to Paris that he might look at her every day till his death. From that time he lived on his capital for seventeen years, never taking thought for the morrow. He had spent all, and begun borrowing: he never spoke of this to her, but as the lenders were her friends she knew it. It is impossible to say what straits he might have come to if a sister had not died some time after he had spent all, and left him enough to pay his debts and live upon. A small literary pension was also obtained in 1837. His habits were simple; and he seemed happy as ever when on the brink of ruin.

But M. de Chateaubriand's affairs were much worse. He had contracted large debts when on his embassy at Rome, and even now his establishment was on an expensive scale. On this he was not silent; and it cost her many anxious thoughts and sleepless nights, when an unexpected resource presented itself. The readings of his memoirs became so much in vogue, the celebrity and the rank of most of the auditors, and a certain difficulty in getting admitted, caused so much talk, that people who had no pretensions to literary interests, fashionables, fine ladies, Russian princes, &c. vied with each other for admittance. This was a valuable stimulant against *ennui*, but it had its disadvantages; and too much pruning to please these audiences was injurious to the genuine spirit and flavour of the memoirs. Nevertheless the fashion increased; and booksellers, hearing that they were to be published at his death, began to send proposals. They were coldly received, the advantage not being at first perceived: this increased the offers. His distresses were known to the Royalists. No *one* bookseller, however willing, could afford the high price demanded in ready money. At length certain of the Royalist party agreed with the booksellers to pay a pension for his life, part of it to go to Madame de Chateaubriand if she survived him. The publisher was to be the sole proprietor of all the memoirs already written and to be written till his death; when he entered into possession of them, he was to pay the subscribers from the profits. This contract was passed in 1837. We have given these details, as it is probably the first time that a man has sold his life to maintain himself. Chateaubriand himself abhorred the transaction, and often alluded to his being sold, body and mind, worse than a slave.

About the latter half of 1837 Madame Récamier had a cough, which brought on a gradual wasting away. During the worst part of this illness M. de Chateaubriand and M. Ballanche might be seen walking in the court of the Abbaye-au-Bois, in a cold winter morning, watching the doctor as he came down from her apartment into the court. They did not venture to ring, lest she should find out they were anxious. M. de Chateaubriand's beautiful white silky hair, blown about by a cold wintry wind, his physiognomy the very image of despair, formed a striking picture. It was about this time that the following note must have been written: "*November 4th.*—I bring this note to your door. I was so struck with terror when I was not admitted yesterday, that I thought you were leaving me. It is *I*—oh, pray remember it is *I*—who am to go first." And again: "Never speak of what will become of me without you; I have not done such evil in the sight of God that I should survive you. I see with joy that I am ill, that I fainted yes-

terday, that I get weaker. I shall bless God for this, if you will not mend. My life is in your hands."

Madame Récamier could only whisper, and even that was forbidden. As the winter advanced, she was removed into a house easier to keep at an equable temperature than the old-fashioned Abbaye. But still she wasted away, still she was silent. In January a hard frost came on; and about the middle of the month the thermometer out of doors was ten degrees (Réaumur) below the freezing-point; and that day she recovered her voice. Whether she changed her treatment immediately or not, certain it is that a few weeks afterwards she went out driving every morning. In six weeks she returned to the Abbaye to receive M. de Chateaubriand at half-past two, and to all her former habits. She was convinced that the doctors had been mistaken, and that she never got well till she adopted a more bracing system. They had ordered her to the south; but she could not bear to leave M. de Chateaubriand. Her delight was great on returning to her former life. It had been for many years the same. He went to her every day at half-past two, and read to her whatever work he was occupied with. They talked of it; she gave her advice: no one was admitted till four, when the intimates dropped in. These were tolerably numerous; the friends of her youth, some ten years older than herself, faithful to the fashions of their time, came almost every day. Of these the most regular were the Duc de Laval and Duc de Dondeauville, both among the few last specimens of two different species of the old French grand seigneur. When a new book appeared, it was generally read and talked of, and the author often asked to be presented; but if any one praised M. de Chateaubriand in any book or newspaper, advances were always made to him. If Madame Récamier remarked that one of these new-comers had the power of amusing M. de Chateaubriand, he was encouraged, invited, made a friend. Several of Madame Récamier's friends were members of one or other of the Houses. They always came in between four and six to relate what had passed. An interesting debate was expected: they would promise to come and give an account as early as possible. Nothing remarkable in private or public ever passed but it was known there sooner than elsewhere. Whoever had first read a new book came to give an account of it; a sort of emulation made each *habitué* anxious to bring something fresh to the common stock.

Political discussions were so hot during the first three or four years, that the old and young, generally of two different parties, would say very sharp things, and argued till all moderation was forgotten. We remember one instance where M. Au-

gustin Perier, the elder brother of Casimir, who always defended Louis Philippe, was affronted and going off in a huff; but Madame Récamier, whose voice was remarkably soft and youthful to the last, put in one of those pretty, arch, well-turned, short phrases, turning off the affront into a joke or a compliment. This, like a feather interposed between two swords, put an end to the combat. And yet, with all her sweetness, she could be angry at an injustice. Politics were the predominant subject during these first years; but literature by degrees took more prominence.

Certain customs were much observed; and as the social habits for which old France was so celebrated are fading away, we may enumerate a few leading features of these *réunions*. *Tête-à-têtes* in a low voice were entirely discouraged. If any of the younger *habitués* took this liberty, they received a gentle chiding in a real *tête-à-tête* when every body was gone. There were generally from eight to twelve persons. Madame Récamier sat on one side of the fireplace, the others round in a largish circle. Two or three stood on the rug against the chimney, and spoke loud enough to be heard by all; whoever had an observation contributed it to the stock. Madame Récamier spoke little, but threw in an occasional word, or a question, when a new person entered who happened to know any thing of the subject going on; otherwise it was his place to try and understand. If any one in the circle was likely to have special knowledge, she would appeal to him with an air of deference; if unknown and shy, her manner raised his spirits. Some, who before they frequented the Abbaye could only talk to one or two persons, soon learnt to put their ideas into the compact form fitted for several. The larger number of conversers had this advantage, that talking of the weather or one's health, or any other egotistical topic, could scarcely be indulged in long. Sometimes an occasional visitor would come in; if a lady, she would sit down by Madame Récamier, and in a low voice tell something extremely unworthy of so much mystery. Meantime the circular conversation was going on, and Madame Récamier could not attend to it. After the lady was gone, she complained how much of it she had lost; and some one would say of the whisperer, "No doubt she is timid." "When people are too timid to speak, they should be modest enough to listen," was her answer.

The French tell a story well. Sometimes one of the *habitués*, standing up, would tell his story: it was short and pithy. A wise or witty remark would shoot forth from one of the circle; then a quick repartee rose up like a rocket from another side. If a word was particularly happy, Madame Récamier would take it up, and show it to the audience as a connoisseur shows a picture.

She did not like to talk. If she knew an anecdote apropos of something,—though no one told them so well,—yet if another present knew it also, he was called upon to relate it. She had once been very shy; long habits of social intercourse had overcome this shyness, yet there was a shade of the appearance left. She had in reality complete self-possession, but never appeared as if she had. There was a velvetiness in her manner, and a slight shade of doubt in it; but this was perfectly natural, and unknown to herself. She might appear undecided, because she would look on both sides of the question; but her judgment was the faculty she was most remarkable for. In all cases of difficulty she was consulted even by those who knew her but slightly. She would ask for time to reflect, and give a frank opinion. She had a phrase that must have often since come back into the memory of some of her friends: "He does not know how to arrange his life." She thought that people should in time learn to arrange their lives, calculating how they could make the best of the circumstances in which they were placed. And another time, speaking of a person who had great qualities, but from the violence of her feelings and vivacity of her fancy kept those whom she loved best in constant agitation, she said, "Il n'y a que la raison qui ne fatigue pas à la longue."

Perhaps this description of the society of the Abbaye may be thought to apply to all well-bred *salons*, and not to be worth describing; and as there was nothing pedantic, nor pretentious, nor out of the way, it may be so; but in England the habit of talking in *tête-à-têtes* is so universal, that we have thought it worth notice. But the real cause of the superior fascination of French society is, that the same people meet often at the same house, and make a point of trying to be as amusing as they can. Of course many fail; but all attach importance to it. Children are found fault with if they don't explain themselves well and clearly, or if they use vulgar expressions; they are never allowed to use a nickname or slang, and they are encouraged to talk. A schoolboy in England is a very honest fellow, and we esteem him; but if he could explain himself in his mother-tongue, and not begin every thing with, "I say, old fellow," we should not hear so many gentlemen of thirty years of age hum and haw whenever they are going to speak, for *conversing* it cannot be called; nor can we see any thing against morality in being able to express our thoughts, instead of burying them in our honest bosoms.

In 1838 Madame Récamier, who had always inhabited the small apartment in the garden, which M. de Chateaubriand called the *cellule*, had the large *salon* painted, and received in it till her death. She gave musical parties once a week for about

two years. Many strangers from all Europe were anxious to be received, and curious to see the many celebrated people who came to them; but after two years she gave that up: they had nothing of the peculiar character of her every-day society. The most entertaining people would often get into a separate knot; and she preferred hearing them herself to trying to amuse the least amusing, which is the usual task of the mistress of a house. She never had liked these large parties, and had only been persuaded to give them by her family.

In the following year Mademoiselle Rachel first appeared; her talent was so remarkable from the beginning, that it seemed scarcely possible it could improve, neither did it. She recited at Madame Récamier's the part of Esther for a charitable subscription; and from that time she scarcely ever undertook a new part without having given the first recital of it at the Abbaye-au-Bois. Nothing could exceed her complaisance for Madame Récamier. Once, a lady arriving after the first act was over, Madame Récamier requested her to begin it again, and she did so.

M. Ampère was always at the Abbaye *réunion*. His conversation was like a stream of sparkling water, always fresh, never fatiguing. Some witty people are always epigrammatic, and keep the attention ever on the stretch; you think you must keep pace with them; if you flag, you will be run over. His was so natural, you never thought of any thing but the amusement he gave you. Besides this constant flow, his general information was large and various. No doubt Madame Récamier greatly enjoyed his conversation herself; but she used all her powers of fascination to make her friends devote themselves, not to her,—that was easy,—but to M. de Chateaubriand, whom they considered selfish. And so completely did she succeed, that they were all as deferential to him as if they had loved him as she did. It was so with them all; but M. Ampère, the most entertaining, the most courted, whom every body was anxious to have in their *salon*, was ever entirely at his service, and only in order to please her.

At times, even now, M. de Chateaubriand could himself be extremely agreeable. His distinguished and dignified manners, his high polish, his fine face, impressed one with respect; he was never ill-natured, and if sarcastic, his sarcasm was only vented on the government. He was highly courteous, and his most hostile state was his silence. Lately a description was given of him in a weekly publication as sitting in a posture expressly calculated for the light to fall on him, as if sitting for a photograph. This is utterly false; he always had the dignity and simplicity of a gentleman, and his conversation also was

very natural. He never used the quaint words and farfetched phrases he so often uses in his writings, neither did he deal in the abundance of commonplace, fine, empty phrases which the celebrated man who has given this description is so apt to indulge in himself. In 1843 Henry V. went to London, and entreated him to go and see him; and though Chateaubriand could scarcely walk, he did not hesitate. He writes, and it recalls some of Walter Scott's pictures of loyalty, beautiful in their *un*reason: "I have just received the recompense of my whole life; the prince deigned to speak of me when surrounded by a crowd of our countrymen with all the warmth of youth. If I knew how to relate the story, I would tell you all about it; but I can't help crying like a fool."

Madame Récamier's eyes, as far back as 1839, gave some anxiety to her friends; in 1844 she could no longer see to read, though she could write. She was now entirely dependent on her friends; and M. Paul David, the most devoted of them, would read to her every evening. He was not a good reader, and she was sensitive to this defect, which perceiving, he secretly took lessons in reading at the age of sixty-four, that it might not be a drawback to the amusement it gave her. When she spoke of this impending blindness to a friend who expressed her sorrow, Madame Récamier almost comforted her, saying it was an affliction so much below many others that it might easily be borne. This friend has since felt convinced that she even then perceived that M. de Chateaubriand's memory and imagination were failing, and that she thought of this as the really great and unbearable affliction. In spite of the anxiety which both Madame de Chateaubriand and Madame Récamier felt at the thought of his travelling, when he could scarcely walk, and his hands were so disabled that he could not clutch a stick, he persisted in going to Venice in 1845 to see Henry V.; but this was his last effort of loyalty.

Madame de Chateaubriand had been ailing all her life; she died in the beginning of 1847, and her's was the first of that series of deaths which did not cease till the circle, once so pleasant and so united, had all disappeared. Madame Récamier underwent the operation for cataract in one of her eyes; in the other the cataract was not advanced enough to ensure success. She was to be kept perfectly quiet and in total darkness, and almost alone. Immediately after the operation, M. Ballanche was seized with inflammation on the lungs; in three days all hope was gone. She crossed the street and attended his death-bed; and in the agitation and tears for this perfect friend, all hope of recovering the sight of her eye was lost. He was buried in the vault of the Récamiers, so that death did not separate them.

M. de Chateaubriand was in 1847 incapable even of rising from his seat; his memory so much gone that he has been heard to ask for a friend dead twenty years before, and his other faculties were much impaired. Madame Récamier had endeavoured to conceal it from all, even from herself. She could not bear to tell her dearest friends that the intellect she had so entirely admired was gone, and she attributed her own depression to his caring for nothing, not even for her. He had so completely lost all power of attention, that he could not read, but he still had a degree of plain sense. He said nothing foolish; he knew his faculties were going, and had the feeling of a poor proud man who hides his poverty. It was even more painful than childishness; yet at times a gleam of his former self would flash up and surprise one. One day a lady calling at the Abbaye made a speech in praise of Robespierre's virtues. We are not aware in England that a knot of Republicans upheld Danton, Marat, and Robespierre. M. de Chateaubriand, all at once aroused from his silence, broke out into a description of the deeds of these men, deeds he had witnessed. Never in his best days had he expressed more eloquent indignation. All were silent with awe. They felt as if a prophet raised from the dead had spoken. Thus the flame flickered and sank down. In this state he was carried daily to the Abbaye, he seemed only to live during the three hours he spent with her; and one day, to Madame Récamier's astonishment, he entreated her to marry him. She was decided in her refusal; she said, "Why marry at our age? If you do not like to live alone, I am ready to come and live with you. If I were younger, I should not hesitate, I would joyfully accept the right to devote myself to you, but I *have* this right; age and blindness give it to me: who could object to it? Let us change nothing." M. de Chateaubriand was not satisfied, but she did not tell him her real reason, which was most touching. But to a friend she said with perfect simplicity, "If I had thought he would be happier, I would not have refused; but the only good moments he has in the day are when he comes to the Abbaye. I am convinced that if I lived with him, that slight excitement which gives a little variety to his existence would be lost." In this decision she thought only of him.

The winter of 1847 passed away, none suspecting what 1848 was big with, till the tocsin and the cannon of February, the rising of the populace, like the roarings of a mad bull, put all common sense and moral feelings to flight. Terror took possession of all; a red spectre stood before every imagination. During the time between February and the end of the civil war in June, wherever you called the ladies were sitting with

a disconsolate face, their hands in their laps, saying, "Providence alone can help us." But still the *habitués* went to the Abbaye, and even the merry laugh often went round at the queer stories about the Republicans, and the farces that were acted to show their absurdity; for, to do them justice, they did not attempt to muzzle the press or the theatre. M. de Chateaubriand, like an old oak struck by lightning, beautiful in its decay, sat, seemed to listen, and smiled when any of his favourites entered; but in reality he was indifferent to all. About March a bad cough grew worse; in May he could not leave his room. Mme. Récamier came every day at the hour he used to go to her; her friends joined her, and now and then an old friend of his own. During the terrible days of June, when he was asked what he thought, he said he cared nothing about it. The cannons and the thunder on the worst day seemed to vie with each other. He was a little roused by the death of the Archbishop. In spite of the constant firing, only heard by her it is true, not seen; in spite of barricades, the Garde Mobile stationed at the corner of every street,—Madame Récamier, blind and nervous, never missed a day coming from the Abbaye to the Rue du Bac. Fortunately there are two unfrequented back-streets by which she persuaded the coachman to drive. Since her blindness she could not walk in the streets, and as coaches were in danger of being taken and piled up as barricades, they would not go along the streets. It was most painful to her not to see M. de Chateaubriand's countenance. She often whispered to the friend who was always there, "How does he look? what expression has he? does he seem in pain? does he ever smile?" and this anxiety to see him had made her undergo a second operation five months after the first, but all in vain. She was never to see him again. Soon after these terrible days, he took to his bed, and rose no more. Madame Récamier would leave his bedside at times to conceal her tears; his eyes followed her, but he scarcely ever spoke, and not once after the extreme unction had been administered. A high fever gave an unnatural colour to his cheeks and brightness to his eyes. She could not see him, and his silence seemed cruel, but he could no longer speak. She dreaded his dying in the night, when it might be impossible to send for her in time; and it was a comfort to her that she had a friend living up-stairs in the same house who could give her a room, where she spent three nights. On the morning of the 3d July, at about seven, she was called down; in about an hour all was over. He never spoke to the last. The current of her life seemed dried up. She wished for nothing in the world but to be good enough to die.

In April 1849 the cholera reappeared. The ravages of 1832

had left an impression of terror at the very name, and Madame Récamier had always felt it. She was not afraid of death, but in that form it was dreadful to her. Madame Lenormant proposed that she should go to the National Library, where she lived. This appeared to her other friends a great mistake, and they did what they could to persuade her to remain, for the Abbaye was in a less crowded part of the town than the National Library; but they did not succeed. Three weeks after her removal she expressed to Madame Salvage her desire to return, and that she was determined to be at the Abbaye the following week. Two days after this she was seized at four o'clock with a strange sensation; she soon felt convinced that there was no hope, and asked for her confessor. At ten next day all was over. She suffered with patience the terrible death which she had always dreaded.

The account we have given of Madame Récamier's life may appear to English readers more minute than the subject required, but it is important if only as illustrating the different position held by women in France and in all other countries.

Chivalry originated first in the South of France, with all its complicated code of sentiments and customs, and left an indelible trace, not merely on the manners, but on the whole imagination of France. It is the feeling which lay at the root of French chivalry that still influences the position of women in France. They are highly esteemed in England, they deserve it; they have made their own position. But in France their society, independently of their merit, is indispensable. Few men past thirty years old will go habitually to a house except for the mistress of it. The clubs in England and the *salons* in France have been spoken of as the place where public affairs are talked of and governments criticised, almost as they were in the porticos of Athens. Now the French feeling is not gallantry in the usual acceptation of the word; it is not the young and handsome only that are centres of society. It might be objected that Madame Recamier is a proof of the contrary, for few women have inspired more love. But we do not say that a woman's beauty and grace are drawbacks to this position; we say they have it independently of these. The taste for their society and sympathy is universal, and beauties are exceptions. In England a woman's beauty and her virtues are what every man thinks of as the charm of his house. He talks with rapture of the woman who will nurse him and pour out his tea. In France you do not hear much about a woman's coffee. "Est-elle aimable?" (*aimable* does not mean a virtue but an *agrément*). "A-t-elle de l'esprit?" is the second question, if not the first, that every man asks. It does not mean any thing wonderful: it means, Has she the quick perception that seizes what is said, and return

change for your thoughts? The sociability, the love of conversing, is an absolute necessity. We know men who had rather live in extreme poverty in Paris than go away for a comfortable income; not from any love of its localities, but they are afraid of being *ennuyéd* for want of the conversation they find in every *salon*. Why does a man in London prefer his club to a drawing-room, where a lady presides? And why do men in Germany never go to one but by special invitation, with a supper to make it bearable? They are as fond of their homes as the French, but they have less need of companionship in their wives. But whatever is the cause, the effect is certain; and in consequence of this preference for their society, the middle-aged and the old ladies have the same relative value, according to their intellectual merit, that men have. We never heard any body in France call a man an old woman because he was a fool of a particularly twaddling kind. Old women are thought quite as capable of wisdom as old men, and in fact they have more influence. We do not say that women are not duly appreciated in England. We have often been struck by the patronising and also kindly manner with which a gentleman will go up to a lady, and endeavour to draw her out. But he does it from good feeling, and not at all for his own satisfaction, so that she ought to be the more obliged. There is also a more habitual belief in women's capacity in France. It runs through all classes, and it may be seen in the numbers who are employed in business. They keep the accounts of all the shops in Paris. If a woman has a lawsuit, she follows it up; goes to her lawyer, gives him her ideas, and he thinks she has a full right to look after her own business. In the days of the Fronde, we see that women were as busy in all the intrigues of the time as the men. Later, when St. Simon relates all his means of gaining information, he descants upon the talents of some of the women with whom he is intimate, and he constantly quotes Madame de St. Simon as much wiser than himself.

The peculiar aptness of the French language for conversation, the subdued and graceful *shading* of the phrases, is due to the conversation with women. But if we enter into the past, we shall never end. We must, however, admit that if their position is better than elsewhere, there is a set-off. We have just seen Madame de Staël, Madame Récamier, Madame de Chevreuse, exiled for their politics; and under the elder Bourbon branch, in 1822, we know of two ladies, both foreigners, who were sent away from Paris for their liberal political opinions. But the highest proof of their importance was during the Revolution. They were guillotined for being aristocrats, royalists, or *suspecte de moderantisme*, and of conspiring against the Republic. And how they mounted the scaffold! Madame Roland's

last words might have been pronounced by Brutus, and her whole political career shows that no Brutus ever wielded more influence.

These habits explain why Madame Récamier's friendships excited no jealousy in Madame Mathieu de Montmorency or Madame de Chateaubriand. The former writes to Madame Récamier, after her husband's death, as an additional reason for loving her, "He was so fond of you." Madame de Chateaubriand used to say in a querulous tone to Madame Récamier, when the latter was leaving Paris for a while, "And what is M. de Chateaubriand to do without you?" She did not like him to lose his daily amusement. Madame Récamier's and M. de Chateaubriand's was certainly not the friendship so frequent in France, but there was nothing contrary to custom in their habits. Madame de Chateaubriand had been entirely separated from her husband by circumstances almost all the first twenty years after her marriage. She saw more of him after his constant intimacy with Madame Récamier than she ever did before. The habitual belief (we would call it superstition, if it would be understood favourably) in friendship is more general in France than with us,—both in friendship between man and woman, and in friendship between man and man.

After seeing Madame Récamier exiled because she would go to see Madame de Staël against all prudent advice; after seeing her lose the chance of recovering her sight because she would go to attend M. Ballanche on his death-bed; after seeing her for eighteen years devote herself to M. de Chateaubriand, old and infirm,—we shall not take the trouble to refute the critics who have written that Mme. Récamier was a very charming person without much heart. Madame Récamier delighted in pleasing: she was not perfect. In the case of Benjamin Constant she was to blame. She reproached herself for it, and wished his letters to be published after her death to justify him. We think it was a mistake to have prevented this publication. We have not space to enter into the story; but one day, when she spoke of this part of her life, she said she had been quite unhappy when she saw the wretchedness she had caused, and her words were, "J'avais trop de qualités pour mes défauts," which means, that her kind heart punished her for the delight she took in charming people if they were unhappy. This charm it would be difficult to describe, but it especially consisted in doing all she could to make persons satisfied with themselves, and showing them off to the best advantage. Life is full of thorns, and she liked to pluck them out of their path; and, to conclude with a moral, as Dr. Johnson does, we wish there were more who would go and do likewise.

Art. VI.—THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES; HOW FAR HISTORICAL?

Paulus, der Apostel Jesu Christi. Ein Beitrag zu einer kritischen Geschichte des Urchristenthums. (*Paul, the Apostle of Jesus Christ. A contribution to a critical History of Primitive Christianity.*) Von Dr. F. C. Baur. Stuttgart, 1845.

History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church by the Apostles. By Dr. Augustus Neander. Translated from the German by J. E. Ryland. London, 1856.

Das apostolische und das nach apostolische Zeitalter. (*The Apostolic and Post-apostolic Age.*) Von Dr. G. V. Lechler. Stuttgart, 1857.

Commentar über den Brief Pauli an die Galater, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf die Lehre und Geschichte des Apostels. (*Commentary on Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, with especial reference to the Doctrine and History of the Apostle.*) Von Dr. Karl Wieseler. Göttingen, 1859.

The legend that the Evangelist Luke was a painter as well as a physician, though entirely without foundation in history, may notwithstanding be thought to have something to correspond to it in the character of the writings ascribed to him; for certainly no other New Testament author displays so much artistic power in the arrangement of his materials, or so plainly betrays his desire to captivate and carry away the minds of his readers by the beauty and sublimity of the pictures with which he presents them. That he has ever, either intentionally or unintentionally, sacrificed strict truth to love of effect, will, of course, not be thought of by any who are accustomed to assume that every portion of Scripture, historical or doctrinal, is literally inspired. Criticism, however, cannot afford to make any assumption of this kind, and must not therefore shrink from such a result as that just indicated, should there appear to be sufficient grounds for adopting it. All inspiration-theories, indeed, if allowed to remain as the immovable basis upon which every examination into the meaning and character of Scripture must rest, are at open war with the critical spirit; and to succumb to them would be, on the part of the latter, simply an act of suicide. When once any writing has been proved to be perfectly accurate and truthful, so far as those tests avail which would be unhesitatingly applied to all acknowledged secular compositions, we may be allowed to entertain a view of its origin such as would raise it above the rank of ordinary works; but not till then.

And for this reason, we shall not feel that any apology is due from us, if, in the course of the following pages, we should be compelled to suggest any view unfavourable to the historical character of the Acts of the Apostles. We believe that the world is now prepared to hear such questions freely discussed, and we are convinced that the cause of Christianity will be served, not weakened, by the open acknowledgment of any difficulties that may be found to hang around its historical origin, and by the transference of the evidence in its favour from the letter of the book to the mind and conscience of the individual believer.

That the book of Acts was written with a special, and that an apologetic design, that nothing has been admitted into the work which did not favour this design, and that most of its statements have been made simply for the sake of the design, and with the very slightest regard to historical truth, are the results which, as is pretty generally known, the Tübingen theologians believe that they have obtained from an impartial criticism of the work, and a comparison of it, where possible, with the scattered allusions to past and passing events in the Epistles of Paul. The grounds on which such conclusions rest are, however, less generally appreciated, and it may not perhaps be uninteresting to enter at some length into an examination of them, with especial reference to what we have named the artistic power of the historian.

We propose to take as the basis of our remarks the celebrated work of Baur on the Apostle Paul, in which he has endeavoured, by a most searching, minute, and, if often overstrained, still wonderfully ingenious criticism, to take from the Acts all historic credibility. We must not, however, attempt to travel over the entire field of inquiry thus opened before us. It will be sufficient to present some examples of the way in which we think Luke has permitted himself to be influenced either by love of effect or by some special interest; while we shall devote some space to the consideration of a question of the greatest importance for the determination of the relative position of the Jewish and Gentile Christians, viz., the relation which the fifteenth chapter of the Acts bears to the second chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians.

Upon the inconsistency pointed out by Dr. Baur* between the statement of Acts i. 15, that the number of disciples assembling in Jerusalem after the ascension was "about an hundred and twenty," and the testimony of Paul (1 Cor. xv. 6) that Christ *before his ascension*—for so we are entitled to assume

* Paulus, &c. p. 37.

that this event took place—appeared to "above five hundred brethren at once," we do not lay any stress, because Luke's account does not exclude the existence of other Christians not in Jerusalem; and it is obvious to suppose—if, indeed, it is not by far the most natural supposition—that the Christophany recorded by Paul occurred in Galilee. Nor is it at all improbable that the number of disciples may have increased so rapidly as to rise in a very short time to three thousand one hundred and twenty; and again, after another interval, to five thousand, exclusive of women and children (for so we are disposed to understand τῶν ἀνδρῶν in Acts iv. 4). Still, admitting that these numbers may possibly be derived from a tolerably reliable tradition, and may therefore represent facts, it is impossible not to recognise here the skill of the narrator in the presentation of such facts as will tell in favour of the cause whose history he writes—a skill, however, so far perfectly fair and commendable. The address of the Apostle Peter on the day of Pentecost, it may easily be supposed, would produce a deep impression upon the multitude; and where so many must have been previously disposed to accept Christianity, the conversion of a large number at once would naturally follow. And in regard to the third statement of the number of the disciples,* which seems to form a climax to the other two, we must remark that there is no warrant in the history itself for assuming that the increase from three to five thousand took place in one day. Indeed, the reverse of this seems to be implied; for the words which announce the increase are preceded by the statement that "*many* of them which heard the word believed;" and from the concluding verse of chapter ii. we learn that "the Lord added to the church *daily* such as should be saved," whence it appears that the infant church was in a continually progressive state. Baur's assertion, therefore, that the small number is plainly erroneous, and that it is made to precede the larger ones merely in order to produce a strong impression of the rapid success of the gospel, and this without any regard to the facts of the case, we are disposed to treat as one of those instances in which he has permitted himself to overstep the limits of sound historical criticism. At the same time, in justice to the great critic, it must be added that this proof of the writer's special pleading is adduced only as one of many, and by itself it would probably have been regarded by him as having no weight. And here we may take occasion to remark,—what, however, we are sure our readers do not require to learn from us,—that there is a cumulative force in reasoning of this kind; and that many indications of a special design apart from historic truth pervad-

* Acts iv. 4.

ing any given work, although each by itself might without much difficulty be explained away, will, when taken together, prove that such a design really exists.

We proceed to notice another instance in which the scriptural historian has been thought by some of his critics, and, as it seems to us, with more justice than in the former case, to have indulged in exaggerated description, in order to present Christianity in as favourable a light as possible. What a beautiful and engaging picture does he draw of the simple and loving life of the primitive church!—"And they continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers. And fear came upon every soul: and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles. And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need. . . . .And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them all." * Now in regard to this description, so beautiful in its matchless simplicity, the question may fairly be asked, whether it is to be regarded as representative of the real state of the Jerusalem church in the earliest times, or of that church as idealised by a mind which looked back upon it with regretful glance through the perspective of years. On the one hand, it may be readily conceived that the new life shed abroad by Christ would continue to produce its effects through his apostles, who, now that he was gone, drew upon themselves the eyes of the world, and would awaken men's sympathies and unite their hearts in a way before unknown. The religious feelings, planted so deep down in man's nature, so far below those surface-affections which are called into every-day activity, and to which the dust of earth ever clings, undoubtedly possess, when fully aroused, a binding power such as belongs to nothing else. In proportion to their remoteness from those meaner passions which are most readily excited amid the ordinary concerns of life, they are strong and lasting; and hearts divided by the distinctions of race, or rank, or intellect, will fly to clasp one another in the close embrace of a common faith. Besides, the firm belief which had taken such strong possession of the first disciples, that the risen Jesus would soon return to earth in power and great glory, to judge the world and change the existing order of things, would naturally raise all hearts above the ignorant present, and by transporting them into the coming kingdom of righteousness and peace, fill

* Acts ii. 42-45, and iv. 32-33.

them with a spirit concordant with the expected bliss. But, on the other hand, is it to be supposed that the large numbers of persons of all ranks who were so speedily, and even suddenly converted, were at once transformed into genuine Christians? Even Neander admits that this could not have been the case, and observes, that "the Holy Spirit operated then, as in all succeeding ages, by the publication of divine truth, not with a sudden transforming magical power, but according to the measure of the free self-determination of the human will."* Many passages, moreover, of Paul's epistles prove that churches called into existence under influences quite as exciting as those which attended the formation of the first church at Jerusalem, and for which the possession of the Holy Spirit was equally claimed, were by no means free from the evil passions which prevailed amongst their members previous to conversion. Yet the statements of the Acts present a picture of almost perfect harmony of thought and feeling,—a picture the colouring of which is only heightened by the one dark spot which appears on the canvas: for as the sin of Ananias and Sapphira with its terrible consequences, is the single exception to the otherwise universal love of the disciples, the inference is evidently intended to be drawn that when *they* were removed, there was not one left who would have either dared or desired to oppose himself to the apostles, or in any way disturb by the jarring of selfish passions the prevailing peace.

It was perhaps inevitable, certainly excusable, that a Christian author, looking back through at least forty years to the origin of an institution with which his best feelings and hopes were bound up, should have invested its first beginnings with a glory drawn from his own fancy rather than from any historical research; and to say that he has done so, is not in the least to impeach his veracity. The story of Ananias and Sapphira, however, is so evidently unhistorical in its character, that we are forced to the conclusion, either that it is purely fictitious, or that it rests upon a tradition having a very slight foundation in truth. Looked upon as a miraculous event,—and so undoubtedly the narrator intends it to be taken,—the death of Ananias and his wife presents difficulties which to us seem insuperable. The character of the miracle is the first difficulty. That the Divine Power, which in no single instance recorded in the gospels was exerted to inflict an injury on any human being, however guilty, which permitted the canting Pharisee and the very murderers of our Lord to escape unhurt, should now have been put forth supernaturally to strike with punishment two individuals who, though certainly sinful, were still making

* Planting and Training, vol. i. p. 22.

some sacrifice for the common good,—and this, moreover, at the bidding of the very man who had himself denied his Master with an oath,—seems to us altogether inconceivable, and, at all events, is not to be believed except on the strongest contemporary evidence. And, again, is it to be supposed that a wealthy man, together with his wife, should have died suddenly, both in one day, both in consequence of having deceived the apostles, and that no investigation into the circumstances of the case should have been made? If the Sanhedrim apprehended Peter for healing a lame man, they surely would not have let him escape when he struck dead a sound one. This difficulty applies also to the rationalistic explanation, which has besides some peculiar to itself. That Ananias should have been so startled, so terribly shaken through mind and body, by the rebuke of Peter acting upon his guilty conscience, as to fall dead instantaneously, is highly improbable; but that the same thing should have been repeated in the same day is impossible. Nor can the rationalist wholly dispense with the supernatural element; for had not Peter received a divine warning that Sapphira's fate would be the same as that of her husband, he would hardly have ventured himself to pronounce the doom which followed spontaneously in the case of Ananias.

These difficulties are cleared away only by rejecting the story. We do not, indeed, feel ourselves justified in asserting that there is no truth whatever at its foundation; possibly there is, but how much it is now impossible to decide. Certain it is, that, whether consciously or unconsciously on the part of the writer, the narrative fulfils a twofold end; tending, on the one hand, as we have before stated, to bring out into relief, by a striking contrast, the Christian unity of the disciples, and on the other, to exalt immensely the dignity and power of the apostles. Nor, indeed, is it easy to escape the inference that this effect was expressly designed, when we notice how the writer directs attention to the consequences of this terrible event in the "great fear" which "came upon all the church;"* and how, in the section immediately following, he takes occasion to represent the apostles as standing apart from the multitude in isolated majesty, while the people around, including the disciples, looked on them with the profoundest reverence and awe, not daring to come into any close proximity.†

It is worth while also to notice, in connection with this subject, how skilfully the excellent example of the wealthy Joses,

* Acts v. 11.

† We agree with Baur (Paulus, &c. p. 22, note) in taking τῶν λοιπῶν, in Acts v. 13, to signify the rest of those who were assembled in Solomon's porch, exclusive simply of the apostles. Indeed, it does not seem certain that any but Christians were present.

who sold all his land and laid the price at the apostles' feet, is set off against the wickedness of Ananias; though it may be further remarked that here another proof of the unhistorical character of the entire narrative has been detected; for why, it is asked, should the fact that Barnabas sold his land be specially mentioned if the whole church had really "all things common"?

Let the reader now turn from this picture of the church to consider more particularly in what light the apostles appear, and through what events they are raised to that height of glory in which they at length stand, surrounded by the wondering and awe-stricken crowd. Following the steps of this upward progress, we shall have occasion once more to express our appreciation of the great skill with which our historian has conducted his narrative—an appreciation, however, which cannot be altogether unqualified by distaste, if any signs are discoverable of a departure, for the sake of effect, from strict historic truth. Some such signs Baur thinks he has detected, and we shall have to concede that he has pointed out difficulties and inconsistencies which at least tend to throw doubt upon the credibility of the narrative. Let us see what these are. Peter and John, going up together into the temple, heal a man above forty years old, who had been afflicted with lameness from his mother's womb. The wondering people run into Solomon's porch, where the two apostles and the man hitherto lame now are, to see the marvel; but are warned by Peter that this cure has been performed by no human power, but by the name of Jesus Christ, whom God has raised from the dead, and whom He will again send to the Jewish nation. This discourse, and the doctrine it contains of the resurrection from the dead, arouse against the apostles the hostility of the Sadducees, who, with the priests and the captain of the temple-watch, come upon them, and commit the two apostles to prison.* The mention of the Sadducees here is thought by Baur to cast suspicion upon the narrative, as indicating an event improbable in fact, but obvious to the thought of a writer remote from the period of which he treats. The doctrine of the resurrection would at once suggest its well-known enemies; but considering the cold philosophic temper of the Sadducees, their comparatively small numbers, and their general indifference to the doings of the populace, it must appear somewhat doubtful whether they would have thought it worth while to adopt any active measures against the disciples. The improbability, indeed, is not so great as to be by itself a ground for rejecting this portion of the history; but we cannot look upon the objection as so absurd as Dr. Lechler seems to consider it; and, taken along with other dif-

* Acts iii. 1, iv. 3.

ficulties that follow, it may be allowed to have some weight. At the same time, we are willing to give due credit to the consistency of the author of the Acts in presenting a Pharisee—Gamaliel—as the adviser of moderation, and in bringing this sect conspicuously upon the scene, in the person of Saul, only after the defection of the Hellenists from the law of Moses. It is possible, therefore, that any opposition the Christians experienced at this early period may have proceeded from the Sadducaic party, which may have numbered the high priest and some other members of the Sanhedrim amongst its adherents (as Luke plainly intimates);* but, on the whole, we lean to the conclusion of Baur, that at first the Christians met with *no* opposition, and that this period of church history was extremely barren of events. And this conclusion is confirmed by the further difficulties we have now to notice.

It is observable with what pomp of utterance, and with what an array of names, this meeting of the Sanhedrim, on the day following that on which the miracle took place, is announced. And for what purpose do they meet, and with what result? They met, it would seem, not at all hazards to deny the miracle, nor to prove that it was the work of the devil, nor to pass it over in silence, and punish the apostles on the charge of sedition, but to set out with acknowledging the miracle, and then proceed simply to ask by what power or what name it had been performed. And the result of this great meeting, to which even those members of the Sanhedrim who live out of Jerusalem have been suddenly summoned,† is, that they dismiss their prisoners with a threat. The improbabilities of the story, it must be confessed, are very great. Peter and John are apprehended for preaching a doctrine distasteful to the authorities; they are tried for healing a lame man; and they are acquitted, at least dismissed, after they have confessed themselves guilty of both offences, and repeated the first in the very presence of their judges. The opportune appearance of the man who had been healed in the Sanhedrim on the day of trial is, moreover, quite unaccountable. It cannot be supposed that he was imprisoned along with the apostles, for there could hardly have been a plea for detaining him, especially as it does not appear that the miracle was even known to the authorities at the time of the arrest; and, on the other hand, it seems hardly probable that the Sanhedrim should have sent for him, since, if they were aware of the reported miracle and disbelieved it, they would ask for no refutation, and if they believed it, they would be most anxious to avoid having its truth established. Here, then, is another difficulty, which, together with those already noticed,

* Acts v. 17. † Implied in the words *εἰς Ἰερουσαλήμ*, Acts iv. 6.

must raise still further doubtings in the mind. And when we add to this, that the whole tone of the narrative is eminently calculated to produce an impression of the weakness, folly, and inefficiency of the Jewish council, and of the power, energy, and wisdom of Peter and John,—the effect being heightened by the contrast,—it is difficult to escape the conclusion, that to create this impression is the grand design of the writer, and historical truth but a secondary object.

If such a suspicion is at all justified by what has been already advanced, it cannot fail to be heightened by observing, that almost the same events which have been described as happening to Peter and John, are repeated in reference to the apostles generally, and with some additional circumstances, calculated to strike the mind with an overwhelming sense of the wonderful success of the gospel. On the dismissal of the two bold preachers, who have hitherto occupied the most conspicuous place in the narrative, a prayer of thanksgiving and entreaty is offered up, which seems to be followed by a new outpouring of the Spirit.* Many miracles are subsequently performed by the apostles, and so great is their fame, so universally acknowledged their power, that numbers of sick persons are brought from the cities surrounding Jerusalem, and are every one healed. Here the Sadduces once more appear upon the scene; the apostles are imprisoned, but not now, as before, to be kept in ward till the next day; for the angel of the Lord descends, opens the prison-doors, and sends them forth with a special charge to speak in the temple to the people. On the following morning, just as happened before, the Sanhedrim assembles. Finding that their prisoners had meanwhile escaped, they send for them, and bring them without violence, for fear of the people, into their presence. Once more Peter is allowed the opportunity of preaching the resurrection before the council, and once more the Sanhedrim is dissolved without any decisive result. This time, indeed, the apostles are beaten; but in this circumstance another instance of the *pragmatism* of our author is observable, since it only gives him occasion to remark that they departed, "rejoicing that they are counted worthy to suffer shame for his name."† The obscurity which surrounds these events is still further increased by the evidently fictitious character of Gamaliel's address in the Sanhedrim. We do not indeed attach much importance to the remark of Baur, that this renowned Pharisee seems peculiarly unadapted to the part he is here called upon to play, as being the instructor, at this very time, of one who so soon afterwards appeared as the bitterest persecutor of the Christians. For it is surely conceivable that the teacher may have been quite of

* Acts iv. 23-31. † Ib. v. 15-41.

an opposite character from his pupil; and why may not Gamaliel have sometimes even trembled, like the conscience-stricken Felix, before the energy and earnestness of the youthful Saul? The conclusive evidence upon this subject, however, lies in the mention of Theudas, a false prophet and insurrectionist who appeared in the reign of Caligula, about ten years after the period of which we are now speaking. It is, of course, easy to say that Josephus, the authority for the later date, may be wrong, and that Luke may be right; or that there may have been two men of the name of Theudas, who each boasted himself to be somebody, who both became the ringleaders of an insurrection, and were both consequently executed. But the first of these hypotheses must be rejected, because there is no reason for doubting the historical accuracy of Josephus, who himself lived through the reign of Caligula and was intimately acquainted with the history of Palestine, while it is quite conceivable that the author of the Acts, remote both from the place and the time of the event, should have fallen into a chronological error; and the second must be also rejected, simply because it is so evidently a desperate resource to save the credit of a canonical work, and otherwise quite without foundation. Even admitting, therefore, that Gamaliel may have come forward publicly upon a certain occasion, as the advocate of moderate counsels respecting the Christians, we see positive reason for distrusting the fidelity of the reporter who has furnished the speech given in the Acts of the Apostles.

We have now arrived at a period in our history when the church ceases to be exclusively Hebrew, and Hellenists or Greek Jews, with their larger culture and more universal spirit, are found mingling with the Palestinian disciples. The election of the seven deacons, and the preaching and martyrdom of Stephen, serve as the transition stage to the introduction of Gentiles into the Christian church; while the last-mentioned circumstance—the stoning of Stephen—is used with marvellous effect to introduce us to the young man who stood by, consenting to his death, and who, throughout the remainder of the book, forms the centre of interest. At this stage, then, let us pause a moment to state more precisely the view of the Tübingen school in regard to the grand design of the book of Acts. We have already mentioned that this design is supposed to be apologetic,—but apologetic for what or for whom? It is universally admitted that in the apostolic church there were two tendencies of opposite character, the one Jewish, the other Gentile; the one conservative and exclusive, the other progressive and comprehensive; the one proceeding from the Jerusalem Christians, the other commencing with Stephen and successfully forwarded by Paul.

Now the grand question in regard to these two tendencies is, how far the twelve apostles, and particularly the three most eminent amongst them—Peter, John, and James—gave themselves up to the first, to the complete rejection and condemnation of the second,—how far these three leaders of the Palestinian disciples stood in direct opposition to Paul and his grand doctrine, that in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availed any thing nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love. The writer of the Acts has not concealed from his readers the existence of the two tendencies we have mentioned; on the contrary, he expressly states them. He does not even deny that the apostles themselves were at first strictly Judaic, and consequently maintained the necessity of circumcision; but he introduces a special interference of Providence for the conversion of Peter, and narrates how on Peter's return to Jerusalem from his visit to Cornelius, "they that were of the circumcision" who contended with him were brought round to his view on being informed that the Holy Ghost had fallen upon the Gentiles,—all eventually agreeing in the sentiment, "Then hath God also to the Gentiles (i. e. *as* Gentiles) granted repentance unto life."* This opinion, however, did not become universal, or else others soon entered the church who did not hold it. For some time after we find certain men teaching the brethren, "Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved;" and these strict adherents of the law, it appears, were Pharisees.† Now according to Baur the exclusive spirit which desired to make Jews of the Gentile believers was not confined to certain unknown individuals of the sect of the Pharisees, but, contrary to the statements of Acts, especially Acts xv., strongly infected the very heads of the church at Jerusalem,—the pillar-apostles themselves,—who all along looked with the utmost suspicion upon Paul and his supporters, and from whom only an unwilling consent to the diffusion of a free gospel amongst the Gentiles was extorted by the indomitable will and energy of the great heathen-apostle. And this view, it ought in fairness to be remembered, is not founded solely upon the statements of the apostle Paul himself,—though these are looked upon as strongly in its favour,—not solely upon certain inconsistencies (whether apparent or real) between Paul's epistles and the Acts, but upon both of these, combined with the innumerable arguments which Baur has adduced to show that the apostolic history is no history at all. Any one, therefore, who desires to maintain the historical character of the book of Acts is bound, not only to reconcile it with Paul's epistles, but to drive the Tübingen critics point after point from their positions, and after all to say how so many

* Acts x. 1, xi. 18. † Ib. xv. 1 and 5.

apparent marks of a special design triumphing over the interests of truth have arisen—of which those we have hitherto adduced are not yet the most remarkable; and this, so far as we know, is what no one has yet attempted.

We are now prepared to state the grand design of the Acts, according to the Tübingen view. Its great aim is to present a history of the church, in which the opposing tendencies of Judaic and Gentile Christianity should as much as possible disappear, and in which, above all, the apostles—Paul and the twelve—should be represented as acting in perfect harmony. To bring the Jerusalem church as near as possible to the universalism of Paul; to mitigate to a considerable extent the hostility of Paul to the works of the law; to recognise and set forward to the utmost advantage the exalted character of Peter, but to ascribe to Paul a dignity no less; to admit to the full the universally allowed apostolic authority of the twelve, but to prove that Paul had received from the same Lord as decided a commission, and a knowledge of divine truth no less sure and full than they; to maintain and enforce the necessity of circumcision for Christians of Jewish birth, but to deny it for Christians of Gentile origin, and to show that Paul and the twelve were in perfect agreement upon this point,—such were the objects for which the writer of the Acts allowed himself repeated deviations from truth, and the freest treatment of any scanty materials he may have possessed. The authorship by Luke, Baur rejects as impossible. The work, he thinks, was written a considerable time after the destruction of Jerusalem, the conflicting tendencies which it seeks to reconcile extending deep into the second century.

We must not attempt to follow our intrepid critic through all his negations. Did our space permit, we might show how he strives to batter down the whole historic fabric erected with so much care and skill by the artistic hands of the Pauline apologist. We might show how, by the continued application of the same criticism, of which we have already given some specimens, all those striking and life-like scenes, which for their spirit, their graphic power, their faithfulness to reality, have been the admiration of ages,—Paul on the road to Damascus, overwhelmed by the fulness and strength of the tide of new life which rushed into his heart, and struck to the earth by the blinding power of the light which flashed upon his soul;—Paul wandering among the glorious temples of Athens and crowds of marble gods, not to him emblems of divinity or forms of grace, but bringing only thoughts of sadness and of a world condemned;—Paul reasoning in the market-place, like another Socrates, with those light-minded Greeks, who were delighted with his

two divinities, Jesus and Resurrection,* simply because they were new; but, when they had brought him, in their irony, to the place where subverters of religion were wont to be tried, where the great Socrates had once in a better time stood before his judges, soon grew tired of any serious treatment of the subject, and refused to listen to the end;—that tumultuous assembly in more earnest Ephesus, where the people felt at least some concern for the threatened overthrow of their religion, and shouted for two mortal hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" the more part of them, after the fashion of crowds, not knowing precisely wherefore they were come together;—then that most touching scene when, upon the sounding shore, after having warned his beloved that they should never again behold his face, the great missionary knelt down amongst his disciples and prayed for the church; prayed, no doubt, that it might be protected against those "grievous wolves" whose coming he had foretold;—Paul in Jerusalem boldly proclaiming to the exasperated populace his mission to the heathen;—Paul before the Sanhedrim, insulted by Ananias, and in his turn fiercely rebuking the haughty priest;—Paul pleading his cause before Felix with all the skill of an accomplished rhetorician;—Paul in presence of Festus and Agrippa and Bernice, and the chief captains and principal men of Cæsarea, holding up his fettered hands, and pouring out the wish of his heart that all who heard him that day were both almost and altogether such as he, except these bonds;—we might show, we say, had we space for it, how, at the bidding of the remorseless German, as at the potent waving of some mighty magician's wand, all these scenes, like the baseless fabric of a vision, disappear and fade away into unreality: so that captivated, even should it be but for a moment, by the enchanter's art, one knows not which to admire more, the imagination which called them into being, and threw around them the vesture of seeming truth, or that rough magic which has conjured them back into nothingness.

Of course, it is not to be denied that a certain ground-work of fact lies at the foundation of the scriptural narrative, and that the different missionary journeys of the Apostle Paul have been correctly sketched, as to the order of his proceedings and the results of his labours. Moreover, we hold that there are here and there, as in the case of the narratives in which the "we" is introduced, distinct traces of authentic materials. But how far many of the minuter details may be claimed as belonging to the domain of history; how far the words put into the

* So, it would seem, these witty Athenian philosophers had chosen to understand the great doctrines of the apostle. See Acts xvii. 18, ὅτι τὸν Ἰησοῦν καὶ τὴν ἀνάστασιν αὐτοῖς εὐηγγελίζετο, and compare Baur, *Paulus*, &c. p. 168.

mouth of the apostle and other actors in the scene may be regarded as the words really spoken upon the different occasions to which they are assigned, or even as representing remotely the substance of what was spoken,—we confess appears to us somewhat problematic. When it is recollected that in one instance at least—the address of Gamaliel, already noticed—there is an almost certain example of a purely fictitious speech; when it is considered how improbable it is that a copy of the letter of Claudius Lysias to Felix should have been accessible to the writer of the Acts, even admitting that writer to be Luke, or if it were, how unlikely that he should have taken the trouble of procuring it; and when it is further remembered that almost every speech is rendered suspicious by difficulties of its own,—there seems to be hardly any other conclusion left than that whatever is historical has been worked up with much that is unhistorical, and that it is extremely difficult to discriminate the materials.

We forbear, however, from entering more minutely into this subject, and proceed to point out some of the supposed instances of a design on the part of the author of the Acts to exalt Paul to an equality of rank and dignity with the elder apostles. This design, if it existed, would require three things—that Paul should be shown to possess an independent apostolic commission, that he should appear surrounded by all the signs of an apostle, and that his gospel should be the same as that of the twelve. Our space, however, admits of the discussion of only two of these points. In regard to the first, it appears clearly enough from Paul's own epistles, that his apostolic authority had been frequently called in question and denied by the judaisers, and he was compelled more than once emphatically to declare how Christ had appeared to him in person, and himself given him a commission to preach the Gospel. Such a revelation, however, always lay open to the objection to which any vision would be subject, that it might have been a delusion or a mere fancy. Hence, how important was it for any one undertaking the defence of Paul against such imputations to make it clear that it was no imaginary form which had appeared to the young Pharisee on the road to Damascus, but the real Christ. The conversion accordingly is narrated with all its details (though with some slight discrepancies) three times,* and each time care is taken to give as much objectivity to the appearance as is consistent with its personal character. Each time, accordingly, the companions of Paul are brought prominently forward. When the historian himself records the event, he can hardly have thought that fact unimportant which he has appended to his narrative,

* Acts ix. 3-8, xxii. 6-11, xxvi. 12-18.

that "the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man." In the two statements put into Paul's own mouth, his fellow-travellers are represented as having been aware of the light, though in the first it is expressly said that they "heard not the voice of him that spake to me." Thus, in the one case, although the vision itself was concealed from all other eyes, and the divine form of the Saviour presented only to the mental eye of the future preacher, there were present those who could bear testimony to the reality of the heavenly communication, the fact that they saw no man being a guarantee that the voice which they heard proceeded from some mysterious, and to them unknown, source. And according to the other two statements, the witnesses could at least speak to the reality of some supernatural event having taken place, having seen this light above the brightness of the sun, and having been even struck by it to the earth. Hence no doubt could be left upon the mind of a reader who accepted these repeated and emphatic statements, that Paul had actually seen the risen Lord, and received from himself his calling and apostleship. This repetition, it is true, may prove the design, and yet not invalidate the history. Nor do we wish to press it in this light; since we think the historic fact of Paul's conversion on a journey to Damascus, undertaken partly with the view of persecuting the Christians, may stand secure, incidentally supported as it is by the statement of the apostle himself in his epistle to the Galatians,* where the words, "I returned again unto Damascus," would seem to imply that he had been in that city immediately after (though it might be also during the time of) his conversion.

More startling, however, and less easy to reconcile with historical fidelity are the results yielded by the criticism of the Acts in reference to the second point required by the apologetic character of the work. Paul appears upon the scene, not only invested with all the power and authority of Peter and the remaining apostles, not only working miracles like them, and like them under the special protection of Heaven, but enacting over again, under different circumstances, the very same character, performing the same miracles, and protected in precisely a similar way. So complete, indeed, is the parallel, that we believe the firmest supporter of the credibility of the history must at least concede such a selection of his materials on the part of the author as would secure this comparison. But we shall give the reader the opportunity of judging. We have already alluded to the miracle performed by Peter and John upon a lame man, whom they healed as they were going up to the Temple to

* Gal. i. 13-17.

pray.* Now it may seem no very extraordinary coincidence that Paul should have also healed a lame man at Lystra during his first missionary journey. There are, however, so many points in common between the two accounts that a question may well be raised whether the one is not simply a repetition of the others. Thus, the man healed by Peter was lame from his mother's womb; the man healed by Paul was lame from his mother's womb. Peter fixed his eyes upon the object of his benevolence before addressing him; Paul did the same. And finally, in both cases similar results followed: each man leaped and walked, thus proving that the cure was effectual. Again, Peter is brought into collision at Samaria with the sorcerer Simon, whom he has occasion to rebuke severely for his too unspiritual conception of the power of the apostles in thinking that the gift of God could be purchased for money.† Paul also meets with a sorcerer in Paphos, who not only misconceives, but opposes the apostle, and whose punishment is proportioned to his greater offence. Elymas was struck blind at the command of Paul; and here, if the one reference be admissible, may not another also be traced? Peter could strike people dead at a word; not less were the thunders of divine vengeance at the command of Paul.‡ Other parallels are these: Peter was supernaturally delivered from the prison into which he had been thrown at the command of Herod, and his chains fell off spontaneously at the touch of an angel.§ At Philippi Paul was supernaturally delivered from prison, and "every one's bands were loosed," in consequence of an earthquake.‖ Peter possessed the power of restoring the dead to life, of which we have just one example in the case of Dorcas.¶ So did Paul; and of this too we have just a single instance in the case of Eutychus, who fell down from the third story, and must in all probability have been really dead, not, as some think, merely stunned.** If Peter's shadow was endowed with miraculous power,†† articles of attire which had once been in contact with Paul's person were no less potent for the expulsion of evil spirits.‡‡ But whatever may be thought of these parallels, which, it seems to us, can hardly be attributed to mere coincidence, there is one other where there can be no doubt that the design exists of claiming for Paul a power which, if proved to have been his, would at once mark him out as a true apostle. That the twelve could, by the laying on of hands, impart the gift of the Holy Spirit was universally acknowledged. But it is remarkable that this power is represented as belonging to the apostles exclusively: for not only is no instance recorded

* Acts iii. 1-8. † Ib. viii. 14-24. ‡ Ib. xiii. 6-11.
§ Ib. xii. 1-10. ‖ Ib. xvi. 23-26. ¶ Ib. ix. 36-41.
** Ib. xx. 9, 10. †† Ib. v. 15. ‡‡ Ib. xix. 12.

in which it was exerted by any one of inferior rank,* but in the account of Peter's controversy with Simon Magus it is all but expressly said that no other possessed it. Philip, it seems, had converted many of the Samaritans, and amongst them Simon himself. This having been made known to the Jerusalem church, Peter and John were sent to Samaria, "who, when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost: (for as yet he was fallen upon none of them [clearly because Philip was not an apostle]: only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus). Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."† Did Paul, then, possess this privilege, from which even the seven deacons were excluded, or is there any passage where it is ascribed to him? There is a remarkable passage,‡ not altogether free from inconsistencies, however, in which certain disciples are introduced who had not so much as heard whether there was a Holy Spirit, but upon whom Paul conferred the gift by the laying on of hands. These persons were evidently Christians; for the word "disciples" used absolutely always means believers on Christ, and the question of Paul, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" implies the same thing. Apollos, moreover, though it is expressly stated that he was "instructed in the way of the Lord," like other disciples, knew only the baptism of John.§ It does not appear, then, in what respect these disciples can have differed from hundreds more, who were converted by those scattered abroad at the time of the persecution to which Stephen fell a victim; unless, indeed, it is implied that the intervention of an apostle was always necessary in order to complete what others had begun, as would seem to have been the case at least in regard to the Samaritan converts. At all events, it seems to us unquestionable that the main feature in the passage now referred to, is not the fact that there were some Christians whose discipleship was imperfect, but the proof which it supplies that Paul was invested with the exclusively apostolic power of imparting the Holy Spirit by the laying on of hands. To establish this point is the purpose for which the narrative is introduced at all; and it is worth while to notice how the writer draws attention to its main argument by the dramatic form into which he has thrown it.

In examining the historical credibility of the book of Acts, we have thus far confined ourselves chiefly to its internal character. But unquestionably a far surer criterion of its truth

* Except, strangely enough, in the case of Paul himself, who received the Holy Ghost through the laying on of Ananias' hands (Acts ix. 17). This is perhaps an oversight of the author. We cannot admit that it invalidates the argument in the text.

† Acts viii. 5-17. ‡ Ib. xix. 1-6. § Ib. xviii. 25.

than any resting on intrinsic probability, would be the agreement or disagreement of its statements with those of the principal personage whose life it records. It would appear, therefore, to be a most fortunate thing that there exists in one of Paul's epistles a brief summary of the leading incidents in his life, and this with especial reference to the very question a universally acceptable solution of which is thought to be the main design of the Acts, viz., the relation in which Paul and his world-wide gospel stood to the twelve and to Jerusalem Christianity. Yet this collateral testimony of the apostle himself, so far from producing any decided result, has given rise to more discussion than almost any other question in which it has been necessary to educe the truth from partial and apparently conflicting statements. On the one hand, the harmony between the Acts and the epistle to the Galatians is so defective as to yield a strong case to those who come prepared to find and to admit a departure from fact on the part of the author of the former work. And, on the other hand, the disagreements, though obvious enough, are not so important or striking as to render all hope of reconciliation ridiculous. We do not, indeed, think it possible to harmonise the account in Acts xv. of the council at Jerusalem with Paul's brief notice of a visit he paid, fourteen years after his conversion, to the head-quarters of Palestinian Christianity; but whether this latter may not be proved to refer to another of the five journeys to Jerusalem recorded in the Acts, is a possibility which we must not reject until it has been shown to be untenable. It appears that, long ago, Chrysostom, and afterwards Luther, referred the journey noticed in the second chapter of Galatians to a period later than that of the Jerusalem council. And Dr. Wieseler, in his full and satisfactory commentary on the Galatians, adopts the view which identifies this journey with the fourth mentioned in the Acts.* In support of this view, he advances, as we shall presently show, many very strong, if not conclusive, arguments; and the difficulties which attend its adoption seem to us not altogether insuperable. We cannot admit, however, that this view, should it be satisfactorily made out, at all disproves the existence of a design on the part of the author of the Acts to reconcile divergent tendencies. On the contrary, it is a farther evidence of such a design, though it may go a long way to vindicate the character of the latter portion of the work.

Before proceeding to investigate the question of the apostolic council, we shall take this opportunity of pointing out a few discrepancies between the notice in Acts of that portion of Paul's life which immediately followed his conversion, and his own cursory glance over the same period; discrepancies which seem to us, on the whole, in favour of Baur's view. Paul, as he himself

* Acts xviii. 22.

tells us, immediately after his conversion went to Arabia; and, without having visited Jerusalem at all, or having had any interview with the apostles, returned to Damascus. His first visit to the Jewish metropolis took place after the lapse of three years, when he went up for the purpose of making the acquaintance of Peter, and probably—though he does not say so—of having his apostolic mission recognised by him. Peter, with whom he spent fifteen days, was the only one of the apostles whom he saw. He met also James, the Lord's brother, who, whether an apostle or not, might be considered as possessed of equal rank. It is probable that this James was not the apostle, the son of Alpheus, though Paul's words do not make this quite clear, and the evidence is very nicely balanced. These assertions are affirmed in the most solemn way: "Now the things which I write unto you, behold, before God, I lie not." It is further stated that the apostle was at this time personally unknown to the churches of Judæa, which had only heard, with grateful joy, the report of his conversion.* Now in accordance with the view we have hitherto advocated, it would clearly be in the interest of the book of Acts to represent the establishment of a good understanding between Paul and the twelve as taking place as speedily as possible. And that this impression is actually produced, no unprejudiced reader will deny. All mention of the journey to Arabia is omitted from every one of the three narratives, and the visit to Jerusalem is brought into close connection with the conversion. The writer, indeed, does not conceal that some time elapsed between the two events, but he certainly avoids indicating so long a space of time as three years. He states that Saul straightway preached Christ in the synagogues of Damascus; that he confounded the Jews who dwelt there; and that after some time (ὡς δὲ ἐπληροῦντο ἡμέραι ἱκαναί), a conspiracy having been formed against him, he escaped from the city and went to Jerusalem. Of course ἡμέραι ἱκαναί may mean "three years," just as it might mean a hundred; and, indeed, the real time can hardly have been unknown to the writer. The phrase, however, conceals much more than it reveals, and so little is the reader permitted even to infer the truth, that he is told that when Saul attempted to join the disciples, they were afraid of him, as if no certain intelligence of him had yet reached them from Damascus. Barnabas then brought him to the apostles, and (for the first time, as it would seem) announced how the Lord had appeared to him, and how he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus. The concluding statement, that "he was with them coming in and going out at Jerusalem," is obviously not in strict harmony with the fact that Paul was unknown by face to the churches of Judea.† In all

* Gal. i. 15-24. † See Acts ix. 19-28.

this narrative, however, we admit, there is no inconsistency with its parallel that may not, with some little care, be rendered evanescent. But in this very fact the purpose of the narrator is manifest; for it must be remembered that on any theory, more perhaps on Baur's than any other, he was writing for those who possessed Paul's epistles, and was himself acquainted with them: so that there is no reason to charge him with any thing more than a somewhat distorted representation of fact.

In approaching now the question of the Jerusalem council, and its relation to the account given by Paul, in the second chapter of the epistle to the Galatians, of an interview with the leading apostles, let us in the first place endeavour to state, without regard to one theory or another, what Paul's own narrative really amounts to. Fourteen years after a certain point of time previously noticed—probably his conversion—the apostle went up to Jerusalem in company with Barnabas, and attended by a young Greek named Titus. This journey was undertaken in obedience to a strong inward impulse, of such a nature that it could be deemed nothing less than the command of God himself. Arrived at his destination, Paul immediately proceeded to lay before the church the gospel which he had preached, and still continued to preach, amongst the Gentiles; holding, however, a separate conference with the heads of the church,—"those who are thought so much of," as he names them,—in which his object was to obtain from them an acknowledgment of his apostolic commission. So much seems to be explicitly stated in verses 1 and 2; and the apostle then proceeds to give an account of each of these conferences, the public (verses 3-5) and the private (6-10). In the former a violent opposition was offered to him, and it was even demanded that the first step towards introducing the law amongst the Gentiles should be taken by circumcising Titus. This opposition, however, proceeded from certain persons described as false brethren, who had joined the Christian communion without any appreciation of the freedom of the Christian spirit, and with the intention of bringing Gentile believers into bondage to the law; and there is no intimation that it was directly countenanced by any of the apostles. On the other hand, there is room to infer that these last may have had some sympathy with the movement, and certainly it is implied that they were not forward in crushing it. The unconquerable energy of Paul, supported by Barnabas, achieved the victory and vindicated the liberty of the gospel; but the pillars of the Jerusalem church seem to have held back, and the way in which Paul speaks of them shows how far he was from regarding them as wholly on his side. Passing on now to those verses which describe the private con-

ference, we learn that James, Peter, and John, persuaded by the actual results of Paul's missionary labours, consented to acknowledge that he and Barnabas equally with themselves were gifted with the grace of the Spirit, and finally gave them the right hand of fellowship, on the understanding that each party should work in that field of labour for which it seemed best adapted. There was no limitation whatever as to the admission of the Gentiles into the church of Christ; the only condition required, and by Paul most willingly conceded, was, that contributions for the poor saints in Judæa should continue, as before, to be collected from the wealthier members of the Gentile churches.

Now the discrepancies between this narrative and that contained in the fifteenth chapter of the Acts are too obvious to need any detailed notice. It will be sufficient briefly to call to mind the more prominent. In the first place, Paul, according to the Acts, was sent to Jerusalem by the Christians at Antioch as one of a deputation, and there is therefore no mention, as there was no need, of a divine impulse. Again, according to the history a meeting is held of the apostles and elders and the whole church (verses 6 and 22), at which the question of circumcision is publicly discussed, addresses are delivered by the leading persons present, and finally a formal resolution come to that letters should be sent to the Gentile churches, relieving them from the necessity of circumcision, but at the same time imposing upon them certain restrictions known by the name of the precepts of Noah. Now of this meeting, of this decree, and of these letters, the apostle Paul knows absolutely nothing. That he makes no mention of them is simply matter of fact; and the only way of escaping the difficulty is to maintain, with Neander, that several private interviews may have preceded the public conference, and that the one need not exclude the other. We admit that there would have been nothing surprising in the omission, on the part of the historian, of any accidental meetings Paul might have had with the other apostles, though it would be strange enough that he should have passed over one of so much importance as that described in the epistle to the Galatians. But it is surely wholly unaccountable that an event of such moment as the council at Jerusalem, with the resolutions adopted there and consented to by Paul and Barnabas, should have received not the slightest notice from the apostle at the very time when he was discussing his relations to the mother church. Besides, the private interview mentioned by Paul really does exclude the public conference. In the one case, the freedom of the Gentiles in Christ Jesus is acknowledged by the three chief apostles without limit or qualification; in the other, it is acknowledged *with* certain limitations (not afterwards recognised by the apostle, 1 Cor. viii.);

and it remains for the harmonisers to assume that the apostles, having privately yielded a full consent to the claims of Paul, afterwards found themselves compelled partially to retract, and that no objection was made to this by the Antiochian deputation. But obviously Paul was not the man to yield an inch where his clearly understood duty was involved; nor, had the private interview been thus amended, would it have been consistent with the perfect truthfulness of his character to have taken no notice of the fact. For these reasons there seems to us to be no escape from the conclusion of Baur that the apostolic decrees are a pure fiction, unless it can be clearly shown that the Jerusalem journey described in Galatians belongs to a quite different period.

Besides Paul's appearance in the Jewish capital, at the apostolic council, two other visits to Jerusalem are noticed in the Acts, with each of which attempts have been made to connect the second chapter of Galatians. The first of these is thus briefly alluded to: "Then the disciples, every man according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren which dwelt in Judæa: which also they did, and sent it to the elders by the hands of Barnabas and Saul."* That this, however, is not the one required for the solution of our problem is evident, for the following reasons: 1. We have here a special object for the journey, quite distinct from that which is clearly implied in the words of Paul himself; nor is the statement that he was sent by human agency consistent with his own declaration, that he went *κατὰ ἀποκάλυψιν*. 2. Here, again, the recently converted Saul is still subordinate to Barnabas, which appears from the fact that his name is mentioned twice *after* that of his colleague,† contrary to the subsequent practice of Luke; whereas in Gal. ii. Barnabas evidently plays the second part. 3. Had the heads of the Jerusalem church recognised to its full extent, at this early period, the divine mission of Paul, and conceded to him the right he claimed of preaching a gospel of uncircumcision among the heathen, the apostolic council would never have taken place, nor could Luke have written as if the question of circumcision was mooted in Antioch for the first time at a later period.‡ 4. This journey is much too early, and could not have taken place so long as fourteen years after Paul's conversion.§

But there is another journey recorded in the Acts, in regard to which we have only these few words: "And when he had landed at Cæsarea, and gone up, and saluted the church, he went down to Antioch."‖ Under the able guidance of Dr. Wieseler, we shall now proceed to prove that these words refer

* Acts xi. 29, 30. † Ibid. xi. 30, and xii. 25. ‡ Ibid. xv. 1.
§ Wieseler, Comm. über d. Brief an d. Gal. pp. 555, 6. ‖ Acts xviii. 22.

to the period during which the events described in Gal. ii. 1-10, took place. It would seem, at first sight, difficult, if not impossible, to draw from the words themselves, without reference to their position and connection, any inference bearing upon the question. Yet, when we look a little more closely, we may be able to detect some indication of the possibility of a discussion having taken place between Paul and the Jerusalem apostles, for the three words ἀσπασάμενος τὴν ἐκκλησίαν imply that a public meeting of some kind was held, and thus furnished an opportunity for that outbreak in behalf of the law mentioned in Gal. ii. 3-5. Nor is it a valid objection that the time spent by the apostle in Jerusalem must have been far too short for such important transactions to have taken place; for, although this might be inferred from the brevity of the notice, it is yet implied, in the fact that Paul stayed for the feast,* that he must, at all events, have remained some days, thus allowing time for the private interview no less than the public conference. And if it is asked how Luke could have passed by such weighty events in so cursory a way, it may be answered that this is not inconsistent with his style, and that on other occasions, as Acts xvi. 6 and xviii. 23, he has embraced long periods of time and important events in the fewest possible words. So Dr. Wieseler justly remarks; but it may perhaps occur to the reader that there may have been likewise a special reason for the silence of the historian. If James and his colleagues showed any disposition to sympathise with the strong conservative party, as Paul's phrases, οἱ δοκοῦντες, &c. seem to imply, and if their recognition of the gospel of uncircumcision was an unwilling concession, it would have well accorded with the interest in which the book of Acts, as we have already shown, was written to pass over the event altogether. Will it be said that, according to the Tübingen view of the composition of the work, he might have misrepresented the facts, and painted another picture of perfect harmony and peace? True; but this would have been impossible without setting Paul in his true light as the out and out opponent of the legal spirit, for he could not have escaped admitting the retractation of the apostolic decrees; and this, besides being derogatory to the dignity of those who had issued the decrees in the name of the Holy Spirit, would also have been inconsistent with his representation of Paul as only a very moderate enemy of Judaism and himself a respecter of the law.

The simple fact that there is nothing in this brief notice of Luke to prevent its embracing the transactions recorded by the apostle as having taken place at Jerusalem, is sufficient in the opinion of Dr. Wieseler to establish the identity of the two

* Gal. v. 21.

journeys. This, indeed, we cannot admit, because it proceeds upon the assumption that the book of Acts is a reliable authority. There are, however, several positive grounds for this view. We have already seen how Paul obtained from the Jewish apostles an acknowledgment of the claims of the Gentiles, so strongly urged by him, to a free and quite unconditional admission to the salvation of Christ; and as this is obviously inconsistent with the results of the apostolic council, so, on the other hand, it is in perfect harmony with what there is reason for believing must have been Paul's teaching on his last great missionary journey. It is quite intelligible that the apostle may have consented to be the bearer of the letters containing the decrees of the council,* and that he may have communicated the views put forward in Jerusalem, and sanctioned by himself, to the churches already founded by him and Barnabas; and yet that, on extending the sphere of his labours, he may also have enlarged his views, and carried out the consequences of his great doctrine of justification in Christ with more fearless determination than before. If we make this assumption, it will follow that the special object of the fourth journey† was to make a protest against the apostolic decrees, and to obtain the sanction of the mother church for a departure from them; and this would exactly agree with Paul's account in Gal. ii. Now there can be little doubt that Paul actually taught doctrines opposed to the decrees of the Jerusalem church on his second missionary journey, and during the time which elapsed between Acts xvi. 4 and xviii. 22. As might be expected, this fact is not expressly stated in the book of Acts, but after it has been once noticed that the apostolic decrees were communicated to the churches already established, all mention of them ceases. And may not this account for the brevity of the allusion to the apostle's first visit to Galatia, if the most important fact in connection with it were the omission of Paul to fulfil the injunctions of the Jerusalem church in regard to his new converts? But not only is this silence very significant; we have also positive evidence of the same fact. When Paul was in Achaia, he was accused by the Jews of persuading men to worship God contrary to the law, that is, as is evident from Gallio's reply, the Jewish law:‡ whence it follows that he must have sought to convert the Gentiles without so much as insisting on the observance of those rules which were laid down for the "proselytes of the gate," and which were identical with the apostolic decrees. And if it may be inferred from the history that such was the procedure of Paul, the same thing finds a further confirmation in his own letters. In the first epistle to the Co-

* Acts xvi. 4. † Ibid. xviii. 22. ‡ Ibid. xviii. 12-15.

rinthians,* and in that to the Romans,† the apostle accords express permission to eat εἰδωλόθυτα; and so far as he recommends abstinence at all, it is on the ground of charity, and with no reference to any positive command.

These epistles, it is true, were written subsequently to the fourth visit to Jerusalem; but it is probable that but one gospel was preached to the Corinthians, as we have no intimation of any thing else, and that on this point the epistle only contained a more precise statement of what had already been verbally communicated. If it be proved, then, that Paul ceased to regard the wishes of the Jerusalem church in regard to his Gentile converts, immediately on extending his labours into regions untried before, it would be quite intelligible that he should have revisited Jerusalem in order to explain his altered views, and demand acceptance for them; and thus the narrative of the Acts would become consistent with itself and with the statements of the apostle.

Again, the words ἵνα ἡ ἀλήθεια τοῦ εὐαγγελίου διαμείνῃ πρὸς ὑμᾶς,‡ "that the truth of the gospel *may* continue with you," indicate clearly enough (unless, indeed, the ὑμᾶς, as perhaps is hardly possible, be understood of the Gentiles generally, and not specially of the Galatians) that Paul had already visited Galatia, previous to the interview with the apostles which he proceeds to describe. This follows from the use of the conjunctive mood. But the gospel was not preached in Galatia till after the apostolic council, whence it appears that Gal. ii. must refer to a subsequent period. Another argument to the same effect is drawn from the statement of Paul, that, in accordance with the one condition imposed upon him by the elder apostles, he had been active in collecting money for the poor.§ It is improbable that this can have been the case on his long missionary journey,‖ because not only does Luke preserve a total silence upon the subject, for which there could have been no motive, but the epistles to the Thessalonians, written during this period, likewise make no reference to a subject to which there are such repeated allusions in those to the Corinthians. The latter, moreover, refer to the collections for the poor in such a way as to imply that they had only recently commenced, that is, not much more than a year before the second epistle to the Corinthians was written. This is evident from 2 Cor. viii. 6 and ix. 2, according to which the collections had been begun by Titus, and not by the apostle himself, and the zeal of the Corinthian Christians had for the first time stimulated those of Macedonia to this kind of activity. On the other hand, it is

* x. 25, 27. † xiv. 2-4. ‡ Gal. ii. 5. § Ibid. ii. 10.
‖ Acts xv. 40, xviii. 20.

certain that Paul began to exert himself in this way very soon after the fourth visit to Jerusalem. This may be inferred from 1 Cor. xvi. 1, where the order given to the churches of Galatia must refer to a time not very long anterior to the time at which this statement was made, that is, to Paul's journey through Galatia, mentioned in Acts xviii. 23.

The next argument adduced by Dr. Wieseler has reference to the way in which Titus is mentioned by Paul. Is it probable that Paul would have taken an uncircumcised Greek with him to Jerusalem, when the very question for the decision of which he was sent up was that of circumcision? Such an act would have been only calculated to damage his own cause; while, on the other hand, there would have been no impropriety in it if this question had been once finally settled. The use of the singular number, moreover,* *συμπαραλαβὼν καὶ Τίτον*, clearly refers to a time when Paul and Barnabas were no longer acting together; and the same may be said of the words *Τίτος ὁ σὺν ἐμοί*. Nor, indeed, is there any evidence that Paul had met with Titus before the meeting of the council at Jerusalem, but quite the reverse. It was an old opinion that Titus was a Corinthian Christian; and this seems very likely to have been the case, on account of the frequent mention of him in connection with the Corinthian church.† If so, he would not have been converted till Paul's first visit to Corinth, which took place after the council; and, indeed, Dr. Wieseler endeavours to prove that he was the very man with whom the apostle resided in Corinth, and whose house joined hard to the synagogue,‡ *Τίτου Ἰούστου* being here not an improbable reading. If, then, the Jerusalem journey of Gal. ii. took place at a time when Paul and Barnabas were no longer so intimately allied as they had been previous to the disagreement about Mark, after the recognition by the apostles of a gospel of uncircumcision, and after Paul's first visit to Corinth, it can have had nothing to do with that described in Acts xv., and must have been identical with that noticed in Acts xviii. 22.

The use of the singular number by the apostle in all his references to the period immediately preceding his visit to Jerusalem, may fairly be regarded as an argument that his connection with Barnabas had ceased, which was not the case during the first missionary journey. Thus we have *ἀνέβην—ἀνεθέμην—τὸ εὐαγγέλιον ὃ κηρύσσω—μήπως εἰς κενὸν τρέχω ἢ ἔδραμον*. On the other hand, in speaking of the proceedings at Jerusalem, in which Barnabas bore a part, he uses the plural—*εἴξαμεν—ἡμεῖς—μνημονεύωμεν*. The separation, therefore, must already have taken place between the two missionaries, and Paul may possibly

* Gal. ii. 1. † Conf. 2 Cor. ii. 13; vii. 6, ff.; viii. 23; xii. 16, ff.
‡ Acts xviii. 7.

have joined Barnabas at Cyprus, whither he had gone after the apostolic council,* and accompanied him to Jerusalem. Nor is the omission of all mention of Barnabas upon this occasion by Luke any great difficulty, for when the historian has told us almost nothing, it was not likely he would tell us that. There is one other circumstance which strongly favours Dr. Wieseler's view. Paul alludes to a certain occasion on which he had felt it his duty to administer an open rebuke to Peter on account of the inconsistency of his conduct. This is mentioned in close connection with the visit to Jerusalem,† and the language of the apostle clearly implies that Peter's fault consisted in the violation of principles to which he had already given his consent, and on which he had begun to act. Now these principles involved the abolition of all distinctions between Jew and Gentile. For what was Peter's offence? He had, it appeared, *eaten with Gentiles* at Antioch; but when certain of the more strictly Judaic party had come down from Jerusalem, he had changed his practice, through subserviency to their prejudices, and withdrawn from Gentile communion. Now it is quite inconceivable that Peter should have thus acted in direct opposition to the apostolic decrees immediately after he had himself given his sanction to them, nor would Paul have expected him to do so. And, indeed, this transaction at Antioch is generally referred to Acts xviii. 22, even by those who maintain the identity of the events described in Acts xv. 1-29, with those recorded in Gal. ii. 1-10. The words of the apostle, however, do not seem to us to admit of any long interval of time being supposed to have elapsed between verses 10 and 11 of Gal. ii., and hence it becomes necessary to push forward Paul's journey to a period immediately preceding the dissension in Antioch. In addition to these reasons for holding the identity of Gal. ii. 1-10 and Acts xviii. 22, Dr. Wieseler thinks that the same result may be derived also from the chronology of the Acts. He proves that Paul's conversion took place in the year 40 A.D., and his fourth visit to Jerusalem in the year 54, which would correspond with the statement of the apostle in Gal. ii. 1. Into this difficult question, however, we have left ourselves no space to enter.

The only serious difficulty in the way of the adoption of this view is the same which stands in the way of those critics who, with Neander and Lechler, assume that Gal. ii. refers to the date of the apostolic council, and maintain that while the historian has recorded that event which seemed of most public interest, the apostle has confined himself to the details of a private transaction, viz. the omission by Paul of all reference to so important a fact as the meeting of the council. But although

* Acts xv. 39. † Gal. ii. 11-14.

this omission would be quite unaccountable in the one case, it does not follow that it may not be perfectly intelligible in the other. Paul could not have passed this event in total silence had he been referring to that visit to the Jewish metropolis during which it took place. But there was no necessity for his alluding to that visit at all, if nothing occurred at the time to throw light upon his apostolic commission. The apostle does not propose to give the Galatians a history of all his meetings with the leaders of the Hebrew Christians, but merely to bring forward such facts as will serve to vindicate his own independence and equal authority; and it is certain, in any case, that he passes in silence two out of four journeys to Jerusalem, for the epistle to the Galatians was not written till after the fourth mentioned in the Acts. It was not therefore essential to his purpose to state that the elder apostles had at one time imposed certain limitations upon the gospel of the uncircumcision, and that he had himself given thereto his sanction,—facts which the Galatians would be sure to have heard from their false teachers. All that he wished to prove was, that the Jerusalem church had at length given its full sanction to a gospel untrammelled by any fetters,—to such a gospel as had from the first been communicated to the people of Galatia,—and for this he needed only to refer to the visit to Jerusalem preceding the composition of the epistle.

We have left ourselves but little space in which to state precisely our view of the composition and historical value of the book of Acts, and to offer the one or two suggestions we had intended towards a more impartial treatment of the subject than it has yet received. The materials for such a treatment of it are overwhelming in their abundance; but there is required some one who will handle them at the same time fearlessly and skilfully—some one who has no special theory to support, and who will accept such results as appear to have truth on their side, without regard to the school from which they proceed. While, on the one hand, the writers of the Tübingen school have perhaps allowed themselves sometimes to be carried into extravagances which, had they been less eager in the pursuit of one idea, they might have avoided; on the other, there can be little doubt that the critics of the present reactionary school of theology in Germany have committed the error of rejecting all the results which their opponents, by means of a criticism as searching as it is ingenious, have obtained. On the whole, it seems to us that the unhistorical character of the early chapters of the Acts is made out as clearly as any thing can be. But because the story of Ananias and Sapphira is a fable, it does not follow that the account of the council at Jerusalem must be equally so, any more

than it would be just to deny the correctness of Livy's history of the second Punic war, because it has been proved that his account of regal Rome is little better than a romance. It is our opinion that, while the events immediately following the resuscitation of Christianity are wrapped in impenetrable darkness, with the murder of Stephen and the appearance of Saul the sunny rays of genuine history begin to stream into our eyes. Clouds, however, here and there descend upon the scene, and once more involve certain portions of it in darkness; and though we may concede the fact of Paul having preached on the Areopagus, we cannot on that account guarantee the earthquake at Philippi. Nor, as before intimated, would we undervalue the importance of that remarkable phenomenon, the use of the "we," occurring for the first time in connection with Paul's first visit to Macedonia, nor deny that it assures us of the testimony of an eyewitness for some of the events recorded. Yet it is disappointing to find that these events, unless we except, as is perhaps possible, the noble farewell to the Ephesians, are just the least interesting; for assuredly we should rather have known on such authority what happened to Paul on his last visit to Jerusalem than that, on his journey thither, he went "with a straight course unto Coos, and the day following unto Rhodes, and from thence unto Patara." As to the discourses occurring in the work, we have already expressed our opinion, and we have now only to remark that the composition of speeches for the principal persons appearing on the scene formed a necessary part of historical composition in ancient times; and the historian of the primitive church would very naturally follow the precedent of Xenophon and Thucydides, with whose writings it is impossible he should have been wholly unacquainted. We should, however, expect each discourse to have grown out of some germ of reality, except when this may be excluded by other circumstances.

Another thing—and this is the last remark we can allow ourselves—which we consider established beyond all reasonable doubt by the Tübingen critics, is the existence of a design in the book of Acts to reconcile divergent lines of thought, and to give a modified representation of the opposition between the Jewish and Gentile Christians. Such a design, however, it ought not to be forgotten, might co-exist with truthfulness on the part of the historian, and, at least partially, with a trustworthy narrative of facts. We have no hesitation in thinking that some facts unfavourable to that view of the church which it was the writer's aim to put forward have been omitted, and that others have received a peculiar colouring, which imparted to them such a meaning as would tend to aid the design of the work. But there has probably been no further departure from

truth, for the sake of the design, than this. What, however, are we to say to those remarkable parallels between Peter and Paul which we have noticed at some length? We venture to propose the following explanation of the phenomenon: That two parties, one of which would claim Peter and the other Paul as its head, existed in the church from a very early period, is what no one denies. Now each of these two parties would naturally seize upon and retain in mind whatever facts or fictions would redound to the credit of its favourite apostle. A rivalry in this respect would spring up between the two. Each would be eager to match with some corresponding statement whatever was urged by the other in behalf of its own apostle's superiority. Thus the parallels between Peter and Paul found in the Acts might have come into existence spontaneously, and gradually worked themselves into the tradition of Christendom. The historian of the church, writing in the Pauline interest, and anxious not to be unjust to the opposite party, would follow tradition in setting down whatever he heard in regard to either of the chief actors in his narrative; and thus the existence of these parallels does not in the least compromise his historic fidelity, and may, indeed, have been but half present to his consciousness. On the authorship of the Acts we forbear at present to offer any opinion. We will only reiterate, in conclusion, our deep conviction that the highest interests of the Christian faith demand the freest spirit of historical criticism,—a criticism neither destructive nor apologetic in tone, but strictly and *impartially* directed to the minute examination of every apparent inconsistency, and the fullest consideration of the apparent bias of the historian.

Art. VII.—THE REFORM BILL: ITS REAL BEARING AND ULTIMATE RESULTS.

A Bill further to amend the Laws relating to the Representation of the People in England and Wales. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, March 1, 1860.

We have too long been ardent and earnest Reformers not to receive Lord John Russell's new Bill with grief, disappointment, and dismay. Year after year, Number after Number, when few other organs of public opinion cared to discuss a question about which the public was so utterly indifferent, we have endeavoured to bring the country to an adequate conception of the great work to be done, and the true means of doing

it at once with justice and with safety. With the most patient and anxious perseverance we have pointed out to half-shut eyes and scarcely-listening ears what was due alike to the existing constitution and to the working classes who sought entrance within its pale, though all the while conscious that our voice was as that of one crying in the wilderness. And now we are answered by a measure which we are compelled to characterise as simply the *vulgarest* ever proposed by a great minister to a great nation as the settlement of a great question. It is a measure based upon no principle, embodying no securities, affirming no rights, fixing no landmarks. It neither recognises the claim of *all* the working classes to the franchise, nor confers the franchise solely on the qualified among them. It does not even attempt at once to give them their fair share of electoral power, and to prevent that share from becoming unfair and preponderant. It admits in effect and by implication the claims of congregated *numbers*, but shrinks from conceding them in full. It simply, and by the speech of its author avowedly, endeavours by a mere anxious gaze at figures to do enough to satisfy radical demands without ostensibly destroying the existing system. It discards all new ideas, all variety of franchises, all security for the representation of minorities, though declaring that representation to be right and needful. In a word, its undisguised object is to shelve the question, not to settle it,—to dispose of its embarrassments by compromise, not by justice,—by giving to every man the half of what he asks, instead of the whole of what he ought to have. Yet we suppose it will pass; and a few considerations will explain the disreputable "reason why."

The present position of the Reform question is full of deep reproach to the morality of our public men, and of terrible augury for the future of our nation. The causes to which it must be traced, and the consequences which it must entail, are alike discreditable and disquieting. To state the case in the plainest possible form and the fewest possible words:—Parliament is preparing to pass a Bill of a clearly democratic tendency, though five-sixths of both Houses notoriously and in their hearts know it to be uncalled for, and believe it to be mischievous. They are about to do this, though conscious that it is a false step, and more especially that it is a step which cannot be retraced; and they are about to do it in avowed redemption of a pledge exacted by constituents, the great majority of whom regret that it was ever demanded or ever given, and who, as well as their representatives, make no secret of their sentiments on this head, "whenever reporters are shut out, and there is no occasion for humbug." With its heart heavy and its eyes open, in defiance of the traditions of the past, full of fears for the future, with the

most solemn notes of warning ringing in its ears, the country is on the point of embarking on a course of policy forced upon it by no pressing grievance, by no popular movement, by no necessity of circumstance, by no promptings of patriotism, by no convictions of conscience. The leading politicians who are going to consummate this great crime will, with scarcely an exception, agree to the truth of our representation; yet they show no symptoms of repentance or recoil:—knowing their course to be wrong, and fearing lest it may be fatal, they still proceed upon it with a cold and dogged resolution, simply because party feeling and party tactics have led them all into a false position, and because no one of sufficient eminence among them has the candour or the courage to recant his error and accept the humiliation of an honest penitence. A great and ancient nation, we believe in our souls, has rarely assisted at a guiltier or sadder spectacle.

It needed the combined action of much impolicy and of many weaknesses, of many unworthy motives, and of some unavoidable misfortunes, to bring us into so disastrous a dilemma. Nothing short of the unconscious conspiracy of three parties could have done so much; a party prepared to abandon its dignity, a party willing to abnegate its principles, and a party prompt to take advantage of the political weakness and the moral lapses of the two contending rivals. Let us cast a momentary glance backwards over the recent history of the question. In 1832, Sir Robert Peel gracefully and wisely accepted his defeat, and, as he said, adopted the Reform Bill as "the final settlement of a great constitutional question." So did the country which had demanded it. So did the Whigs who had carried it. All that was statesmanlike in Parliament was in a manner appalled at the greatness of the victory. All that was practical and progressive in the nation thought only of using the magnificent and ample means thus put into their hands. When a few extreme and discontented politicians,—discontented, as Frenchmen are, simply because their views were not paramount, and they themselves were not omnipotent,—ventured to hint at further changes and a new machine, Lord John Russell, speaking the sense and feeling of his whole party, was one of the first to put them down and to encounter their indignation by the utterance of the word "finality." But the outcry which the phrase and the sentiment aroused among Radicals and Chartists seemed to have staggered and dismayed a man whose peculiarity it has always been, that—*having no popular instinct*, but only a historical and aristocratic liberalism that for a while ran parallel with the people's wishes—he has never been able to distinguish between democratic clamour and public opinion.

This "popular fibre," as it has been well called, this innate sympathy with and comprehension of the feelings of the country, is about the most useful and necessary instinct a statesman can possess, whether in a free or a despotic nation; but it bears no invariable or natural ratio to the liberality or advanced character of his opinions. Many Conservatives have it strongly—some tyrants even—few Whigs. Louis Napoleon has it in unusual measure, and it is one of the great secrets of his power. Sir Robert Peel had it largely; so had Lord Chatham; so even had Pitt. Mr. Bright has it only scantily and partially; Lord John has it scarcely at all. Therefore it was that, feeling himself weak, and wishing to gain strength; wishing, above all, to rally to himself in the hard fight and the enfeebled condition in which his party then found itself, the extreme section to whom his blunders had given temporary influence and numbers; wishing also, perhaps, to retain or regain his former position as leader of all movements in the direction of organic reform,—he, *proprio motu*, and consulting no one, astounded his colleagues and disturbed the country by announcing in 1851 that in his opinion the time was come when it might be advisable to grant a further extension of the suffrage. To this rash and unwarrantable declaration — unwarrantable as being the act of a trusted general who, without the consent or knowledge of his co-mates and superiors in command, surrenders to the foe his most defensible and most indispensable position—must be attributed mainly all the subsequent agitation, and nearly all subsequent false moves. Is there any man now who, seeing the vast steps that have been taken in practical reforms and the removal of all real burdens, and the absence of any felt and assignable grievance, doubts that, but for this fatal declaration, a further reform would have been as remote and purely speculative a question as the abolition of the House of Lords?

A false step of this magnitude and this nature on the part of the leader necessarily entailed analogous errors on the part of his followers. At the subsequent elections adhesion to some further measure of Parliamentary Reform became inevitably, but inconsiderately, one of the stock professions made by candidates, and one of the stock pledges exacted by constituents. The word had been given by the commander-in-chief, and was naturally taken up by the rank and file. The constituents generally had thought little about the matter, and cared less; but it had been hastily taken up as one of the banners and watchwords of the Liberal party, and thenceforth Liberal candidates, on pain of being considered renegades and Tories, were obliged to profess themselves Reformers. If a few of the more reflective among them ventured to doubt the wisdom of this

resurrection of a buried strife, they were soon made aware that unless they repeated the Shibboleth of their faction there was no hope of their success. They therefore accepted the orthodox creed and echoed the orthodox cry. Moreover, as was natural, they felt little difficulty in doing so. They had always been Reformers: the possession of power by the Whigs was owing to the great victory they had gained over their antagonists on the question of Reform; the old flag, as a matter of old habit, still floated over their heads in processions and on hustings, still waved from the windows of their committee-rooms, still furnished allusions to round a period or to close a peroration; —how should they not still, whenever called upon, profess and fancy themselves Reformers? At least they knew that they were striving to be returned to Parliament in order to swell the ranks, support the policy, and maintain the supremacy of the chief who had just declared that he believed further measures of Reform to be desirable. We know how much we all (save the most thoughtful, and therefore the exceptional, few) are under the influence of old phrases, old notions, old war-cries, and the habit of facing old foes. Lord John said a year or two ago —amid the enthusiastic cheers of an inconsiderate audience, who fancied they were applauding a noble sentiment and an honourable constancy, and never gave a moment's reflection to the shallowness of the *thought* involved in the expression:—"I was a Reformer from my youth; I was a Reformer throughout my manhood; and now that I am old I am a Reformer still (*Vociferous cheering.*)" That is to say, "I was very hungry, and righteously so, before dinner; I had a splendid meal in 1832; and now that I have feasted I am just as hungry as before!" The platitude uttered by the leader was acted upon by his supporters throughout the country; and in this manner it was that every Liberal member of the House of Commons became pledged to a policy which, as discussion and reflection threw light upon the question, appeared every year both to him and to his educated constituents more and more questionable, and more and more perilous.

So much was the cause of organic change in a democratic direction damaged and discredited by the discussions which took place, both in and out of Parliament, on the Reform Bills of 1852 and 1854; so clearly was the artificial character of the popular demand brought out; so impossible did it appear either to lay hold on any serious grievance to be removed, or to agree on any sound or defensible principle on which a remedy could be applied; so strongly, moreover, had the influential tendencies of the national mind begun to flow in an opposite direction,—that the subject might have been surrendered or dropped out of life, had not

the Conservative party come forward with their especial contribution to the sad catalogue of blunders,—a contribution perhaps the guiltiest of all, because the most deliberately and consciously unnatural. If, when Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli came into office in 1857, they had boldly embraced a firm policy and adhered to their ancestral doctrines, instead of meanly abandoning both; if they had elected to remain opponents instead of becoming competitors; if they had been either farsighted in their policy, or firm in their convictions, or courageous in their integrity, and had refused to stoop to bid against their rivals in that ignoble auction, where the object was of such questionable worth, and the price so ruinously high,—then both our present dilemma and our menaced danger might, we conscientiously believe, have been staved off. But from the hour when they announced their intention of bowing to the popular demand, and becoming themselves Parliamentary Reformers, not only did the faith of men in public virtue receive a fatal stab, but the party of resistance to democratic pressure abnegated its functions, and declared itself defunct. Henceforward there was no Conservative party to rally round; the movement party became triumphant, not by defeating its opponents, but by absorbing them; antagonism was merged in scramble and in rivalship; and every thing became a question of time, manner, and degree. Had Lord Derby, on his accession to power, distinctly taken his stand—as in a permanent fortress, not a casual intrenchment, as a position in which he meant to live, and was prepared to die—on the ground of resistance to all attempts to democratise or Americanise our institutions, while proclaiming, not his willingness but, his *determination* to remove every real grievance, and to purify every rotten branch of administration,—his power by this time would have been gigantic, and perhaps even enduring. When all fear of being betrayed or abandoned had been set at rest by a bold front and a dignified and solemn manifesto, every political philosopher who had long trembled in silence, or warned and remonstrated in vain; every thorough and true-hearted Liberal, who loved his country too well to wish to see it assimilated either to America or France; every old Whig, who valued the hard-won settlement of 1832 too well to bear to see it undone and upset by the settlement of 1858; every educated and nearly balanced constituency, repentant for thoughtless demands, and anxious to escape the consequences of their thoughtlessness; and a great proportion of those who now form the moral, social, and intellectual weight of the so-called Liberal party, whose sincere liberalism is undoubted, but whose recoil from democracy is more than suspected,—would now have been the adherents or the colleagues of the Conservative leader. Thousands who fought

with Lord Grey in 1832 would have been fighting as zealously and as toughly for Lord Derby in 1860. We say it deliberately, and with much opportunity of judging, neither the Parliamentary Whigs nor the Parliamentary Tories have any adequate idea of the reaction in the political mind of the nation towards conservatism and against democracy,—a reaction which is silent and latent only because it has no camp to which to rally, and no leaders whom it can respect or trust.

With all these culpable blunders was combined a misfortune for which no one is to blame, but which yet is one of the most serious calamities which can befall a country, and one to which a constitutional country is specially and perpetually liable. *We have three parties instead of two.* The great rivals and competitors for office were so nearly balanced, that a decided victory was impossible to either without the assistance and adhesion of the third. This third party—insignificant in weight and numbers as compared with either of the others, incapacitated from forming an administration of its own by virtue of its unpopular character, of its narrow principles, of its social and intellectual deficiencies, as well as of its numerical weakness—was yet more actually powerful than either by virtue of its peculiar *arthritic* position. For in the political as in the mechanical world, the position held is often of far more consequence than the force applied. A child at the extremity of a lever can do more, can set in motion mightier masses and effect more terrible *bouleversements*, than a giant less favourably placed. At close divisions, as at contested elections, fifty men whose aid is indispensable to decide the victory, if only they have distinct aims and will hold together, become almost omnipotent, and of course quite dictatorial. They must be had; they can make their own terms; and they sell themselves to the highest bidder, *i. e.* to that party which will concede the largest amount of their demands, and abnegate the greatest proportion of its own principles in order to fraternise with theirs. But this is not the worst. These critically placed umpires do not always sell themselves to the same purchaser. On one occasion they drive a hard bargain with one of the rivals; on the next occasion they drive a still harder with the opposing party. And the more rapid the changes, the more frequent the crises and catastrophes, the richer is the harvest of concessions which they reap from the vehement desires and the infirm principles of the opposing candidates for power. Year by year, night by night, as Whig and Tory find themselves in severe exigencies, or in passionate excitement, the degrading process of sapping and dilapidation goes on apace; resolution after resolution is undermined, security after security is given up, entrenchment after entrenchment is abandoned, till

at length, when it is too late, Whig and Tory awake to the perception that there is scarcely an ancestral conviction they have not surrendered, and scarcely a point of the Radical creed which they have not embraced; and that, in order to obtain successive and alternating tenures of office, growing ever briefer, more precarious, more unserviceable, and more degrading, they have sacrificed both their character and their country to a party from whose principles and whose purposes they both alike, and almost equally, dissent. And all this because their convictions have no clearness, and their conscience has no courage.

Such are the various causes which have combined to bring the question of Parliamentary Reform into its present position. We have now to say, in as few words as possible, what that position is, and what its consequences are likely to be.

It is perhaps now too late for any thing but a solemn and melancholy warning of the real character and the inevitable issues of a *consummated* crime. For legislation on organic changes has this peculiarity about it,—that a step in the democratic direction, once made, can never be retraced; and that the distinct and deliberate proposal of such a step by one of the great parties in the state almost ensures its ultimate enactment. A concession cannot be recalled; a hope held out, like a promise made, cannot be withdrawn. The lowered franchise embodied in the Government Bill we shall therefore consider as already granted, and all its logical and inevitable results as already incurred. Now those results, we do not hesitate to say, consist of, or entail inevitably and soon, the transfer of the electoral power to the hands of the numerical majority of the people—as far at least as the borough representation is concerned.* The first Reform wrested the power from the hands of the rich and great, —aided in some places by the mob,—and placed it in the hands of the whole of the educated and middle classes; the second Reform Bill undoes the first, and wrests the power from the hands of the middle and upper classes to place it in the ranks below them.

We are not about to weary our readers with any detailed analysis or long calculations to justify this estimate of the nature and bearing of the Bill before us; two or three figures and two or three considerations will suffice.

1. In the first place, there are thirty-four boroughs, and these the largest in the kingdom after the metropolitan boroughs, in which the number of electors will be doubled, or

* We abstain from expressing any opinion as to the special operation of the 10*l.* county occupancy, as the data for coming to any reliable conclusion scarcely exist, or at least have not yet been digested.

more than doubled, by the new additions; that is to say, in which the voters dwelling in houses between 6*l.* and 10*l.* rental will equal or outnumber those dwelling in houses between 10*l.* and 500*l.* In these, of course, it needs no argument to show that the representation will be virtually in the hands of the lowest and poorest portion of the constituency.

2. The returns presented to Parliament by Lord John, as *pièces justificatives* appended to his Bill, give us in detail the number of houses of 6*l.*, 7*l.*, 8*l.*, 9*l.*, and 10*l.* rental; but they carefully abstain from communicating equally detailed and equally important information as to the houses of 15*l.*, 20*l.*, 25*l.*, 50*l.* rental, and so on.

However, by comparing these returns with one dated 1846-7, and analysed in Mr. Newmarch's invaluable *Electoral Statistics*, we have been able to construct the following table, which will, we believe, be found correct as far as the *proportion* of the several classes are concerned. The freemen, &c., mostly a very low class, number, according to Lord John's return, 30,649. The *household* electors, including those proposed to be added by the new bill, will be classed thus:

	£		£		
In virtue of houses of	6	and under	7 . . .	71,691	
„ „	7	„	8 . . .	56,961	
„ „	8	„	9 . . .	36,991	
„ „	9	„	10 . . .	31,410	
					197,053
„ „	10	„	15 . . .	126,577	
„ „	15	„	20 . . .	63,292	
„ „	20	„	25 . . .	41,275	
„ „	25	„	30 . . .	33,020	
„ „	30	„	40 . . .	42,650	
„ „	40	„	50 . . .	27,517	
„ „	50	„	70 . . .	30,268	
„ „	70	„	100 . . .	20,603	
	exceeding		100 . . .	27,517	
					412,719
					609,772

From this it is evident that *the new voters, added to the lowest division of the old ones,* and even without the aid of the freemen, will amount to more than a majority of the entire borough constituency. *The voters between 6l. and 15l. will be able at any time to outvote all the higher divisions united.*

3. Now what is this class to which, in conjunction with the class immediately above them (the 10*l.* to 15*l.* household-

ers), the preponderant electoral power is thus unquestionably transferred? Will it prove to be *bonâ fide* the labouring class? or the class of small shopkeepers and tradesmen? We believe that in the large manufacturing and metropolitan boroughs about one-half will be really working men, because we know that the rent usually paid by those men ranges, in those districts, from 6*l.* 10*s.* to 8*l.* a year. But even there the remaining half, and in all the smaller towns nearly the whole, of the addition will consist *of the lowest class of tradesmen;* a decidedly worse political element than the artisan class, both as regards independence, education, worth, and elevation of sentiment. Numbers of the better class of operatives, especially in the metropolitan districts, live in lodgings; and for these men, perhaps the most desirable of all, no door is opened to the franchise.

It is obvious therefore, we think, that we do not overstep the truth in characterising Lord John's Reform Bill as a measure which transfers the electoral preponderance, not, indeed, to the artisan class, but *to the lower classes of the community.* It matters little whether this transfer is made completely, and is made already, by the figure now fixed for the franchise qualification, or whether some small further reduction* is yet needed to round and consummate the work; inasmuch as such further reduction, if needed, is inevitably entailed by and must soon follow the present measure. Household suffrage is virtually, if not verbally, extorted on the one side and conceded on the other. No sincere man can for a moment deceive himself on this point. Household suffrage, avowedly enacted,—if combined, as it might have been, with counterbalancing securities, such as the representation of minorities, educational franchises, and cumulative votes,—might have been a wise and just measure, and not necessarily a democratic one; a 6*l.* rental is democracy pure and simple. A property qualification is a *principle;* a 10*l.* franchise (as roughly indicating a property qualification) is a *principle;* household suffrage is a *principle;* a 6*l.* rental is merely an *intrigue,* a shift, a compromise, and a stepping-stone. The former offer a position on which you can stand, an entrenchment behind which you may fight; the latter is nothing but an invisible and arbitrary line on a slippery inclined plane—a wall of snow which affords neither security nor shelter, and which the first heat of popular passion is certain to melt away. For ourselves, we would far rather have had household suffrage at once; it would have been more honest and more manly, and not one whit more noxious; and it would have afforded some guarantee against

* Or modification, such as the repeal of the rate-paying restriction, which is sure to follow very shortly.

any further measure. The completeness of the defeat would have ensured the termination of the weary and melancholy strife.*

It appears, then, that in the new electoral lists, the classes possessed of property and education are out-numbered in a decided proportion. No one can deny the fact; no one can be blind to the consequences. It is of no avail to argue that these consequences, though possible, will not ensue; that the working classes will not act together or vote in phalanx; that rank, property, and education will always have their due influence; and the like. This is merely to predict that those in whose hands you have placed preponderating power will not use it; that by bribery, cajolery, or contrivance, they may be cheated or persuaded into temporary and casual abnegation of it. The answer to these feeble representations is very short and very conclusive. It may be as you urge; we cannot tell: you may be able to sow discord in the ranks of the numerical majority; in ordinary times, by wealth, intrigue, electioneering skill, you may prevent their mastery over you from being complete or fatal; but you are never certain: you are trusting to their fitful forbearance, not to your own inherent and enduring strength; —and this much at least is indubitable, that the most exciting epochs, and the most momentous questions, will be precisely those in which the power you have given away will be most unquestionably, most unanimously, and most fatally used against you. It is when class interests are at issue that the class supremacy you have surrendered will be most triumphantly asserted to your discomfiture and ruin. The respect for talent, the deference to rank, the worship of guineas and of acres, are, we fully admit, still mighty in Great Britain; but there are passions and interests stronger even than these. And even were it not so, what is your plea? You do not deny that you have bartered away your preponderating power of self-government and self-defence; you are reduced to the ignominious hope, and the frail chance, that safety may still be found (to state the matter in all its naked coarseness and indecency) in the snobbism of the vulgar, and the corruptibility of the indigent and the mean.

Hitherto, in all the great conflicts remembered by ourselves or recorded in our history, interest may have been arrayed against interest, but class has never been arrayed against class. Progress has striven against reaction, dissent against orthodoxy, commerce against land; but in every strife, aristocracy, gentility, education, and property have been found ranged on both sides,

* Observe that Mr. Bright, in his speech on the second reading, declares that he only accepts this franchise as an *instalment*.

though not always in equal strength. Saints, sages, nobles, gentlemen, millionaires, have fought alike in either camp, and have hallowed the strife and moderated the fierceness of the combatants. We cannot hope that this will be so any longer. Hitherto—and in this has lain our safety—the divisions among us have been *vertical;* henceforth—and herein lies our deepest peril—they will be *horizontal.* England, as a political community, will be divided, not into *sections,* but into *layers.*

It cannot be alleged that what we have done, we have done blindly, hastily, or on compulsion. As was said of Cæsar, "We have come with sobriety to the ruin of our country." The experiment we are about to try—an experiment, be it remembered, from which, however signal and terrible may be its failure, there can be no recession—is no new one, nor are we the first experimenters. Democratic institutions have been often claimed, often won, often welcomed, often repudiated, often cancelled and replaced. History is full of their career—their conquests and their issues. In adopting them we are acting in defiance of the plainest and the loudest warnings, both from the present and the past. The past we need not refer to; but France and America may vouch for the lessons of the present; and our own country may contribute its suggestions of caution also. To those who envy the unquiet and silent prostration of France, or who admire the turbulent vigour of the United States, of course every thing we say on this head will seem irrelevant and futile declamation. But for those who, like the vast majority of the educated among our countrymen, shrink from the prospect of similarity to either, never was handwriting on the wall so legible or so appalling. Look first at France. No one can fail to recognise the intimate connection between her condition and her franchise. It is the connection of effect with cause. For seventy years,—with the exception of the period of peace and progress from 1815 to 1848,—whenever she has really enjoyed any suffrage at all, it has been universal suffrage. To universal suffrage she owed, directly or indirectly, the constitution of 1791, the horrors and the terror of 1793, the iron empire and the desolating wars of the first Napoleon. To it she owes also the actual extinction of liberty, and the election of her present despot. Here as elsewhere, now as always, universal suffrage is the best ally and the handiest tool of modern despotism. It ignores, suppresses, and reduces to utter political impotence and silence the middle and upper classes—the education, the chivalry, the liberal intelligence, the commercial enterprise of the nation. At least it has done thus in France; and so, in the precise measure of the completeness of its victory, must it do in every land where it prevails. But the case of our neighbours

across the Channel is peculiarly apt and instructive; for they march in the same grade of civilisation, and formerly enjoyed nearly the same institutions as ourselves. Yet now the government is strong, and seems to be stable, because, partly by playing on their ignorance, partly by occupying their time, partly by fostering their immediate interests, partly by flattering their passions and their prejudices, and partly by borrowing their savings at a high rate, it has secured the votes and good wishes of the vast numerical majority, who are utterly unable to form an opinion of its character and policy; while almost the whole of the educated classes,—all that is eminent for science, literature, rank, social influence, or political ability; every one that has a European or even a national reputation; every one that is respected and admired; *every thing, in short, representing or corresponding to those classes which have hitherto wielded influence and conducted the government in England*,—stands aloof in helpless disapproval, or has been forced into avowed hostility, or is ruthlessly trampled under foot. Do we doubt that universal suffrage—the supremacy of the numerical majority—has produced and sustains this state of things abroad? Do we desire,—I address those classes who have hitherto wielded power with us, and who are now about to toss it away,—are we prepared, to bring about a similar state of things at home? If not, why are we about to enact a *cause* of which we dread and deprecate the certain *consequence*.

We may be told, it is true, that we have safeguards and barriers against such a result which France had not. We have an hereditary aristocracy, wealthy, proud, and powerful. We have a House of Lords. But had France no mighty hereditary *noblesse?* Had she no Upper Chamber? Was not the first operation of the democratic victory of 1789 to abolish the ancient nobility, root and branch? And was not one of the earliest operations of the democratic victory of 1830 to abolish the restored hereditary peerage, and to make the Chamber of Peers an elective body? We have a House of Lords. True; but how long could that House subsist side by side with a House of Commons elected by the masses, and deeply imbued with all their class prejudices, and all their impatience of restraint and opposition? How long could even *our* peers resist the will of a body of representatives chosen by men taught to regard "hereditary legislators" as an anomaly, an absurdity, and an oppression? It is obvious, however, that our governing classes have persuaded themselves that the lowered franchise which they are conceding, and the further one which that concession will entail, will not result in the *bonâ-fide* election of the House of Commons by the numerical majority of the people,

or they would not doubt the consequences we have pointed out. But whence they derive their confidence we are wholly at a loss to conceive.

The case of America is even more instructive. There, though by a somewhat different mode, the operation of a low suffrage has brought about a precisely similar result,—the supremacy of the numerical majority, and the virtual suppression—the reduction, that is, to complete political impotence—of the more wealthy and cultivated classes. In America, however, they still retain, what France has lost, a free press. Yet scarcely free, for some degree of the control and censorship which in France is exercised by the government, in the United States is exercised by the mob. On that side of the Atlantic, as on this, journals are often "warned," and sometimes "suppressed." In America too,—and this renders the lesson peculiarly appropriate to our country,—the virtually universal suffrage which now prevails has been reached only by slow degrees. We showed this in some detail in an earlier Number of this periodical. The people,—jealous of superiority and privilege, however well deserved, because superiority and privilege are negations of that flat level which is the idol of democracy; greedy of power, as they always are when once they have tasted its sweetness and revelled in its fruits, and possessing enough to enable them to command more,—step by step, in one province after another, swept away all the restrictions upon the universality of the suffrage which the wisdom of older generations had imposed, till the will of the populace reigns every where supreme. The example of that great country — great in its powers and its progress, not great, alas, in its political aims or its moral standard—teaches another lesson more sad and more deterring still, which the France of 1848, indeed, had faintly foreshadowed in advance. Even the electoral supremacy of the numerical majority, though triumphant and unquestioned, is not found sufficient to satisfy an appetite which, like most unsanctioned ones, grows by what it feeds upon. It is not enough for the masses that they return the representatives who make the laws, and elect the judges who administer them; they must also arrogate to themselves the right—not as a whole people, but as separate sections, and casual combinations even—of trampling on those laws and defying those administrators, whenever they thwart the tyrannic passions or the base interests of the hour. The Parisian National Guard in 1848 insisted that they should be led against the National Assembly just elected by the universal suffrage of all France, in case it demurred to the proclamation of a republic. In New York, a quarantine establishment, strong in prior possession and in legal right, is destroyed

by fire, because the inhabitants of the quarter choose to vote it a nuisance. At Albany, claims of long standing and undoubted justice, repeatedly confirmed by the tribunals, are repudiated and set at naught, because the tenants are tired of paying rent, and the tenants are the numerical majority. If a newspaper supports an unpopular doctrine, the office is stormed and the types smashed; and though the law condemns the rioters, no tribunal punishes them. If a citizen holds his own opinion and promulgates it too boldly, his fellow-citizens, if in a majority, not content with outvoting him at the hustings, mob him in the streets, lynch him in the woods, or beat him to pieces in the senate. Of course these illogical and lawless outrages are not likely to take place here; they are rare even there, though daily becoming commoner; but they are unmistakable and valuable intimations of a rock ahead, though as yet dim in the distance and for the present covered by the waves.

Many persons who vote for this transfer of power to the democratic majority—fancying that it is inevitable, and endeavouring to persuade themselves that it is right—find a flattering unction to lay to their souls in two sanguine expectations, or rather in two faint hopes. In the first place, they say, "The heart of the British people is still sound; the working classes, agricultural and manufacturing, are as a body sensible in their notions, right in their principles, and kindly in their feelings; they are in the main and at bottom attached to their old institutions and their natural chiefs." In the second place, it is argued, "Oh, the masses are busy; their time and strength are spent in providing for their daily wants; the interest they take in politics is rare, intermittent, and confined to comparatively few; they will seldom interfere; and the effect which you anticipate from the virtual supremacy which is about to be conferred upon them, though theoretically possible, will practically turn out to be very small." We fully admit both premises; we utterly deny the inference which is drawn from them. In ordinary times, and as a general rule, the masses, *when let alone*, care little for political questions, and are little disposed to take a part in the barren and uninteresting strife; though year by year penny papers and frequent elections are impairing this salutary indifference. As yet too, and as a whole, the people, *when not misled and inflamed*, are rational, kindly, and subordinate; though this representation also is unhappily becoming rapidly less true. But who, that has either observed the present or can read the past, believes that the masses *will* be let alone, or will *not* be diligently inflamed and strenuously misled? Who is simple enough to fancy that Chartist demagogues or tribunes

of the people demand the suffrage for the uneducated peasant or the excitable artisan, with the slightest idea of leaving them to form their own opinions, or to exercise their own vote? Who that has watched in any country or in any form the operation of low franchises, can expect that such liberty or such individuality is in the least contemplated, or would for one moment be allowed? Do the electioneerers in America, or the leaders and delegates of trades-unions at home, or the demagogues in either country, leave operatives to themselves, or sanction personal free action, or ask them to think and judge for themselves, or furnish them with fair and adequate means of doing so? What reason can we find, in our knowledge of human nature or our cognisance of ordinary human action, for expecting that a power so vast, and so easy to be swayed, will be suffered to lie idle? Will not the masses be dragged and driven to the poll by self-elected tribunes and committees, as heretofore by oppressive landlords—only on a greater scale, and with more relentless severity? Who are those at popular and municipal elections, both here and in the United States, who habitually vote, and who are those who constantly abstain? Is it not the poor who go to the poll, and the rich and educated who stay away? And for the simple reason, not that the poor are interested and the rich indifferent, for the very reverse is notoriously the case; but that the poor can be driven to the poll, and that the rich cannot? In truth, our strongest objection to household or universal suffrage arises from the reflection that in conferring votes on the ignorant and the poor, you are conferring them, not on them, but on others who will take the guidance of them; who will tell them how they are to vote, and will watch how they do vote; who, in fact, will hold their proxies as the directors of railway companies do those of absent and ignorant shareholders,—only far more absolutely and far more permanently.

The recent disclosures respecting the working of trades-unions, with their committees of delegates, and their secret tribunals, and irresponsible, and sometimes unknown, leaders, ought to have enlightened us on these heads. They have shown us that even where his own immediate interests, and the subsistence of himself and his family, are at stake, the workman has not the moral courage or the power of individual self-assertion to enable him to act for himself or to go against his fellows, though his opinion is strong and his suffering enormous. He does what he is bid, though he knows it to be wrong, thinks it to be foolish, and believes it will be fatal. How can we expect that he will show more strength of will or more individual independence in cases where he has no opinion at all, or only a very faint one, and where his own interests are in-

volved only remotely, or not at all? It may be very true—it doubtless will be so—that he takes no interest in most elections; that it is a bore to him to vote,—perhaps the loss of a day's wages,—and that he would much rather let it alone; but he is in the hands of an organisation whose fiat he must obey. Rich men and free men grow weary of rushing to the poll, honest men and thoughtful men grow sick of it; but in all popular constitutions, where ultimate and potential supremacy lies with the numerical majority, there will always be a class of professional electioneerers who are never weary and never sick, for the plain reason that electioneering is their trade, and the business by which they live; who dislike it as little as attorneys dislike the petty jobs which are their daily bread, or dentists the dirty work which brings gold into their coffers. These electioneerers are, as we all know, about the greatest scourges and nuisances that belong to free institutions; they are usually men to whom regular and profitable labour is instinctively repellent, to whom a condition of social peace and content is a sentence of obscurity, who are unscrupulous as to the falsehoods they promulgate, and unrelenting as to the tyranny they exercise; *yet they are undeniably and inevitably the men on whom you are about in* REALITY *to confer that virtual political supremacy which* NOMINALLY AND OSTENSIBLY *you give to the numerical majority of the people.* Your 6*l.* rental (immediately or by what it will entail) will give electoral power, and almost certainly electoral preponderance, not to the frugal and sober-minded labourer who has no bad passions and no insane desires, nor to the intelligent artisan of cities, who may often see as clearly and feel as heartily on political questions as his employer,—not even (we warn the Radical chiefs) to Mr. Bright or Mr. Cobden,—but to Mr. George Potter, to Mr. Ernest Jones, to Mr. John Mitchell, to Mr. Henry Spurgeon.

Let us now state, without exaggeration, and with judicial calmness, the consequences which we believe are to be apprehended, on the most sober estimate, from the menaced democratising of our legislature. What we fear is not revolution nor confiscation, but immediate deterioration and ultimate degradation. Traditions are too strong, habits too deep-rooted, respect for the actual and the ancient still too general, to make us dread any sudden subversion of our mixed constitution or our ordinary administrative routine. We do not expect that the sovereign will be voted away into a president—not, at least, unless the advent of another George IV. should disgust all rational and decent people with the very name of an institution under which such an anomalous apparition could exist. Loyalty, deference

to rank and antiquity, love of what is tranquil and established, will probably maintain monarchy in these islands as long as it deserves to be maintained. The House of Lords will have a more precarious existence; the leading demagogue of our day has declared war against it, and has pronounced it to be doomed and indefensible. Its collisions with a democratic House of Commons will be incessant and inevitable; frequent defeats will impair its strength; frequent concessions will confess its weakness; frequent compromises will destroy its dignity;—a policy of yielding will reduce it to insignificance; a policy of resistance can scarcely terminate otherwise than in its abolition. Its extinction may be indefinitely postponed; but the undermining and impairment which will pave the way for that extinction are certain to begin at once. Thus the constitution will not be subverted, but it will be sapped. The other powers of the state will become more and more subordinate to the House of Commons; the House of Commons will become more and more subservient to its constituents; representation will give way to delegation—a process already begun, a tendency unmistakably on the increase.

Nor do we dread any flagrant assault on the rights of property, or any distinct act of confiscation. The sense of justice is still too prevalent among us to permit of any thing of this sort *ostensibly* or *soon;* the holders of property are too many; the love of property is too strong and too tenacious. The burdens of the state may be shifted more and more upon real property, as power is more and more removed from it; accumulation may be discouraged, and subdivision fostered, by indirect enactment; but further or faster than this we shall not go *yet.* What we *do* fear is a gradual deterioration of our policy, and a steady degradation of our national life, in obedience to the exigencies of low aims and shallow understandings, till all that is dignified and far-seeing has been eliminated from the one, and all that is chivalric, noble, and high-minded has died out of the other. We dread too, more than we can say, the prospect of a loss sad, inevitable, and irredeemable—the loss of our national reputation and our ancestral fame. NATIONAL CHARACTER—as displayed to the world, and as recorded in history at least—depends on the mental, moral, and social qualities of *that class in the nation that is uppermost*—that directs the government, that decides the policy, that gives the tone,—in a word, that *represents* the nation in the eyes of other nations. This "national character," therefore, obviously may be altogether changed, without any corresponding alteration in the qualities or nature of any individuals or sections of the nation, by the mere fact of a different class coming to the surface and assuming the com-

mand. France and America have offered signal and sad examples of such change. We should be loth to believe that the *noblesse* of France, or the gentlemen of America, or the real high-class statesmen of either country, have degenerated in the last seventy years to the extent indicated by a comparison between their rulers *then* and *now*. Probably the pure and educated aristocracy of France can produce men as polished, as generous, and as able as the Turgots, the Lafayettes, and the Montmorencys of a former day; indeed, we know they can, and need go no further than the names of Montalembert, Tocqueville, and De Broglie, to prove it. But that old and cultivated *noblesse* which governed and represented France formerly, represent and govern it no longer; their supremacy has long ago been transferred to a lower class and an altogether different race: the *Gauls* have succeeded the *Franks* upon the surface; and inevitably, though in part unjustly, we judge of and feel towards France accordingly. For foreign countries, the class which decides the national policy and conducts the national communications is virtually the nation. In like manner we believe, and we know, that the higher ranks of American society contain men worthy to take their place as specimens and statesmen beside Washington and Hamilton; but they are thrown into obscurity, and can no longer speak for or direct their countrymen. We see no reason to suppose that the lower classes of Americans are much more ruffianly, quarrelsome, encroaching, and dishonest now than in the days of Washington; but they were insignificant and unseen then, and they are uppermost and all-powerful now. It is they with whom we have to treat; it is they whose insults and whose piracies we have to resent or to endure; it is they who speak in the name of a powerful nation, who give a vulgar tone to its diplomacy, and a downward direction to its policy; it is from them, therefore, as an inevitable consequence, that we are compelled to form our impression of the PEOPLE, whom in truth, perhaps, they injure, dishonour, and malign. The same will be the case with ourselves. England embodied in Mr. Edwin James, and represented by Mr. John Bright, will hold a very different position in the great commonwealth of nations from that assigned to the England of which Lord Althorp was the *résumé*, and of which Mr. Canning was the spokesman.

But, to escape from generalities, which, however just, are seldom impressive or instructive, let us specify very briefly what are the principal changes for the worse which we apprehend from the preponderance of the democratic element in our constitution. How will it affect our policy on fiscal questions, on

religious matters, on the conduct of our foreign relations, and on our domestic administration and legislation generally?

I. The history of democratic states, and the language of our democratic leaders, afford pretty plain indications of the ideas and practices which are likely to prevail in reference to taxation and expenditure. Mr. Bright, to be sure, sees fit to anticipate a reign of strict economy, and rigid and regular control over the public expenditure. But Mr. Bright, we know, reads little history, and has a singular faculty of shutting his eyes to every thing going on around him which it does not suit his theory to see. But others, whose vision is less limited or less oblique, are well aware that, whatever be the other virtues of democracies, economy in the outlay of public money is not among them. It is true they are often fitfully and mischievously parsimonious, but never systematically sparing. They often cut down salaries and starve departments, but they seldom reduce the number of *employés*, or very resolutely insist upon value received. They pinch occasionally, but they job habitually. In no country is the public expenditure, municipal, state, and federal, more completely under popular control than in the United States. Yet in no country, as we are now beginning to understand, are jobs perpetrated of so shameless a character, or on so magnificent a scale; in no country is expenditure so wasteful, and, as a rule, so unchecked. The reason is very simple, and is one which must operate every where as certainly as in America. The demagogues and their immediate supporters can profit incalculably more by the jobs they transact and connive at than they could do by their share of any relief afforded to the general taxpayer; yet, being the practical rulers, no one can effectually thwart them, or dare to unmask and denounce them; public indignation does not blast them, and their private consciences do not withhold them. The tone of public morality being low, and opinion therefore virtually inoperative, it is easy to give a majority of the legislature solid reasons for permitting a profitable peculation. Fifty or a hundred men have a personal and pecuniary interest in doing the job; no one has any thing beyond a philanthropic or a conscientious interest in opposing it. Working men have constantly a direct interest in promoting a lavish expenditure, especially where rich men can be made to pay a large portion of the taxes. Hence wherever working men return the representatives, the expenditure will be lavish. The extent to which this logic operates in the United States is now notorious, and authentic and official documents without number are extant to prove it. In France, the expenditure during the corrupt reign of Louis Philippe was held to be scandalously profuse; that under the present Emperor has far exceeded it; but

the expenditure under the short life of the republic of 1848 surpassed both. In our own country, it is nearly always the Government which desires to control, and the popular demand which strives to increase the public outlay; except, indeed, when, after a fit of wasteful extravagance, the usual reaction seizes on the nation, and drives it to a fit of still more wasteful parsimony. Ever prompt to spend treasure, ever slow to collect revenue; hating economy, yet shrinking from taxation; recklessly lax in ordering the article, disgracefully averse to paying the bill,—a democratic body is the very last from whom the inauguration of a dignified, consistent, and sparing fiscal policy can be expected.

Of the principles of taxation which would prevail in a legislature such as Mr. Bright would substitute for the present House of Commons, he has happily left us in no doubt. He would lay nearly the whole of the public burdens on the possessors of accumulated property so invested that it could be caught. He would abolish the income-tax, because it touches himself and his fellow-traders; and he would abolish the customs and excise duties, because they are the only ones which can be made to reach those labouring constituents whom he wishes to endow with supremacy and hopes to lead after his fancy. But when his ideal House of Commons is obtained, it is by no means certain that it will adopt his ideal budget. It will soon discover that Schedule D., especially when confined to the larger class of incomes, is a most just as well as a most productive tax; it will denounce capitalists, as he has denounced landowners, as bloodsuckers who fatten on the plunder of the poor; and, with a consistency which he might envy, but with a logic which he will scarcely like, it will carry into practice more thoroughly than he expected the grand and simple ideal which he has painted before the people's eyes—of "a social state in which the rich shall pay all the taxes, and the poor shall wield all the power." Who can for one moment doubt that the fiscal policy of a democratic legislature would soon issue in a profuse expenditure and a niggardly taxation—in an abolition of the indirect imposts which reach labour, and an augmentation of the direct ones which attack capital; and, when this process could be carried no further, in an annual deficit, to be covered by an annual loan—perhaps, as in France, a loan to bear a high interest, and to be adapted to small savings?

II. We do not believe that in religious matters the working classes are more narrow-minded or more intolerant than the middle classes, or at least than that lower section of the middle class which is already possessed of the franchise. On the contrary, we incline to think that the intelligence of some and the

indifference of others, among both peasants and artisans, afford a considerable safeguard against any sporadic tendency towards fanatical legislation on their part. There can be no doubt that the middle ranks of large towns—the sober thriving tradesmen, the orthodox Dissenters, Baptists, Methodists, and Independents —constitute the stronghold of bigotry and sabbatarianism. It is among these men that dread of free-thinking, hatred of searching exegetical inquiry, hankering after the sweet sanctities of religious persecution, and one-sided reading of the rights of conscience, still linger and most flourish. From time to time they have given us startling warnings of what they would do were their power equal to their will. But, though able to influence to a great degree the elections in populous boroughs, and to warp or dictate the conduct and language in parliament of the representatives of such places, they have hitherto been controlled and neutralised by the absence of allies among the lower classes, and by the almost universal, steady, and quiet opposition of the upper ranks, and the higher intelligences of the land. The peasants of the rural districts have been too stolid to respond to their excitements, and the operatives of the towns had no votes that could be made available; so that there existed a sufficient preponderance of electoral power among the votaries of religious moderation and mental freedom to prevent that fanaticism, which is always latent and smouldering, from ever making head, and reducing England to the oppressive bigotry of Scotland. But we cannot but feel that this rational ascendency will be in imminent danger from the day when that more decorous and pious portion of the ignorant poor which the Methodists can easily lay hold of are endowed with votes which the minister and the demagogue will share between them, and when the multiplication of large boroughs shall have increased enormously the number of representatives under their influence. The superior classes and the better education of England are at present more than a match for the unsupported bigotry of the ten-pounders, with perhaps 70 or 100 members at their command; will they continue to be so when these middle-class constituencies are reinforced by electors yet more ignorant, if not more narrow than themselves, and when the number of representatives they can return is raised to 150 or 200? This is a serious question, and one that raises grave fears in our minds; for we know how mighty and undying is the spirit of religious dictation and the liability to religious excitement; and, with a widely extended popular constituency, we should be always oscillating between the perils of an outbreak of sabbatarian rigour on the one side, or of "No Popery" fury on the other.

III. The foreign policy of a great nation ought to be gene-

rous, unmeddlesome, firm, and persistent. These qualities alone can give it dignity, influence, security, and peace. Are these qualities likely to distinguish a policy of which the democratic element determines the direction, and to which it gives the tone? What do observation and reflection indicate on this head, and what are the lessons we learn from history? The democracy has many noble and some estimable attributes. It is often generous, always enterprising and courageous; but, alas, always impulsive, and almost never steady and enduring. Its sympathies are easily aroused, and generally on the side of humanity and justice; but it is prone to exaggerate and misconceive the *right* of interference, and it seldom sits down to calculate the *cost*. Its susceptibilities are quick and eager; it is prompt to fancy affronts, and keen to avenge them; it is not apt at the soft answer that turneth away wrath; and it is more alive to passion than to policy. But it soon grows weary of the quarrels into which it has been hurried by generous sentiment or by touchy pride; the feeling languishes and dies away, the irritation subsides or is forgotten; the obligations incurred, and the struggle entered upon, become onerous and hateful if unexpectedly prolonged; and the quarrel is patched up as hastily as it was commenced, with little regard either for national dignity or allied interests and claims. Foreign policy especially demands foresight, caution, and a distinct and consistent aim; and these are alien from the very nature of an unphilosophic and untrained democracy. Democracies too are usually encroaching, and always warlike. The morality which rigidly respects the rights and property of other states is not easily taught to uncultivated masses, whose appetite is insatiable, and whose power is great. Was republican France pacific, self-controlled, or unambitious? Are the United States models of tranquillity, good neighbourhood, and absence from unruly territorial desires? Is not their whole brief history one continued violation of the tenth commandment, breaking out from time to time into violation of the sixth? Does our own country give us the least reason to believe that it has been or will be an exception? Is there the slightest foundation for Mr. Bright's assertion, that wars are got up by the aristocracy? Who compelled the Spanish war, against which Walpole protested so vehemently and so vainly? Was not the great body of the English people as enthusiastic in favour of the French wars as Pitt himself, and, for a while, even as resolute? What must be said about the Russian war? Is it not notorious that our rulers used every effort to avoid that fearful strife, and that it was forced *by* the people on a reluctant and indifferent aristocracy? The explanatory truth is obvious enough, viz. that war, for a while at least, and in prospect, is attractive to the pas-

sions and the fancies of the *natural man:* it is only thought and self-restraint that make us shrink from it; and thought and self-restraint are never the characteristics of democracy. Nations are propelled towards war by sympathy, by anger, by ambition; they are withheld from war by foresight of the consequences, by calculation of the cost, by experience of the past, by conscientious sensitiveness to the folly and the crime:—which motives are most prevalent and most powerful among the uneducated, the *unpropertied,* and the impulsive?

IV. Lastly, what are our prospects in reference to domestic legislation from an assembly chosen by an electoral body in which the labouring classes are predominant? In the first place, the masses are not fond of abdicating power when they have once tasted its sweets; they will choose to retain a very firm hold on those whom they elect; they will insist upon their members yielding a strict and frequent account of their stewardship; they will call upon them (as already they have often done) to resign whenever they may differ from their constituents, or from the active and noisy section of them; they will transform and degrade representation into delegation, and make the House of Commons, not the embodiment of the permanent and sober wishes and opinions of the people, but the mirror of the transient passions and prejudices of the populace. In the next place,—and we entreat our readers to lay this well to heart,—the only safe foundation and guide for domestic legislation or executive action is *sound principles of political economy.* How far is this science understood, and how far do these principles prevail among the working classes, or those who are their leaders and will probably be their nominees? How far are they disposed to listen to those who would enlighten them on these matters? How far have they mastered even those points most immediately bearing on their own interests, and most easily within their cognisance? Let the doctrines and the practice of trades-unions and the Builders' strike answer the question. Political economy is a difficult subject. It requires exact knowledge and close logic. It is no reproach to the masses that they do not thoroughly understand it. But it would be a reproach to them to wield power, or to direct legislation, without thoroughly understanding it. And it is simply wicked in their tribunes and their flatterers to persuade them that they can conscientiously or safely dispense with understanding it. Now, on the economic questions which most specially concern the working classes, and on which their prosperity depends, they are as yet, and have always been, utterly astray,—and their leaders have for the most part endeavoured to keep them so. On the questions of a free commercial policy, of wages being left to find their own

level, on the necessity of accumulated capital, on the laws which regulate the division of profits between capital and labour, on the unexceptional and inviolable character of the law of supply and demand, as applied to population as well as to bread, and on others of nearly equal significance, the working classes have not yet grasped even the alphabet of the true faith. It was not by them, but in spite of them, that freedom of commerce was achieved. It was not by them, but in spite of them,—or at least without them,—that the corn-laws were repealed. *Regulation* in their interests, not *liberty* for the operation of natural laws, is their notion of the right system. Wherever they have their own way, their proceedings are marked by a reckless violation of the free action and disregard for the just rights of their fellow-man. The ideas of shorter hours of labour and a minimum of wages, liberty of combination to the men, prohibition of combination to the masters, and all to be fixed by parliamentary enactment, are still uppermost in their creed. And, most assuredly, a rapid retrogression towards those fallacies which Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden were so mainly instrumental in exploding, would be the inevitable result of a legislature chosen under the auspices which Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden seem now so anxious to establish.

In conclusion. It is impossible to guard ourselves against wilful misrepresentation; but we are desirous of adding a few words in order to preclude the possibility of sincere or hasty misconception. It must not be supposed that, because we denounce the proposed changes in our representative system, we would desire to see it remain unchanged. Our disapproval of what *is to be* involves no satisfaction with what *is*. So far from this, we have always declared that the exclusion of the working classes from a fair and substantive participation in the franchise is a blot upon the system,—an imperfection, an impolicy, and an injustice. We have always advocated, and we now strongly urge, such participation, not as a concession that should be made to those classes, but as an improvement which is needed in our constitution. We would introduce it, not in deference to popular demands, but as the dictate of political wisdom. But on the same principles, in obedience to which we counsel the *extension* of electoral power, do we demur to the *transfer* of electoral power to those classes. It is in the name of THE NATION that we resist and repudiate the undue claims of one single section and element of the nation. It is because we abhor all *class-legislation* that we withstand the most flagrant piece of class-legislation ever attempted in our islands. The ground on which we take our stand is no temporary or local one. Our principle will apply equally to all lands and to all times. We shall never have oc-

casion to swerve from it or to modify it. Under no circumstances, after the lapse of no centuries of years or of decades, notwithstanding any progress in civilisation and any spread of education, we shall always—as stoutly as at present—deny the claim of the mere numerical majority to reign supreme. So long as the labouring classes remain more numerous than any other class, or than all other classes put together, so long must their very numbers bar their claim to a nominally equal, but a virtually overwhelming, franchise. So long as they are *less* cultivated, *less* intelligent, *less* well-trained, *less* endowed with moral courage and individual will, than the classes who are endowed with wealth, leisure, and the habits and means of study and self-improvement, — and *however* intelligent, *however* educated, *however* improved in culture and in training they may in time become, this *relative* inferiority, so far as we can look into our human future, can never cease,—so long will any system of suffrage, universal or quasi-universal, which gives to them an electoral preponderance, be an indefensible blunder and anomaly, of which the folly can only be equalled by the obvious injustice and the certain mischief.

Art. VIII.—CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

The History of Japan, giving an Account of the ancient and present state of that Empire, &c. &c. Written in High Dutch by Engelbertus Kämpfer, M.D., Physician to the Dutch Embassy to the Emperor's Court; and translated from the original manuscript, never before printed, by J. G. Scheuchzer, F.R.S., and a Member of the College of Physicians, London. London, 1727.

Histoire et Description général du Japon. Par le Père de Charlevoix, de la Compagnie de Jésus. Paris, 1736.

Nippon: Archiv zur Beschreibung von Japan, &c. P. F. von Siebold. Leyden, 1832-51.

Narrative of Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan. By Laurence Oliphant, Private Secretary to Lord Elgin. Edinburgh and London, 1859.

If there were never-failing truth in the trite saying, that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church,* Protestantism would at this day be dominant in Spain, and Catholicism would be the established religion of the Japanese. That, secretly, there linger among the latter some hereditary aspirations after the creed which was once embraced by thousands of their coun-

* "Semen est sanguis Christianorum" are Tertullian's words.

trymen we are strongly inclined to believe; but, to all outward appearance, persecution has thoroughly triumphed in Japan. Elsewhere the "children" have built the monuments of the prophets whom the "fathers" slew. But in Japan there are no such signs of admiring or regretful memory. Not a trace is left of schools, colleges, monasteries, and churches, which once studded the face of the country; and, but for the books of foreigners, no reader could learn that Christianity had ever secured a single native disciple. As will appear in the sequel of this Article, the Japanese Annals just barely advert to circumstances which have scarcely their parallel in the records of missionary enterprise. Contemporaneously with the Catholic faith the Portuguese introduced tobacco and gunpowder into Japan. Tobacco-smoking has long been universal, among both sexes, throughout the empire: portraits are preserved of the adventurers Pinto and Zeimoto, from whom the islanders gained their first knowledge of the existence and use of fire-arms; but Christianity is spoken of by native gentlemen as "a transitory and forgotten evil;" and the only custom from which we might infer that it had ever taken root in Japanese soil is the annual ceremony of trampling on the cross:

"On the 22d of February (1776) the horrid ceremony was performed of trampling on such images as represent the cross, and the Virgin Mary with the Child. This ceremony is performed for the purpose of imprinting on every one an abhorrence of the Christian doctrine, and of the Portuguese who attempted to propagate that doctrine, and at the same time to discover whether any remains of it be yet left in any Japanese. The trampling is performed in such places as were formerly most frequented by the Christians. In the town of Nagasaki it continues for four days, after which period the images are carried to the adjacent places, and at last are laid by till the following year. Every one, except the governor and his train, even the smallest child, is obliged to be present; but that the Dutch, as some have been pleased to insinuate, are obliged to trample on these images is not true. At every place overseers are present, who assemble the people by rotation in certain houses, calling over every one by his name in due order, and seeing that every thing is duly performed. Adults walk over the images from one side to the other, and children in arms are put with their feet on them." *Thunberg*, iii. 89.

But while this inquisitorial usage supplies the only direct indications which would lead us to conclude that the cross had once been a revered symbol in Japan, the whole internal and external policy of the empire is dominated by antipathy to Christianity. The espionage, which has enclosed in its subtle web each individual—emperor and serf alike—in a population amounting to some forty millions, originated in the recoil

from Catholicism; and it was wholly owing to the suspicions, justly or unjustly, aroused by the teachings and institutions of western men, that Japan shut herself up from the comity of nations, banished all strangers from her shores, saving a few Dutch and Chinese who were permitted to remain, at her gates, amid most humiliating conditions, and decreed the punishment of death for "any Japanese who should presume to go out of the country." When first visited by Europeans, the Japanese were found to be not only all-inquiring, as they still are, but large-hearted, liberal-minded, hospitable, and tolerant. Even after the first collisions between Catholicism and the supreme secular will, Japan was proclaimed by her emperor to be "an asylum for all nations," in which "even devils from hell would be treated as angels from heaven, so long as they acted in accordance with the laws of the country." We suspect that the writers of the *Acta Sanctorum*, Père Charlevoix and other devout sons of Rome, would have us simply reverse the emphatic announcement just quoted, and would have us believe that the ruler who uttered it was eminently the man who treated the "angels" as if they had been "devils." At present, however, it only concerns us to observe that in 1613 Japanese harbours lay open to the ingress of ships from all nations, and that Japan herself held commercial relations with not fewer than sixteen foreign countries, including England among their number.

In consenting, accordingly, to the recent treaties with the Western Powers, Japan was not introducing an altogether new element into her procedure, she was only returning to her ancient habits of free intercourse with the peoples of other lands. In the following pages we shall endeavour to indicate, and as briefly as is consistent with clearness, the train of events by which the Japanese government was induced to abandon that intercourse, and, in Kämpfer's words, to "shut the empire up."

First made known to Europe in 1298, by Marco Polo, who, however, could only speak from report, fruitlessly but ardently sought for by Columbus two centuries later, Japan was at last stumbled on in 1543 by Ferdinando Mendez Pinto.* The tidings of Pinto's discovery were carried, as on the wings of the wind, to the various eastern localities where Portugal was at that time engaged in busy traffic, and where, moreover, under favour of two papal bulls, she had succeeded in establishing tremendous imperial claims. From Goa, from Malacca, from the

* We beg to inform the readers of the, alas, many popular books on Japan that the Japanese Annals largely corroborate the statements contained in Pinto's own narrative; and that the portion of Japanese territory first seen by our traveller was the small island of Tanegu, which is separated from Kiusiu by the straits of Van Diemen. *Nippon*, Von Siebold.

nearer Ningpo, Portuguese ships followed each other in quick succession to the new-found island-empire. Ere long at Kagosima, the capital of Satsuma, on the south coast of Kiusiu, some Portuguese merchants became acquainted with a resident gentleman named Angeroo. In the dialect of the Puritans, Angeroo appears to have been sorely "exercised" in matters of conscience. In his perplexity he had betaken him, for ghostly counsel, to the various clerical authorities; he had retired for a season into a Buddhist monastery, but he had failed to find what he longed for. The fellow-countrymen of Albuquerque and De Castro listened with interest to Angeroo's story, but could not solve his problems. At a later period, however, another Portuguese made known to Angeroo the name of Xavier, who had lately arrived at Goa, and counselled him to repair to "a man who was so dear to Heaven, that the charms of his converse and the divineness of his instructions must needs impart to him the light which he had fruitlessly sought for weary years elsewhere." Angeroo hesitated: the voyage was long and perilous, and he could not tear himself from his wife and daughter. But, in the end, he was destined to go. The record of Christianity in Japan is written from the first in blood; for it was in consequence of Angeroo's having slain a man in an engagement that he fled from his country, sailed to Malacca, and there threw himself at the feet of the "Apostle of the Indies."*

The advent of Angeroo was a great day for Xavier. Words could not utter his joy, his hope. Not in a vision, but amid sober certainties, this Japanese had come to him with the cry, "Come over, and help us." That cry would in due time be responded to; and already, in his fervid imaginings, Xavier saw the entire population of Polo's Zipangu flocking into the holy fold. Unable himself to accompany the far-come inquirer, the devout Jesuit sent Angeroo with his two native attendants to Goa, where, after due novitiate, all the three were baptised, the master now assuming the name of *Paulo da Santa-fé*. Paul, as we may now call him, seems to have caught the contagion of Xavier's enthusiasm. You might have seen him standing in the market-place of Goa, and there heard him discoursing in rapt oration on the Catholic mysteries to the surrounding crowd of Indians and Portuguese.

This Japanese possessed, in large measure, the linguistic talent of his countrymen, and altogether impressed the worthier

* It may interest some readers to be told that Angeroo, not finding Xavier in Malacca on his first arrival, returned to China, and thence was proceeding to Japan, when a tempest forced him back to the Chinese port. Here he again met with the Portuguese from whom he had first heard of Xavier, and with this merchant he went back to Malacca.

Europeans with genuine admiration of the attributes both of his heart and intellect.

As the days rolled on, Paul showed increasing anxiety to return to Kiusiu. A fugitive from justice, his home-going might prove immediately fatal to himself; for according to Japanese law homicide, even in self-defence (and it does not appear that Angeroo's deed was of a more guilty character), is a capital crime. But the dread of personal consequences had passed away, and had given place to the burning desire of assisting in the rescue of his benighted brethren from the terrors of "the wrath to come."

From the hour of their first intercourse, Xavier had conceived a wondrous affection for Angeroo. After a brief interval he followed him to Goa; and when the convert, now a member of "the Society of Jesus," obtained permission from his superiors to go back to his island-home, Xavier resolved to accompany him, and to undertake in person the mission to Japan. Xavier's resolution struck consternation into the hearts of his associates. They urged the need of his presence in India, where the lives of a large proportion of the Portuguese were a scandal to religion, and had caused the very name of Christianity to be abhorred. They expatiated on the remoteness of Japan, and the certain dangers of a voyage which led through haunts of ferocious pirates, and which was exposed to typhoons that had hurled to swift destruction one in each four of all the vessels hitherto tempted into Japanese waters. But the apostle had chosen his course, or rather, he believed the Sovereign Will had left him no choice in the matter; and, deaf to all remonstrances, he set sail, first for Malacca, taking with him, besides the three Japanese, two Portuguese priests and a few catechists, as auxiliaries. At Malacca there were several Portuguese merchant-vessels preparing for the voyage to Japan. But Xavier's spirit could brook no delay. Were not Angeroo's compatriots daily descending, unbaptised, to the blackness of darkness? and was it not high time to pre-occupy with Catholic verities the Japanese soil, lest some random wind should blow thither the seeds of Lutheran blasphemies? Any ship, no matter by whom commanded, that would at once weigh anchor and carry Xavier to the land of his desire would be good enough for him. There was only one ready for sea, and that was a Chinese junk belonging to one of the most daring pirates of the Eastern waters. That one was chosen, and to the amazement and dismay of all the Europeans in Malacca, Xavier and his companions embarked on the 4th of June 1549. The voyage proved long and perilous; for this strange ark, in which Christianity was to be borne through gloom and tempest, was scarcely sea-worthy; and her

corsair-captain ever and anon changed her course, in obedience to the supposed intimations of his oracle, "a poor idol which he had enshrined in the poop." It was no hardship to the ardent crusader to sleep uncovered on the bare and dripping deck. The love which burnt within him seems to have rendered him insensible to all outer discomfort, save that of his fellow-men. But the superstition of the pirate, though hardly more irrational and debasing than that of many of the Portuguese in India, was an hourly grief to the soul of Xavier. But at length, "in spite of the devil and his servants," the shores of Kiusiu were reached; and on the 15th of August—most fateful morning—Francis Xavier entered Kagosima. The day on which Xavier, "happy as a lover," first set foot on Japanese soil was doubly sacred to him. It was the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin: it was also the anniversary of that eventful day—1543—when he and Ignatius, and eight other chosen men, consecrated themselves by solemn oath to poverty, to the study of theology, and to the salvation of their brethren. This coincidence, unnoticed, if we rightly remember, by Xavier's biographers, must have been all-significant to himself. It would be a fresh confirmation to his great heart that the vow which he had registered on the "Martyrs' Hill," sixteen years before, had been recorded in heaven and was sanctioned there. We do not envy the man who deems himself sufficiently enlightened to be able to smile at the beliefs of Xavier; and dissenting as we very decidedly do from many of these, we dissent still more emphatically from the bigotry which refuses to recognise in the missionary himself the indwelling of a noble, chivalrous nature, in which were united the courtesy of the true gentleman, the accomplishments of the scholar, and the daring and enduring of our world's foremost names. That benignant blue eye commands your trust and love; and that life, which was indeed a "living sacrifice," surely proclaims, that if the church was the highest of earthly entities to him, there was an inner sanctuary, more august by far, which was the true home of his soul.

Xavier's coming to Japan had been heralded by a train of desolating calamities. There had been wasting sickness, rains which quite deluged various districts of the empire, and thunder-tongued hurricanes which had strewed the country far and wide with the wrecks of many a home and temple. Similar phenomena had been, as they still are, not unfrequent; but by some readers these 'signs' will be regarded as nature's overture to the tragedy of Catholicism in Japan. The Japanese annals inform us of these physical distresses; but all that we note in them relative to the first entrance of Christianity is confined to these words: "In this year ships of the Nan-ban

(*i. e.* south barbarian, or Portuguese) appear, and the *Jesus-sect arrives.*"

This 'sect,' on its arrival, perceived that, in her isolation, Japan had wrought out for herself a very unique manner of life. As Marco Polo had reported, "the natives were civilised in their manners," as civilised, indeed, in many respects as were the Portuguese themselves; while in others we question whether they were not greatly in advance of all contemporary western nations. In the first place, education was universal. There were, again, diversities of theological opinion, but the members of the old Establishment lived on the most friendly terms with the Nonconformist. The family was a sacred institution, though surrounded by very corrupting influences—influences which have only become more formidable in later times; and the position of honour and freedom enjoyed by the wife and mother formed a remarkable contrast to the customs of other eastern peoples. Here were cities rivalling in beauty of situation, and in sanitary arrangements, Mexico itself; but these cities were not stained by the blood of a human sacrifice.* Feudalism was the reigning order; but if there were serfs of the soil, it does not appear that any Japanese was in reality a slave. Industry, frugality, honesty, were prevailing characteristics; and the whole empire, as one writer puts it, was a school of courtesy and good breeding. Xavier could write that he had not met with any unbelievers who exhibited such a high character as the Japanese; "a race possessing rare good-nature and integrity, and void of wrath and bitterness." Of those who became his disciples he says: "I never know when to break off when I speak of the Japanese; they are verily the delight of my heart." We have to add that the Japanese were not more courteous in the relations of ordinary social life, than they were fearless and valiant in war. The present occupiers of the three chief Japanese islands, Kiusiu, Sitkokf, and Nippon, having driven over to Jezo, Sagalin, and the Kurile group the aboriginal Ainoes, had for long centuries successfully resisted all invasion of their territory. It might thus appear that Xavier had found a nation specially predisposed for Christianity; but there were other elements in the Japanese character and customs. As you find in the country itself, that the hills, clothed to their summits with luxuriant vegetation, are perilously poised on a sea of fire, so beneath the gracious demeanour of the natives there lay a fierce spirit of revenge, which was to break forth terribly one day. As hinted above, the missionaries had to encounter an uncontrolled sensuality; and it is whispered that child-exposure, and other means of checking the growth of population, were largely prevalent.

* *Suicide* was, however, not uncommon among the Buddhist devotees.

It is also asserted that the poor and the specially afflicted, such as lepers, were subjected to most inhuman treatment.

It is almost impossible to discover the kind or degree of ethical sway which any of the various creeds exercised over their respective adherents; but, from all that we know, we are quite prepared to acquiesce in the opinion of Mr. Oliphant, that so much of the nobler side of the Japanese character as results from a distinctly religious influence is to be ascribed, not to Buddhism, but to the oldest faith of the country, designated Kami-no-mitzi, *i. e.* "the way of the Kami," or gods. The later accounts of this "way" do not quite harmonise with those furnished by Thunberg, Kämpfer, and the letters of the Jesuits. For example, in the earlier representations Ten-sio-dai-sin, the solar deity, and the object of supreme veneration, is always spoken of as a divine man, or demi-god; while in the modern rendering of the Japanese mythology, the god has become a goddess. But whether god or goddess, Ten-sio-dai-sin is regarded at once as the founder of the Japanese monarchy, and the parent of the entire Japanese race. Ten-sio-dai-sin, however, has no self-subsisting being. Like the Phœnician, the Japonian genesis assumes an elemental chaos, and (to adopt the feminine hypothesis) the sun-goddess was the daughter of the last of the seven *Dii Majores*, who for countless æons ruled over "Nippon," but who had themselves descended, by mysterious generation, from a "speck, like a reed-bud, which arose out of the flux of the elements, and which gradually developed itself into a living soul." We cannot discover that this mythology, which goes "sounding on its dim and perilous way" beyond the era of the sun-goddess, has ever had any root in the popular conviction, or had any deeper origin than the fancy of a native poetaster. But the nucleus around which the goddess-legend is wound must have been some great fact in Japanese history. The mythus puts it grandly that when the Dai-sin hid herself in a cave, the whole universe was straightway wrapped in darkness, and would have remained under the power of night, had not the strains of a divine music charmed back the Great Light out of her retreat. What special illumination this heroine had imparted to her tribe is not recorded; but in Xavier's day (as in ours) the right of the spiritual emperor to the Japanese throne was said to arise from his being the lineal descendant of the eldest son of Ten-sio-dai-sin. If this allegation seem fabulous, it is nevertheless certain that the Romish missionaries found themselves in a country whose government, in name at least, was a theocracy; while, according to the native chronicles, which are pronounced trustworthy by able scholars, this theocracy took a distinct form as early as the seventh cen-

tury before the Christian era. Konara, in whose reign Xavier arrived in Japan, was the 106th Mikado, or spiritual emperor, lineally sprung from Zyn-moo-ten-wo, who secured the supreme power for himself and his descendants 660 B.C.

It was not from the priests of this older faith that a new doctrine, whatever it might be, would encounter any thing like intellectual opposition. Those priests, with the title of Kami-no-usi, *i.e.* Landlords or Stewards of the Gods, had sunk down, apparently, into somnolent ignorance; the result, to a certain extent, we should suppose, of their being the children of a priestly *caste*,* and not merely the members of an order. After a fashion, they provided education for the youth of their sect, and, on stated occasions, would pour forth from their pulpits torrents of platitudes on the worth of pilgrimage, the virtue of abstinence from animal food, the evils of ceremonial uncleanness contracted by touching a dead body, the preservation of "pure fire," and the benefits which unfailingly are received by those who duly reverence the dead who have been raised to the rank of Kami (amounting now to some 2640), and the 492 deities who were gods by birth. A century afterwards, good and patient Dr. Kämpfer listened to one of these utterances in Nangasaki, and found it a sad weariness to soul and body.

It is not surprising that by the middle of the sixteenth century this "way" had ceased to attract the more thoughtful members of the Japanese community; indeed, a large proportion of these had avowedly cast aside the motley beliefs of their countrymen, and had adopted a species of Confucianism—technically designated Sju-to, *i. e.* the Way of the Philosopher. The Sju-to-ist did not think that it was incumbent on him "to go to a place of public worship for the sake of example," as sundry Anglo-Saxons are reported to do. The Japanese philosopher does not appear to have reckoned it supremely virtuous to present in his own person an example of hypocrisy. It is but in vague terms that we can speak of the theological conclusions of this philosophical brotherhood. In the days when Christianity was calling forth all that was deepest in the Japanese nature, they seem to have maintained a quiet aloofness. We do not, however, believe that the Sju-to-ists had, by means of a positive metaphysic, walled round the field of human consciousness against any incursion from a higher sphere of spiritual influence, inasmuch as they were "strongly suspected," says Kämpfer, "of secretly favouring the Christian religion; for which reason, after the said religion had been entirely abolished, they also were

* The wives of this priesthood are themselves priestesses, to whom specific duties are assigned. They are the godmothers of all the female children born in their communion, giving them their names, and sprinkling them with water.

commanded to have each an idol, or the name of one of the gods worshipped in the country, put up in their houses in a conspicuous and honourable place, with a flower-pot and incensory before it." Like all the other descendants of the sun-goddess, the Sju-to-ist was insane on the point of honour, and if insulted or disgraced, would in a moment unsheathe his keen-edged blade and achieve for himself the "happy despatch,"* or disembowelment. But, apart from this participation in the national mania, our philosophers held most unexceptionable ethical maxims:—they would "live virtuously," "do justly by every man," carry about with them unfailing "courtesy," and maintain an inviolate "integrity of heart."

If these moralists secretly favoured Christianity, and if the Kami priesthood possessed neither the ability nor the cultivation which were requisite to offer battle, on any thing like equal terms, to Xavier, Buddhism numbered among its ecclesiastics not a few able and accomplished men. They were the Buddhist priests who confronted the Jesuits in the lists of controversy; and reports have come down to us—though unfortunately none by a native hand—of the logic-fence respectively displayed by the European and Japanese disputants.

According to Von Siebold, the Buddhist faith was first imported into "Nippon" in the sixth century of our era. Resisted by the populace on its introduction, this "foreign way" nevertheless steadily gained ground, until it had not only removed the popular antipathy, which, judging from the occasional fierceness of its manifestations, might have been deemed ineradicable, but had become, numerically, the dominant religion of the empire. Buddhism secured its triumphs not more by the eloquence and subtlety of the priesthood than by absorption of many of the specialities of the Kami creed, by submission to the reigning order, and conformity to the old national usages. Buddhist devotees might continue to perform the pilgrimage to Is-ye;† and Buddhist priests, though possessing a pope, or most holy father, of their own, could yet, in form at least, acknowledge the Mikado as the greatest of visible mediators between the seen and the unseen. The reconciliation of contradictory opposites in a higher unity had been wondrously effected by the Buddhists in Japan. They would proclaim that Sákya was the Absolute All.

* Commodore Perry was informed by Yenoske, the interpreter, that, in consequence of the well-known visit of Captain Pellew to Nangasaki (1808), the governor of the town had really committed suicide in the usual mode; and that not only had the governor "despatched" himself, but that two other high officials and ten of a lower grade had followed his example. Mr. Tronson (*Voyage of Barracouta, &c.*) was told that the statement concerning the suicide of the governor of Nangasaki was *without foundation*. Shall we ever learn the truth of the story?

† The birth and burial place of Ten-sio-dai-sin.

They could admit, in the person of the Mikado, an incarnation of the sun-goddess. They were duly to be found at the festival of Communion with the Dead. They maintained, again (as in one of the discussions with Xavier), that justice required that the lower animals alone should enjoy immortality; and they would be heard to declaim with such impassioned rhetoric on the bliss of *Nirvanah*, "that the congregation would rise as one man, and drown the preacher's voice with loud and long-continued cries of 'Annihilation, annihilation!'"

It was, however, the large resemblance of Buddhism to Catholicism which chiefly struck the missionaries. In fact, the points of similarity were so many and so obvious, that Xavier and his coadjutors could only account for them by the hypothesis that they were a diabolic imitation of the heavenly original. The modern historian will not, we fear, look on this hypothesis with much favour, and would perhaps suggest that, just in the proportion in which Buddhist rites and forms resembled those of Catholicism, Catholicism itself had ceased to resemble Christianity. But from Xavier's point of view the ritual coincidence of the two systems could have no other origin than the one which he assigned; only from the arch-adversary of the church could have proceeded such institutions and practices as these:—the Japanese Buddhists had organised a celibate clergy, varying in rank, and subject to one supreme spiritual authority; they had founded monasteries and nunneries; and in their temples "there were altars with images on these altars, so similar to those seen in Catholic churches, that if they were mutually translated, it is doubtful whether either set of worshipers would discover the change."* On the altars they burned incense, they lighted sacrificial candles, and the officiating priests chanted the prayers in a foreign language, while they frequently made the sign of a St. Andrew's cross during the service. They struck a bell at stated periods of the day, and, on hearing the chime, labourer or traveller would kneel down and engage in prayer; they carried statues and relics in solemn procession; nay more, they baptised, they consecrated "wafers," and they performed "extreme" ceremonials, the priest wrapping the dying in holy paper, and duly depositing beside the corpse letters of credit which were to be honoured in the next world!†

Still more startling were some of the articles of the Buddhist theology,—yet not more startling to the Catholic priesthood, from their partial likeness to Christian verities, than, as is now

* Narrative of American Expedition: New York, 1857.

† These documents were not ranked among the "imitations" of Catholicism, and the fathers were not backward in launching against them arrows of keenest ridicule.

well known, they were utterly foreign to the teaching of the great Indian leveller and Protestant, Buddha or Sákya,* himself. If ever reformer "thoroughly swept the house," that reformer was Sákya. But the spirit of worship he could not exorcise,—for evermore the heart and flesh of humanity "cry out for a living God;" and hence it was that Sákya's disciples, left by him in an orphan desolation of soul, gradually allowed the ascriptions of faith to gather around his memory and person, until at last the master came to be adored as the most high God. The following was a Sáky-ology to be met with in Japan: Sákya is the god of nature, and his name means "the unbeginning one." Yet Sákya came into space and time through the gateway of a human birth, being born of a virgin-mother, who died when the wondrous infant was but a few days old. Two winged dragons sprinkled him with water as he lay in his cradle; and when he had attained his third month, he leapt from the arms of his nurse, took seven firm steps towards the east, while a flower of exceeding beauty sprang up on each spot pressed by his holy foot. It was at the seventh foot-fall that Sákya suddenly paused, and, raising one hand to heaven, while he stretched the other over the earth, exclaimed, "I am sovereign lord of the universe." On reaching his nineteenth year, Sákya fled into the wilderness, and there, for six years, disciplined himself in all severest ways, in order that, by the merit of his endurances, mankind might obtain the remission of their sins, and the very lowest of the creaturehood too might reach some higher good. The six years of his temptations in the wilderness being ended, he showed himself in the crowded marts of India, and proclaimed his doctrine of baptism, fasting, and repentance. A thousand fervid disciples gathered around him, and then went forth to publish his new law throughout the kingdoms of the earth. Sákya announced a divine trinity, and on his death-bed imparted a decalogue to his followers. Five of the commandments were delivered orally, and were to be revealed only to the few; the other five were committed to writing, and were directed against lying, adultery, stealing, regretful self-worry, and murder.

According to the assertion of a late Dutch writer, M. Meylan, an Indian sect arrived in Japan as early as the middle of the first Christian century, and propagated the doctrine of a world-redemption through the son of a virgin, who died to expiate the sins of men, and rose again to procure for them a blissful resurrection. This assertion, though made in all good faith, is lacking, as far as we have been able to ascertain, in historical proof. It points, however, in the direction of an un-

* In the Romish historians Buddha's name, Sákya or Çâkya-muni, is written Xaca.

resolved nebula of tradition, according to which Christianity was carried to the extreme east of China, if not to Japan itself, not later than the second century. In a passage but little heeded Marco Polo speaks of "some Christians" having visited Zipangu. The Venetian assigns no date to this visit; nor can we distinctly gather from his few vague words that the "Christians" were missionaries. They may, at any rate, have scattered some seeds of truth; for, according to the Jesuits, the Japanese bonzes held some "damnable Lutheran tenets." Now, putting the fact of the existence of these "Lutheran tenets" in the country beside the hints of Marco Polo and of Meylan, is there not ground, at least, for the conjecture that either a less complex form of Christianity than the Latin one, or the report of a creed less complex than Xavier's, had in distant centuries reached Japan?

But if, from an early contact between the two systems, Buddhism in Japan, as elsewhere, had taken up into itself some of the materials of Christianity, while Christianity had put on the forms of Buddhism, there was now no question of exchange or compromise. The elements of antagonism, and not those of apparent affinity, from the first came to the front. The contact now was collision. A cold, proud, and selfish priesthood, in whom mere intellect had drawn away, for its own nourishment, all the soft dews of pity and tenderness; who haughtily passed by on the other side, avoiding the dismal scenes where lay the poor and afflicted,—were roused into quick and bitter hostility by the coming of one who had "learned love" in unweariedly ministering to the sick, the suffering, the outcast. The Buddhists held that he who would be great must keep himself aloof. Xavier was the servant of all. We suspect, again, that sensualism haunted the Buddhist monasteries; and we fear that the excesses in the tea-gardens went unrebuked by the bonzes. On the other hand, we read of dismal penances, and fleshly macerations, undergone by the Buddhists, and, though not exclusively, as we have seen, the bonze-fellowship contributed largely to the educational and literary activity of Japan. Sensual yet cultivated, mystic yet merciless and unsparing, ever drafting into their ranks fresh recruits from the youth of the nobility, and leaving the masses the slaves of the grossest polytheism, if not even of devil-worship,*—such were the priests

* A devotee has attained the assurance that his prayers are heard when he has succeeded in causing a moistened paper-pellet to alight and remain on Buddha's nose! (*Voyage of Barracouta*). In the narrative of the American expedition we read: "Certain boxes distributed about the temple (at Simoda) were supposed at first to be intended for charitable purposes, and the Christian visitors regarded them with interest; but all complacency ceased when they read on them the following startling words: '*For feeding hungry demons: his merit will be consolidated.*'"

who strained every nerve and muscle to resist the proselytism of Xavier.

But our space is limited; and we must now resume the thread of our narrative. From his feudal chief, the prince of Satsuma, Paul obtained a full pardon of his offence; his friends and relatives congratulated him on his foreign experiences and safe return; they showed a ready sympathy, rather than wonder, on hearing of his change of creed; and his wife and daughter were, in no long time, baptised by the "apostle." An image of the Virgin, which Paul exhibited in the palace, caused a great sensation among the beholders, who all devoutly knelt down before it. Xavier too was admitted to an audience with the prince, and was most courteously received. Nay more, as the benefits of commerce with the Portuguese had already been appreciated by the territorial lord, the latter begged the missionary to take up his residence at Kagosima, where his presence might serve as a guarantee for further advantages. Xavier did remain for fully a year at Kagosima; but certainly the commercial element had very little to do with the extent of his sojourn. He was hard at work studying the Japanese language, and in one of his letters thus most touchingly writes of his studies: "We have returned to the days of our infancy, and all our business at present is to learn the rudiments of Japanese grammar. God give us grace to imitate the simplicity and innocence of little children, as well as to do their exercises." The "exercises" enabled Xavier to preach in Japanese within the course of the year; and though the first sermons, according to Kämpfer, "were read from papers containing the Japanese words expressed in Latin characters," there were listeners who heard a diviner voice addressing them through the imperfect utterance of the stranger. Xavier baptised about a hundred converts before he left Kagosima, and one of these was even a Buddhist priest! The conversion of this bonze awoke that *animus* which was never allayed until there was no more Christianity to provoke it. Straightway the bonze brotherhood began to interrupt the public preaching; and they sent a formal deputation of their number to the prince of Satsuma, with the prayer that he would issue an edict forbidding his subjects to join the "Jesus-sect." The bonzes were not quite successful in their application; and here we have a foreshadowing of the future. The priests trembled before the power which threatened their "occupation." The princes were careful only about the commercial advantages. A Portuguese argosy was daily expected to arrive in the port of Kagosima, and an edict against the religion of the Portuguese was, in such circumstances, not to be granted. But the hoped-for trader, instead of steering up the

bay of Kagosima, went round to the island of Firando, with the lord of which the chief of Satsuma was then at war. The interdict then came forth, but still Xavier waited on, "doing more exercises," and in private edifying the little flock.

At last, in September 1550, the studies being so far forwarded as to have imparted to Xavier a considerable facility in expressing himself in the polysyllabic speech of Nippon, our missionary bade farewell to the "faithful," intrusting them to the care of Paul. Paul, however, was ere long forced to leave his charge, the bonze influence predominating; and thus the first Japanese Christian disappears from history.

Leaving Kagosima, and accompanied by his two clerical associates and the catechists, Xavier repaired to Firando; and from Firando he sailed over to Amanguchi, the gay and luxurious capital of Naugato, in the extreme west of Nippon. Our American friends have given us a very delightful picture of the bloom and beauty of the vegetation, which glorified the nearer landscape, as they looked westward from the bay of Yedo, while it was yet early spring-time. The margin of the bay was clothed with freshest verdure, and in full blossom were the apricot and plum trees, interspersed with the Camellia Japonica, the last rising to the height of some thirty feet. But if Nippon rejoices in a precocious spring, hers not less are the grim rigours of winter. It was in December that Xavier set out from Amanguchi on his journey to Miako, at that time the palatial residence not only of the Mikado, but also of the Tay-coon. What a journey it proved! The public highways were all but impassable from overflowing rivers, or great snow-wreaths; yet even these it was deemed prudent to avoid, as they were thronged by a lawless soldiery, the empire being then afflicted by one of its chronic ague-fits of civil war. Selecting less frequented pathways, Xavier travelled forward, barefooted, in spite of ice and snow and flooded stream. He reached Miako. But the citizens were in a fever of intense excitement. It was the eve of a great conflict, and no season for listening to one who came in the name of the Prince of Peace. So back all the weary way the undaunted man returned, "baptising," true to his idea, "the dying whom he found on the road." A second time his earnest pleadings were heard in Amanguchi, as he stood, crucifix in hand, in her places of chiefest concourse. He had condescended to submit to the counsels of his friends, and had now assumed a more "authoritative manner," and substituted for the worn and soiled friar's frock the more imposing robes of the priesthood. Instigated by the bonzes, the multitude behaved in rudest and most insulting ways. Nevertheless it is reported that not fewer than 3000 heard him gladly, and

were baptised; while even in Amanguchi the spirit of inquiry had become so pervasive, that the lodgings of the fathers were besieged by visitors from morn till night. "We have no time for any thing else but answering questions."*

Already Xavier's fame began to be reverberated throughout the provinces. At Amanguchi had he not overthrown in argument, and won over to his own belief, even most reverend bonzes? Here was a priest who did not think that "poverty was a crime," or that it was "a sin to help the poor." The very lepers shared his care; and wherever he was found, there was a flowing fountain of all helpful goodness. Accordingly, when Xavier entered Fucheo in Bungo, whither we now accompany him, all the "windows were crowded" with spectators eager to catch sight of the wonderful European bonze. The sovereign prince of Bungo entertained him in his palace with much apparent cordiality. "No bonze," he said, "could speak like Xavier;" and in compliance with the good man's expostulation, he forbade *the exposure of infants* throughout his dominions. The city itself was so stirred by the preacher's eloquence that conversion threatened to become epidemic. To stay the plague the bonzes summoned to Fucheo the most famed of their number, Fucarondono. Fucarondono obeyed the summons, and on his arrival reheartened the hope of his brethren by challenging Xavier to a discussion. The challenge was accepted, and the debate conducted in the presence of the prince. The controversy was initiated by the irrefragable Fucarondono, who, looking his antagonist steadfastly in the face, addressed to him gravely this question, "*Do you recognise me?*" To this question Xavier replied, that "he could not remember that he had ever seen his interrogator before." Affecting supreme surprise at this answer, the great native light exclaimed, "Not remember who I am! it is impossible. Do you not recollect that *fifteen hundred years ago* you and I exchanged mercantile commodities at Freno-yama?" Had the Buddhist inquired about a prenatal meeting in the moon, he would have showed more circumspection than when he referred to a Japanese locality. For Xavier had studied the history and geography, as well as the language of the country, and not a little perplexed his adversary by the quiet statement that, "according to the native annals, Freno-

* We relegate to this place the unworkable miracle element. As it seems to us, Xavier himself was no miracle-monger. The gift of tongues is ascribed to him at Amanguchi; and on one occasion a single vocable was found to supply the true answers to a great number of heterogeneous questions simultaneously addressed to the "saint." De Charlevoix, in other respects so sagacious and trustworthy, becomes utterly imbecile at the mention of a miracle. Over against the magical uncertainties we place Xavier's own words respecting the moral gift of student industry which he was exhibiting in his "exercises."

yama had only been inhabited for *nine* centuries." There was no parrying this home-thrust: and certainly it was not turned aside by the announcement that "the gods punished the evil-doer by oblivion of the past." Foiled though he was, Fucarondono continued to declaim; and though his language has only reached us through another tongue, and in the accounts of the Jesuits, we still discover in it both power and subtlety. We hear that his temper did not show to advantage, and some of his questions are not to be repeated. He left the hall of polemics chagrined and indignant. The Fuchean priests closed all the temples, refused the offerings of the worshippers, and all but succeeded in inflaming the passions of the populace to the point of insurrection. There followed, however, some additional scenes of discussion; and then, from Fucarondono and from other Buddhists, were heard such queries as these: "How do you reconcile original sin and the fall of the angels with the infinite goodness, omniscience, and omnipotence of God?" "Why did God not interpose to save the world immediately after the transgression of the first man?" and "What is the special crime of those who died before the advent of Jesus Christ, seeing that they are deprived of a share in that redemption which has opened heaven to the later generations?" In dealing with these and similar objections, Xavier gave utterance, no doubt, to many noble sentiments; but though the audience smiled at the confusions of the Buddhists, and though these departed from the final debate as discomfited men, we must in fairness add that the difficulties of the bonzes were not all cleared away. In these discussions Xavier comes out as a most skilful dialectician. Yet his arguments were simply the stock ones, and, excepting his declamation on the necessity and the existence of an infallible church, they are nearly identical with those which Mr. Mansel would urge now. Still less satisfactorily did Xavier handle the question put to him at Amanguchi: "*Why, if Christ died for all men, do not all men partake the benefits of his death?*" We are told, indeed, that the questioners themselves were satisfied with Xavier's answer. But surely he was evading, instead of fronting, the interrogation when he replied, "that those who had never heard in their lifetime of the death of Christ would be judged according to the measure in which they had obeyed or transgressed the eternal law of morality engraven on their hearts;" for if "judgment" is to go by desert, what becomes of the Romish and Genevan doctrine, which represents the atonement as a legal *quid pro quo*—an equivalent for benefits to be received hereafter? De Charlevoix, after a most minute narrative of the Amanguchi questions, adds with much candour,—and the passage is one which we would earnestly recommend for

thoughtful consideration to the American professors, who have a Japanese youth under their tuition, as well as to any who may be projecting a mission to Japan,—"If the saint was fortunate enough to be able to convince the understandings of the inquirers, *he found it by no means so easy a matter to soothe their hearts.* The Japanese," he continues, "are passionately attached to those who are linked to them by the ties of kindred. Very dear and precious to them is the memory of their ancestors; and to be obliged to look on these as lost for ever (*réprouvés*) was more than they could endure. Amidst floods of tears they poured forth the following exclamations: 'Must it be believed our parents, our children, our relations, our friends, shall be, during a whole eternity, the miserable victims of the vengeance of a God whom they would doubtless have adored, had they ever heard of his existence? and is it possible this God, who is declared to be justice and goodness themselves, will have no compassion on their ignorance?' The air was rent by their groans and their loud cries, and the very missionaries themselves were moved to mingle their tears with those of their neophytes."* Xavier himself, may we not believe, has now learned to look "with larger other eyes" on the destinies of humanity, and has discovered the then unsuspected source of his sympathising tears at Amanguchi?

After spending two years and a few months in the empire, Xavier left Japan, never to return, and apparently with the fixed purpose of never returning. His abrupt departure, as we may call it, from a field which had produced so rapid and so plenteous a harvest, but of which only a small portion had as yet been subjected to culture, has not been satisfactorily explained. It admits of partial explanation. The heavy and incessant demands upon Xavier's brain seem to have drawn more life from him than any, or all, of his previous experiences. "His hair," he tells us, "had become quite gray," and his health appears to have broken down. It was a small matter to him to go for twenty-four hours without his "handfuls of rice." He could count it all joy to hear it said that he was "a cannibal, a resurrectionist, a wizard, one possessed of the devil." The indomitable athlete was equal to any merely physical endurance, and he only waxed stronger when contending with *moral* evil. But within the sphere of pure intellect he moved with less firm footstep, if, indeed, it can be said with truth that he ever entered it at all. There was no speculation in this "ultra-fidian" soul; and, skilful dialectician as he was, the intellectual antagonism of the bonzes wore his strength down. During one of the great debates, he turned round and whispered to Pinto, who

* Charlevoix, ii. p. 221.

sat near him, that, but for the assistance of Heaven, he must have been confounded by the adversary, and *with* that aid it taxed his utmost effort to find the appropriate reply; a very remarkable admission, and containing, as it seems to us, the main reason why Xavier, after so brief a residence among them, left a people who were the "joy of his heart." He felt that only men of high intellectual power were competent to grapple with the astuteness of the bonzes, and he hastened to Goa, lest missionaries of inferior type should be despatched to Japan.*

Xavier died (1552), but his work followed him. Though men's hearts were with difficulty "soothed;" though, as we think, the alternative suggested by the bonze, "that God was either unmerciful or *not* omnipotent, since He either would not, or could not, put an end to the sufferings of the damned," was not disposed of,—still there was recognised amid the obscurations of tradition that which was wholly godlike, and thousands bowed down before it. In Kiusiu especially whole districts espoused Christianity. Sovereign princes became obedient disciples, vehement iconoclasts, and zealous propagators of the faith. Towns arose in which there was not to be found a solitary adherent of one of the older religions of the empire. Nangasaki, from having been an obscure fishing-village, became a populous Catholic city, and, until it was seized by the Sjo-goun in 1596, formed what may be called a Gibraltar for the Portuguese colonists: for, as Mr. Oliphant truly remarks, "it must not be supposed that the Jesuits confined themselves to the propagation of their faith alone." No; the commerce and the Catholicism were very closely allied, and operated unitedly. Concerning which combination of forces we may quote here the words of an old historian, who, speaking of a germane matter, the construction of a fort by the Portuguese on the coast of Africa, says,† "We were to make the negro king understand first the way of the Catholic rites, and then to hide from him the way of our covetousness, asking leave to make a house in which our people could live; and force was to be used to compel them, if necessary. I do not imagine that I shall persuade the world that our intent was only to be preachers; but, on the other hand, the world must not fancy that our intent was merely to be traders."

The world would be very undiscerning indeed, if it "fancied" that such preachers as Xavier, De Torres, and the able and good men who immediately succeeded them, were merely traders; and we know that among the ostensible traders were men quite worthy to be preachers. Such an one was the chivalrous Portuguese gentleman Louis Almeyda, who not only, as Mr. Oliphant writes, "joined the order of Jesuits in Japan,"

* Charlevoix. † Help's *Spanish Conquest*, i. 65.

but consecrated all his fortune to the service of the church. Almeyda, among other good deeds, founded the first hospitals ever seen in Japan. Two of these we note in Fucheo, one for foundlings, the other for lepers.

In whatever way the question respecting the motives of the Portuguese is to be adjusted,—and, for ourselves, we think that the true answer could only come from a higher tribunal,—certain it is that in an incredibly brief space of time both their commerce and their creed grew up into flourishing institutions; and, as if to secure the friendly intercourse of the two peoples against any harsh interruption, the Portuguese entered into the bonds of wedlock with the Catholic daughters of Japan. By their teaching, by their charities, by their trade, by their intermarriages with the natives, the Lusitanians had enlisted so many Japanese interests and such deep sympathies, that they might reasonably indulge themselves in the dream that they had taken abiding root in the country. That dream was to be rudely dispelled; but for fully thirty-seven years after Xavier's arrival in Japan no incident occurred of a character sufficient to disturb the vision. No doubt, under bonze inspiration, *local* oppositions were organised against the western influence. Christian and pagan armies met in deadly encounter; as, for instance, when Sumitanda, prince of Omura and territorial lord of Nangasaki, at the head of a baptised soldiery defeated the heathen troops raised by a conspirator,—his own illegitimate brother,—the victor, like Constantine, so we are gravely informed, "beholding the sign* of the cross in the sky." On the lesser scale, again, there was lordly interference with the Christianity of dependents.† But, on the whole, no hostile symptom had yet appeared of a nature fitted to dash the hopes of traders, who were annually exporting 300 tons of what Kämpfer pithily terms "the golden marrow of the country," or of preachers, whose schools, colleges, and churches were filled to overflowing, who had, with narrow exceptions, freedom to carry their message whithersoever they listed, and who, against the year 1587, had enrolled among their disciples nearly a million of the Japanese. No wonder that *Te Deums* rang throughout the cathedrals of India and of Europe. To counterbalance the disaffection of western nations, here was a great empire submitting to the rule of St. Peter,—an empire,

* Charlevoix.

† The first Japanese martyr to the faith was a female serf on the island of Firando. Her chief threatened her with instant death if she ever repaired again to a certain wayside cross, which, amid other tumultuous doings, the bonzes had thrown down. "Death has no terrors for a Christian," was the peasant's calm answer; "and in this matter I must obey my heavenly and not my earthly master." Returning one day from this cross, she was met by her superior, and immediately suffered death at his hands. It was apparently in 1558, the ninth year of the mission, that this first victim fell.

moreover, possessing gold in such abundance as to make credible the report published by Marco Polo, that "the very roofs of the temples were covered with the precious metal."

But the support of the Devonshires and Norfolks of Kiusiu was yet of quite secondary moment when compared with the singular friendliness, singular every way, which the Sjogoun (or Ziogoon) Nobunanga showed to the Catholic priesthood. Nobunanga, feudal sovereign of Mino and Voary in Nippon, was one of Japan's most remarkable men. In generalship and power of will he stands second only to Taico Sama, if indeed, in some respects, he was not, as the Jesuits think, Taico's superior. The fathers write with the delighted astonishment of little children of the royal town, Anzuquiama, which Nobunanga had built on the borders of the blue waters of the Lake Omi. The city rose in semicircle from the water's edge up the slopes of a three-pinnacled hill, the very air of which was perfumed with the fragrance of odoriferous plants and fair flowers, while crowning the central and highest peak stood the magnificent palace usually called "the King's Paradise."* But if Nobunanga had adorned his paradise with all that Japanese art could supply of rich or rare, his own costume showed a proper scorn of paraphernalia, his cuirass by day and his sleeping-mat by night being a doublet made of tiger-skin. We learn that his hardihood and courage in the field were allied with inordinate self-indulgence in the palace. At the same time there was a large generosity in the man, and there was nothing that his soldiers would not do or dare under his inspiration.

We cannot ascertain at what precise date Nobunanga assumed the *titles* of the highest secular position in the empire, but from 1573 his was the dominating will in Nippon; and during the nine years of his reign he threw his shield over the missionaries, while the bonzes had to suffer many a weighty blow from the "Hammer of the Bonzes," as he called himself. In fact, the studied deference and courteousness with which he uniformly treated the Jesuit fathers was the common talk of town and country. He entertained them at grand banquets in his "Paradise;" and on the brink of the beautiful lake he granted them an ample site, on which to erect a seminary for the special education of the sons of the Japanese nobility. What words, again, were those which the great dictator addressed to an assembly of his courtiers, in whose presence the Padre Vilela and others had been expatiating, at the royal request, on the Catholic doctrines: "These are the men whom I regard in my heart—upright, sincere, while their teaching is based on solid

* Our limits forbid any detailed account of the "Paradise." In Charlevoix our readers will find a charming *résumé*, which reads like a bit of a fairy tale.

facts; whereas the bonzes, with their Kamis and idols, have no wares to vend (*débiter*) but fictions, and they themselves are gross hypocrites." It was this same Sjogoun who, when petitioned by the bonzes to expel the monks from Japan, inquired of the petitioners, "how many sects there were already in the empire?" and on obtaining the answer "there were thirty-five," summarily replied, "Where thirty-five sects can be tolerated, we can easily bear with thirty-six. Leave the strangers in peace."

To the amazement of all men, the "tolerating" Nobunanga issued a decree in 1582, in which all existing religious services were sternly interdicted, and in which it was further ordained that all worship should be rendered exclusively to the autocrat himself. "One could not turn oneself" on the Paradise Hill, so dense was the multitude which came to bow down before the new Kami, in the gorgeous temple which Nobunanga had recently raised. Notwithstanding this outrageous freak of madness or exorbitant vanity, the Christians were "left in peace." Nobunanga betrayed no displeasure at their non-compliance with his decree; the pupils in the Anzu-quiama seminary pursued their studies undisturbed as before; and down in Kiusiu a solemn embassy, from the king of Bungo and the princes of Arima and Omura, was preparing to carry the homage of the three chiefs to the pope. The ambassadors left the port of Nangasaki just fourteen days after the self-deification of Nobunanga had been consummated. When that embassy returned, Nobunanga had passed away, and with him, we believe, the possibility of establishing Latin Christianity as the national religion of Japan. In the same year of which we are writing, this unique "defender of the faith" died amid most tragic circumstances. It would almost seem that the proverbial "dementation" had come from the avenging gods; for in a capital in which both the Mikado and the late Sjogoun were his prisoners he left himself all but defenceless. It was a tempting situation of affairs for a traitor; and accordingly Aquechi, a general officer, whom Nobunanga had raised from the ranks, besieged the palace at the head of a force of 30,000 men. Supported by only a few guardsmen, Nobunanga came forth, "charging an army." He achieved prodigies of valour, until at last, wounded and exhausted, he retreated within his stronghold. The palace was instantaneously fired, and in the conflagration perished Nobunanga and his eldest son.

It was some five years after the death of this strange patron of Catholicism that the supreme secular authority first showed any disposition to check the advance of the missionaries. We have, however, to remember that, strictly speaking, there was no

central and all-controlling *secular* power in Japan before this period, although, four centuries previously, a change had been wrought in the constitution of the country, which very materially limited the imperial will, and introduced what may be called a lay element into the government. Up to the year 1142 the office of military commander-in-chief had been usually reserved for the second son of the Mikado. But in or about that year a prince of the blood-royal, Joritomo by name, succeeded in rendering the commandership a position of comparative independence, and in securing for the Sjogoun, or generalissimo, the larger share in the administration of secular affairs. Joritomo, in fact, is styled the first of the lay emperors. But, as we read the somewhat dim and conflicting accounts, Joritomo's revolt could not be regarded wholly as a success; and the result of it was, that the sixty-eight provinces of Japan became, so to speak, so many independent sovereignties. The feudal chain was now a series of sundered links; and, on the arrival of the Jesuits, the princes of Satsuma, of Bungo, or Firando, were in possession of a power which was all but absolute. Sjogouns in succession had striven in vain to fuse the several princedoms into a homogeneous whole, and impress their single wills on the entire mass. The "Tiger-skin" fell in the midst of his unitary endeavours. The traitor Aquechi reigned for only twelve days. On the thirteenth morning after his entrance into the capital, his impaled head might be seen amid the piles of the slain, which "quite blocked up the roads around the city." The general who now triumphed over Aquechi at last accomplished the task, causing the various princedoms to revolve in orderly orbits around the Sjogoun's throne; so that we have four eras in Japanese history. The first was inaugurated by Zyn-moo, the second by Joritomo, the third by Taico Sama, while the fourth, the era of omnipresent espionage, dates from the extinction of Christianity. The man who put around a divided people the hoop of a common interest,—who did in ten years what high-born rulers failed to do in centuries,—was originally a peasant or serf, who lived upon "rice." We beg further to remind Mr. Buckle that this epoch-making peasant was a native of a country in which the "physical laws" press with great severity; for nowhere more frequently and wastefully than in Japan sweep over the land those "ravages of hurricane, tempests, earthquakes, and similar perils which affect the tone of the natural character,"*—but not the tone of the natural character of the Japanese, and certainly not that of Taico Sama.

It would be far too long a story to tell how the short corpulent wood-cutter, with glaring eyes "which threatened to leap

* History of Civilisation, p. 114.

from their sockets," and "six fingers on one hand," introduced by his master to Nobunanga, and promoted by the latter, who seemed at first sight to discover his capacities, to a subordinate military trust, gradually rose to prominence and power, until he became lord of Japan. It must suffice to say, that the peasant Sjogoun, in the earlier years of his ascendency, did not furnish the Jesuits with any grounds for distrusting him, nor the bonzes with any grounds for expecting at his hands a policy different from that of the deceased "Hammer."

The Lord Taico, in truth, found that he had a very delicate game to play; on the supposition, that is, that he very soon, through his own imperial instincts, discovered that the good fathers were the agents of a policy as well as the propagators of a creed. "Thorough" was not quite practicable. His bravest officers were Christians, and the Catholic element was so strong and pervasive in the army, that he deemed it necessary to be, in the first instance, respectful to the missionaries. Indeed, we are informed that he told the Illustrissimo Señor Padre De Çespadez that he would at once submit to baptism if only the Christian law allowed a plurality of wives; and that he whispered in the ear of Padre Coelho "his hope of being able to purge the empire of the bonzes, and so to bestow their property on the Europeans." Did Taico ever thus express himself? and if he did, was he sounding the fathers, throwing out a bait, or was he simply giving utterance to one of his moods? We have no other *testimony* than that of the Jesuit letters concerning this side of Japanese matters until a considerably later time; and consequently we must accept what is written under some such conditions as these,—intrinsic coherence of details, accordance with a felt but not definable antecedent probability, and with palpable results. We have no doubt that Taico gave utterance to all that the Jesuits report, but we feel equally confident that, in all his early intercourse with the brethren of Ignatius, he was, to use a recent expression, waiting on "the logic of events."

In 1587 Taico had effected the subjugation of Kiusiu. In that year, to the unspeakable grief of all the Portuguese settlers, Sumitanda died; and in the same year, like lightning from a cloudless sky, came forth a decree in which all the missionaries were commanded forthwith to leave the empire. After the "gracious audiences" of five hours' length granted to the fathers, —after the sumptuous collations in the palace, with presents of "choice fruit from the empress,"—after the all-satisfactory written answer to a petition which the empress volunteered "to carry in her own hands" to the Sjogoun,—still more, after the bland visit which Taico paid to Father Coelho, the vice-provin-

cial, on the very morning of the day on which the banishment of the European teachers was proclaimed, we can imagine the bewilderment produced by the edict. Mr. Oliphant says that it was issued "possibly in a moment of irritation." If we are to credit De Charlevoix, the "irritation" was not remotely connected with some rare Portuguese wine, of which the emperor had that forenoon received a present; while the Jesuit historian adds, that, not many hours after the visit just adverted to, an ex-bonze, now Taico's medical adviser, rushed into the royal presence, declaiming vehemently against the Christian teachers because of the high tone which they had effected in female morality. Very probable all this. In his state of peculiar "irritation" Taico exclaimed, "I will abolish Christianity;" but added, "nothing must yet be said." Finding his lord in this mood, Tocun, the physician, is reported to have poured forth a passionate harangue, of which the following is the substance,—passionate, but sharp and subtle withal, and too faithfully descriptive of Jesuit procedure, at least as known elsewhere, to have been forged by the fathers themselves: "The European bonzes are stealthily pursuing a most subversive policy; they have come a vast distance, ostensibly to save the Japanese from perdition, but they are dangerous from the union which they have produced among their disciples; they could muster in arms *a hundred thousand men*, and they may never rest satisfied until they have placed a Christian on the seat of supreme power. Not a moment is to be lost if Taico means to retain his authority, and after death be enrolled among the Kami."

A command was despatched to Coelho, ordering him to gather up all his fellow-labourers, and within six months to carry them all with him out of Japan. The whole nation, as the news spread, exclaimed against the decree. It was an unheard-of infraction of the ancient liberty which every Japanese had enjoyed of choosing his religion. But the mood lasted for a time, and Taico seemed inexorable. Troops were sent to different provinces to destroy strongholds and burn churches. The missionaries were assembled at Firando, and appeared preparing to set sail. Some of them actually did leave the kingdom; but only a few. The majority, as might be anticipated, fled in disguise hither and thither, and at all events no blood was spilt. Taico, in truth, durst not proceed to extremities. The edict, however, had the effect of silencing all public preaching in Kiusiu; while, by another shrewd device, Taico managed to send across the sea the only formidable portion of his army. He planned and carried out an invasion of the Corea; and in that peninsula the Christian soldiers at once added to the *prestige* of their monarch, and left him at home in greater freedom to carry

out his schemes. That these schemes would have stopped short a great way before any capital measures were resorted to, we have little doubt, if the Jesuits had been left in sole possession of the missionary field. We say "in possession;" for, as Taico seems to have very well known, the majority of the missionaries remained in Japan, and although for the time no public religious services were permitted in Kiusiu, yet high mass was duly celebrated during all the crisis in Miako. Again, the Sjogoun showed all his boasted "affability" to the Japanese ambassadors on their return from Europe. After the more severe forms of "reception" were gone through,—and a very heavy silk and velvet business it was,—the emperor, in his favourite *déshabillé*, discoursed very freely with the travellers, and even requested them to "sing and play" for his delectation; while Father Valegnani, who conducted the embassy, obtained permission to go whithersoever he pleased, only the "converts must take care not to show too much zeal."

During Taico's lifetime the Jesuits would not be forward to show the "too much zeal." But in 1592, in a day all disastrous to the prospects of Catholicism, some Spaniards from the Philippine Islands made their way to the court of the emperor, and before returning to Manilla deemed it incumbent on them to inform his majesty that the order to which the reverend fathers belonged had been banished from sundry European states, and to warn him against teachers who were now in Japan contrary to the imperial will. In the course of the following year a second embassy arrived from the governor of Manilla, and four of the ambassadors were Franciscans. A second time Taico was enlightened on the history of the Jesuits; and from this period we have in Japan a repetition of the fraternal polemics so painfully familiar to readers of western church-history.

The rivalry, says Mr. Oliphant,* between the Spaniards and Portuguese was "religious rather than commercial." Charlevoix, on the other hand, ascribes the mutual jealousy of the two peoples to commercial rather than ecclesiastical considerations. Now both authors are right, but neither exclusively right. The truth is, that since 1580 the tide of Portuguese greatness had begun to ebb. In that year the throne of Portugal was usurped by the Spanish monarch, and every where Spain strove to make

* We have very cursorily referred to Mr. Oliphant in the course of this article. The truth is, that we had arranged all our materials before we saw his volumes. We would now add, that in the few pages which Mr. Oliphant devotes to the subject of Christianity in Japan, the author gives us the results of very careful, extensive, and thoroughly digested reading. What he has written is so clear and comprehensive, that, in the interests of the general reader, we must regret that Mr. Oliphant did not allow himself more space for dealing with this aspect of Japanese affairs.

the Portuguese realise their position of dependency. It has to be added,—and both circumstances, though bearing strongly on the fortunes of Christianity, have been overlooked,—that in 1493 Pope Alexander VI., in the exercise of his terrestrial sovereignty, drew a line from pole to pole, a hundred leagues to the west of the Azores; and while he assigned all the sea and land west of this line to Spain, all the space to the east he bestowed upon Portugal. According to this pleasant arrangement, Japan in reality belonged to Portugal; but as the whole includes both halves, this eastern empire had now become the property of Spain, seeing that Spain had made herself heir of all the Portuguese possessions.

Possibly some rumours respecting this remarkable deed of conveyance reached the ears of the Japanese emperors in a later day, through the medium of the Dutch or of our own countrymen. It is not likely, however, that either of the two claimants to the property would be communicative about the matter. But without any such communication, Taico had very soon, as he thought, occasion to exclaim, "I will not leave a single missionary alive. I have been nursing serpents in my bosom, and (most prophetic words!) if I should now die, I should leave my sceptre in an infant's hands." For the Franciscan ambassadors, instead of returning to Manilla, as they had intimated they were about to do, "after they had seen a little of the wealth of the country," remained in Japan. They began the study of the Japanese language, and ere long, aided by new-come coadjutors, they had, regardless of edicts, instituted the services of the church in Miako and other towns. Moreover, we are informed that about this time (1596) a Spanish vessel, bound for South America, was stranded on the coast of Sitkokf. Her commander, finding that his remonstrances with the provincial authorities, who had seized the treasure of the wreck in the name of the Sjogoun, were unavailing, produced a chart of the world, and, in order to overawe the Japanese officials, pointed out to them the vast extent of the Spanish dominions; not omitting to add, that by means, first of her priests, and then of her soldiers, acting in concert with the native converts, Spain had succeeded in subjecting so many realms to her sway.

It was on hearing a report of this Spaniard's words that Taico gave utterance to the emphatic language quoted above. What measure of fact lies at the basis of this Spanish incident we cannot tell. Certain it is that next year, 1597, *the first European blood was shed in Japan.* Twenty-four persons were crucified at Nangasaki. Three of these were Franciscan chorister-boys, seven were *native* Jesuits; but no Portuguese were found amongst the victims. It was the Spaniards now who had

created alarm; it was the Spaniards who suffered. Taico even intimated to the Portuguese that he had no fault to find with them.

The scene around the crosses of the martyrs revealed so deep a sympathy with the sufferers, there were evoked such unmistakable manifestations of grief and indignation, that Taico saw that he had gone quite far enough. Next year he died, leaving his only son under the guardianship of Ogosho-Sama. Ogosho's guardianship was of the usual Japanese type. He seized the supreme power for himself, and fixed the dynasty of the Sjogouns in the line of his descendants.

Protected by Nobunanga, circumscribed and partially persecuted by Taico, proscribed in its priesthood by Ogosho, Romish Christianity still not only held its ground, but made progress among the Japanese. But in 1616 it received a blow, from the effects of which it never rallied. In that year the forces of Fide-Jori, Taico's son, and those of Ogosho, his oath-breaking guardian, made a final appeal to arms. The native Christians, "carrying Christian banners," took part against the usurper, and swelled the ranks of Fide-Jori's army. "It was reported," writes Mr. Cocks, "that Fidaia-Sama had promised the Jesuits entrance again, in case he had obtained the victory and been settled in the empire." That victory he very nearly did obtain; but in the confusion consequent upon the treacherous conflagration of Oho-Saka, his troops, at first triumphant, were put to the rout, and Ogosho remained master of the field.

"This yeear," to quote from William Adams, 1616, "the old Emperour (Ogosho) he died. His son reigneth in his place, and he is more hot agaynste the romishe religion than his ffather was; for he hath forbidden, thorough all hys domynions, on paine of deth, none of his subjects to be romish Christiane." We purposely abstain from details which one could not read aloud, which one can hardly read when alone. But without lifting the veil wholly from the scenes of suffering, we may present to our readers these few lines of an eye-witness: "I saw," says Mr. Cocks, "fifty-five executed at Miako at one time, and amongst them *children of five or six years old, who were burnt in their mothers' arms, calling on Jesus to save their souls.*"

Ogosho's son and grandson completed the extirpatory process which was first thoroughly initiated after the battle of Oho-Saka; and how "hot" were the measures of these two Sjogouns may be imagined from the statement, that whereas (according to Charlevoix) there were in 1605 at least 200 missionaries and 1,800,000 Christians in Japan, in 1638 the numbers of the latter had been reduced to 37,000. By banishment, by the sword, by the cross, and by fire, the ruthless extermination

went on. No annals of martyrdom reveal more heroic constancy and triumphant endurance on the part of the sufferers, and none more refinement of cruelty on the part of the persecutors. As one tries to read the tragic narrative, the heart now grows faint under the merciless inflictions, and then thrills with reverent wonder in presence of a spirit true and death-defiant, far above the wonted level of humanity.

At last the end came. In 1638 the decimated ranks of the native Christians, amounting to about 37,000, threw themselves into the fortress of Sima-barra in Kiusiu. The "submissive readiness of the Dutch"* was exemplified in the person of Mr. Kockebaker, the head of the Dutch factory, who "within a fortnight battered the walls of the town with 426 balls, both from his own vessel, and from a battery on shore planted with Dutch guns." This coöperation on the part of the Dutch being recognised by the besieged, there was launched from the walls an arrow bearing a letter, with the question, "if there were no *native* soldiers to oppose them?" and this question, it is said, led to the withdrawal of the Dutch. For an indefinite period the attacks of the imperial troops might have been withstood. But in the course of a few days the provisions of the Christians had become exhausted. Rejecting all overtures of peace, the besieged resolved to hazard an engagement outside the walls. If valour could have saved them, their final sally must have proved a victory; but they were overpowered by numbers, and Japanese Christianity sank down in blood.

Amid all the religious troubles the Japanese ports lay still open to the mercantile navies of many nations; but by the time that the forty years' reign of terror drew to a close, Spanish and Portuguese merchants were included in the proscription which shut out their religion from the empire. By the end of the year 1639 the traders of the western peninsula were expelled from Japan; and over the great sepulchre at Sima-barra was erected a tablet, with this memorable inscription: "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as come to Japan, and let all men know, if the King of Spain himself, or the Christians' God, violate this decree, he shall pay for it with his head." The Japanese annals register these stormy years of which we have been speaking; but all the notice that is taken of the extinction of Catholicism and the exclusion of all foreigners, save the Dutch and Chinese, is contained in these words: "Revolt in Sima-barra; annihilation of rebels. Intercourse with Christians is broken off. The arrival of Europeans is forbidden."

Our space will not allow us to speak in detail of the swift

* Kämpfer.

annihilation of a Portuguese embassy, consisting of seventy-five individuals, despatched in 1641 from Macao, with the hope of inducing a change of purpose in the Japanese goverment; or of the blowing up by the natives of the heavily-armed Spanish three-decker, which came, on similar errand, to the harbour of Nangasaki. There was an attempt, however, to reintroduce the faith of Xavier, of which a few words may be spoken. The heroic adventurer who made the endeavour seems worthy to take rank with Xavier himself. A Sicilian priest, by name Sidotti, after having devoted himself to the study of the Japanese language in Manilla for two years, requested the Spanish authorities to convey him to Japan. Like Xavier, he would listen to no dissuasion. A ship was provided. He reached the coast of one of the islands of the sealed empire, and there, wholly alone, he was left at midnight on the 9th of October 1709. The sailors who rowed him to shore wept like children as he bade them farewell; and before he descended into the boat he kissed the feet of all on board the vessel, and asked their forgiveness for any evil that they might have seen in him during the voyage. His last words were, ere he disappeared in the darkness of the to him unknown land, "Leave me alone in the midst of a people whom, though they abhor the name of Christ, I yet hope to win over to Christianity. I do not rely on my own strength, but on the all-powerful grace of our Saviour, and the protection of the many martyrs who shed their blood for his name." It is affirmed by some writers that Sidotti was almost immediately apprehended, and that he died a lingering death of pain in Jedo. But others allege that nothing certain was ever heard concerning the self-sacrificing man after he parted from the Spanish sailors.

In later days, various were the fruitless efforts on the part of Russia and of England to open the close-barred gates of Japan. It was reserved for the Anglo-Saxon occupiers of the country which Columbus discovered, when his dreams were filled with "Zipangu," to have the honour of first breaking the spell which for generations had isolated the Japanese from the fellowship of the world. As every body now knows, England followed in the wake of America; and coming as our ambassador did with the halo round him of the treaty of Tientsin, he obtained conditions of intercourse never granted by the Japanese to a foreign people before.

The advantages of commerce with the Portuguese, the spirit of feudalism which led the clan to follow in the steps of their chief, the decided religious susceptibilities of the natives, the devout lives and charities of the first missionaries, were among the chief causes which, apart from the diviner meanings of

Christianity itself, procured for Catholicism so remarkable a reception in Japan. But Catholicism was hurled from the country as a hateful and accursed thing: and why? It was always a *foreign* religion. Scarcely any, if any, of the native converts were admitted into holy orders; and every Japanese on receiving baptism laid down his *national* name, as we saw in the case of the first convert, Angeroo. Further, the mutual recriminations of the different religious orders gradually rendered their common creed a suspected thing. Very damaging, moreover, to Catholicism was the fact, that in course of time the converts had learned or tried to steel their hearts against the impulses of the natural affections, and habitually menaced with eternal damnation the adherents of the old religions of the country. Again, Ogosho and his two successors could never forgive or forget that the Christian soldiers had been ranged by thousands on the field against *their* interests. They felt that Japan could not serve two masters: she must know no king but the Sjogoun. But first, midmost, and last, it was, as we think, the bonze influence which, using the other adverse elements as its instruments,* in reality achieved the overthrow of the Catholic mission, and thus saved the empire from being clinched by Jesuit hooks to the Roman rock.

* We have not included in our list of causes hostile to Catholicism in Japan the alleged haughty behaviour of a Portuguese priest to a Japanese dignitary, or the much later discovery of letters implicating the Portuguese in a conspiracy to overthrow the Japanese monarchy. Charlevoix, as it seems to us, has quite satisfactorily disposed of both allegations. Fabricius, in his *Lux Evangelii, &c.*, sets down these as the chief grounds of the fall of Catholicism in Japan: 1. The opposition of the bonzes. 2. The insolence of the Spaniards, who, having become lords of Portugal and of the Portuguese Indian possessions, might seem anxious to add Japan to the number. 3. Whispers against Spain and Jesuits from other powers. We must add here, that in 1690 there were still found some embers of the great fire kindled by Xavier. Kämpfer tells us of a few poor men and women in the common prison at Nangasaki who still professed to be Christians. But all their articulate Christianity consisted in their being able to repeat the names of Jesus and of Mary.

Art. IX.—PAPAL ROME.

La Rome des Papes; son Origine, ses Phases successives, ses Mœurs intimes, son Gouvernement, son Système administratif. Par un ancien Membre de la Constituante Romaine. Traduction de l'ouvrage italien inédit. Premier volume. Bâle: Schweighauser. London: John Chapman, 1859.

Le Pape et le Congrès. Paris, 1859.

It is the singular privilege of the present generation to witness the union in one person of the royal and prophetic offices. What philosophers and theologians might have pictured to themselves in their dreams, but could scarcely in their most enthusiastic moods have hoped to see practically realised, has become an actual and indisputable fact; and strange to say, it is in the centre of fashion, and not in the spiritual metropolis of the Christian world, that this phenomenon has manifested itself. Until the assumption of the reins of government by the Emperor Napoleon III., there was in the diplomacy of European nations something hard, cold, and pedantically formal, which seemed to be the exaggerated essence of secular and material domination. Great questions, under the intricate but systematic manipulation of well-trained diplomatists, were carefully and even anxiously emptied of any thing approaching to a declaration of vital principles at issue, and with a skill worthy of the most practised special-pleader were made to turn on secondary and unexciting points of detail, which *might* contain the kernel of the matter, but so disguised its existence from vulgar eyes, that no hereditary sensibilities were shocked by bold unconventionalities, and no popular attention was directed to a department of knowledge as sacred as the inner mysteries of the ancient priesthood. Compromise could scarcely be said to be a constant accompaniment to that of which it was a corporate part, and to the ordered vagueness of which its nature so completely assimilated. Real sentiment was as little to be found as in a lawyer's brief; and sentimental motives, when put forward, were as much matter of mere decent form as the considerations of love and duty introduced into legal documents. Now, however, there is a great change. Diplomacy has become suddenly subordinated to sentiment; the *de-facto* to the *de-jure;* the conventional to the "natural;" the practical to the theoretical; the actual to the traditional; in short, the present to the future and the past. If nations are summoned from their inglorious repose, it is by ancestral memories and bright prophetic visions

of greatness that they are roused to action; if, on the other hand, it seems fit, in the balance of philosophical considerations with the laws of eternal justice, that a people should be relegated to the inertia of disappointed hopes, it is by the resources "of contemplation, the arts, the study of ruins, and prayer," that its acquiescence in this lot is to be fulfilled and consecrated. We seem to breathe a clearer and transcendental air when we meet with expressions and arguments such as these in grave documents of an official stamp; and it is in such moments that we most keenly recognise the advancing spirit of the age, and the inherent greatness of our common humanity.

Next, however, to the actual subjects of this "prophetic" statesmanship, it is perhaps antiquaries and historians who have the most reason to be grateful for the inauguration of this new era. Hitherto, whatever special aptitudes may have led certain classes to the study of the records and memorials of the past, the pressing claims of the hour that is have drawn away the attention of the busy many from this branch of knowledge. History in all but its latest and contemporary stages, and medieval antiquities, except so far as they were available as food for the *odium theologicum*, required the picturesque and exceptional eloquence of Macaulay, or the quaint humour of Carlyle, to render them even partially palatable; and even then they were regarded as a respectable amusement rather than as a serious matter of interest. This also is now changed,—doubtless for the better, certainly to the immediate enhancing of the value of historical and antiquarian knowledge. The years following 1848 have imparted a much more general acquaintance with geography than "all the schools" had been able previously to impart. We are now, however, being taken through a course of instruction of a far higher and deeper character, extending from the consideration of natural, physical, and moral boundaries for nations and nationalities, to the subtlest problems which could task the mind of the philosophical historian and moralist. In an inquiry of such vast proportions even the minutiæ of antiquarian research play no unimportant part; the device on a mouldering scutcheon may determine the "natural" destinies of a whole people, and a new reading of the crabbed handwriting of some old charter may (if authenticated) turn the trembling balance in the fate of millions. To trace out the ancient basins of rivers becomes no mere antiquarian speculation in this age of conformation to the natural; and happy he who is well-read enough in the earliest chroniclers, or stored enough with ethnological analogies, to become the Tell of his father-land against the philosophical claims to dominion of a more dangerous pretender than any stolid Austrian potentate.

It is scarcely surprising that in such a diplomatic revolution the papal anomaly should have drawn to itself a large share of attention. It is not the first time in the history of the world that the prophet and the priest have stood face to face in natural antagonism; though the obscurity which so often surrounds the language of the one, and the serpentine subtlety of action so appropriate to the other, may often cloak the directness of the opposition; while, in the present case, the singularity of this *avatar* of "the nephew of his uncle" has had the effect of mystifying the simple-minded spectator into very natural incredulity as to the actual issue. Its reality seems, however, unquestionable. The donation of the pious Pepin and Charlemagne is being recalled, or at least rendered untenable, by the occupant of their seat; and the titular successor of St. Peter seems to be about to approximate to the apostolical pattern more closely than for many centuries has been the fortune of any inheritor of the sacred keys. The revolted legations of Ferrara, Bologna, Ravenna, and Forli, which appear to be irretrievably lost to the Pope, occupy more than a quarter of the whole area of the Papal States, and contain nearly a third of the whole population. The remaining portion of the pontiff's territories lying between the Apennines and the Adriatic, and known by the general title of the Marches, are, at the time when we write, in a state of semi-revolt, and can hardly fail to follow, sooner or later, the destinies of the northern Legations. Their severance from Rome would entail an additional loss of an area rather larger, and a population rather smaller, than in the former case; and, taking them together, the loss of the Trans-Apennine provinces will strip the Pope of more than half his territories and more than half his subjects. In point of revenue, and political and commercial importance, the loss will be serious; and to any government less inert in developing the material resources and availing itself of the political capital which were thus placed at its disposal, the loss would be much more serious still. But this is not likely to be the whole extent of the papal losses, should the present movement not be crushed by foreign intervention. The annexation of Tuscany and the four northern Legations to Piedmont, and the proximate revolt of the Marches, will place another group of the papal provinces in a very peculiar position. Interposed like a wedge between the eastern frontier of Tuscany and the Apennines, lie the Umbrian districts, which formerly made part of the great duchy of Spoleto, and the southern boundary-line of which, together with the southern frontier of Tuscany and the frontier of Naples towards the Marches, make almost exactly a parallel from sea to

sea to the northern frontier of Tuscany and the boundary-line of the northern Legations and the Marches. These districts have, to some extent, a distinct history, and their antecedents connect them with the southern Trans-Apennine Marches rather than with the papal provinces which lie immediately to their south. Their area is less than that of the Marches by 1560 square miles, and their population not quite half in number. As to the disposition of their inhabitants towards the papal dominion, it is only necessary to observe that one of their principal towns is the ill-fated Perugia, which was so recently given up to the license of the papal mercenaries. The remaining territories of the Pope, exclusive of the city of Rome and its immediate vicinity, or "Conarca," do not make up more than 4019 square miles out of the 17,494 of the whole Papal States, and contribute not many more than 450,000 inhabitants towards the whole population of three millions. It is within these last-named provinces, if any where, that the Pope must find his future willing subjects; for of the hostile disposition of the city of Rome itself late accounts can leave no reasonable doubt in the mind of any one. Without speculating on the possible balance of parties within these western provinces of the Pope—the old "Patrimony of St. Peter," the Sabina and the Campagna—whose voice is at present suppressed by foreign occupation and garrisons of mercenaries, the prospects of the papal temporalities will be seen from the foregoing sketch to be gloomy enough. In these days of "natural boundaries," the union of Tuscany with Piedmont carries with it, as will be seen, much the same geographical argument with respect to the destiny of the Marches and the Umbrian wedge that the annexation of Parma and Modena presented as to the fate of the four Legations; and should the south-western provinces throw off the papal yoke, a compact kingdom of Southern Italy would be at once created by annexation to Naples.

It is a matter curious in itself, though only consonant with human nature, that exactly at the time when the disintegration of the papal temporalities is most striking, the inalienable right of the Holy See to the whole of its territories should be most loudly maintained; and that a jurisdiction which the Church of Rome has been hitherto contented to rest on the donations of emperors and kings, should now be placed on the same footing of indefeasible right on which are based the spiritual pretensions of the holy father. The forged donation by Constantine of the Italian possessions of the Roman empire is no longer put in the front of the argument for the preservation of the papal territories without diminution; the inviolable right of the Church is now stretched back to some mystical

apostolic prescription, with a *semper* as absolute as the formula of spiritual infallibility. To such a preposterous claim the actual *status quo* and the inevitable course of events are the best practical answer. The papal authority *may* be possibly again extended by external agency over the lives and fortunes of his disaffected subjects, but the living men themselves will always remain political Protestants against such a government, by a prescriptive right to which even apostolic canons, if authenticated, must themselves bow. But leaving this arrogant priestly assumption to its own natural fate in the general scorn with which it will be received, it is a not uninteresting subject of inquiry, how far the history of past centuries has realised this principle of the inalienable and integral attachment of the papal temporalities to the papal chair, and how far the existence of the spiritual supremacy of the Bishop of Rome has been inextricably connected with the preservation intact of his princely authority. The general character of the answer which history returns to these questions can be a secret to no one who ever glanced through the pages of medieval or modern history; but some of the features of this historical demonstration may just now be recalled to memory with something of the vivid interest attaching to contemporary events. Neither the names most prominent in the story, nor the general character of the plot, at any rate, will be strange to newspaper readers at the present moment.

The first thing which must strike any one on looking at a map of Italy, with respect to the Papal States, is their scattered and disconnected position, seeming to imply distinct histories and separate interests and feelings. The Legations and the Marches, with the Apennines as a barrier on one side, and the Adriatic as a boundary on the other, seem as if they were intended to amalgamate with the south-western dominions of the Pope about as little as with any State. The Neapolitan territory would supply the natural coast-line to the Roman state on the east, and Tuscany would form its most suitable complement to the north. The Umbrian provinces would as naturally seem intended to follow the destinies of their neighbour Tuscany.

It is impossible not to entertain doubts as to the continuity of title over so strangely distributed a territory. We feel at once that the authority of the Holy See must have been of a most precarious and interrupted character over these outlying provinces, or it would inevitably have not stopped here, but would have extended itself over a much larger area. The eye takes in with one glance the natural historical contingencies of the Trans-Apennine provinces; and not till these

are satisfactorily exhausted does it turn in the direction of the "Patrimony of St. Peter." One sees instinctively that it must have been some peculiar set of circumstances, quite unconnected with any predetermined purpose or natural sequence, that gave the Holy See any hold in this particular direction. Such is indeed the fact; the special connection of the Legations with Rome was at first purely accidental, was then a mere arbitrary and inoperative transfer of title, and until the sixteenth century was never properly substantiated. Since that time discontent and rebellion have done quite as much to prevent the bond from becoming indissoluble as the lapse of time has effected in the opposite direction. The Umbrian and south-western provinces owe their subjection to the Pope to an equally fortuitous course of circumstances; and if closer neighbourhood rendered the bond for some time more real in their case, its duration seems to be as precarious for the future as its formation was gradual and long postponed.

There is one sense in which Constantine may be truly said to have been the founder of the temporal authority of the bishops of Rome. So long as the city of Rome remained the seat of government of the whole Roman Empire, the imperial authority overawed and stifled the birth of any rival power within its walls. The glories of that Rome which had achieved such greatness gathered around the person of the representative of the Cæsars; the spell of victory and empire in the diadem of Augustus left no room in the imaginations of the Romans or of the Roman world for the idea of the infallibility and universal headship of the possessor of the sacred keys. The desertion, however, of the city of Rome as an imperial residence by Constantine, in the year 326, and his removal of the seat of government four years later to the site of the ancient Byzantium, first opened the door to the transference of the *prestige* of Rome from non-resident and often alien Cæsars to a resident and generally native bishop. The definite partition of the empire on the death of Theodosius in 395, while it destroyed the unity of idea attaching through all previous divisions of power to the Roman Empire, might have restored to Rome much of her old position as the centre of a still vast monarchy; but this was not destined to be the case. In the year 404, after the first retreat of Alaric, the young Emperor Honorius took up his residence at Ravenna; and under him and his successors that now subordinate capital of a papal legation became the imperial city of the West. From this time, during the remaining seventy-two years of the nominal Western Empire, the city of Rome, while it shared in the misfortunes of the emperors, derived little dignity from their continued supre-

macy, unless we consider as such the attraction of barbarian chiefs one after the other to the assault of its walls, by the glory of its once great name, or the reputation of its still remaining wealth. The downfall and the disappearance of the name even of the Western Empire were certainly favourable to the tranquillity and safety of the city, though they left it in a strange and unparalleled position. The tide of empire had ebbed away from its walls, and it remained isolated and unprotected, but yet unassailed and almost disregarded amidst the struggle of contending races, and the rise and fall of ephemeral kingdoms. It is during this period that the earliest approaches to the exercise of temporal functions must have been made by the popes. Such duties would be at first rather forced upon them by great emergencies and dangers to the city than claimed by them as primal accompaniments of their office. They were still what they had been during the reigns of the successors of Constantine—merely pastors of the church in Rome, exercising no authority but that which sprang from the respect inspired by their sacred duties or the influence commanded by their Christian virtues. It is some testimony to the moral character of these earlier pontiffs that the power of the church grew as that of the civil government which supported it declined, until, on the removal and secession of the emperors, the Bishop of Rome was recognised as the natural leader of the Roman people. The recovery of Italy in the sixth century to the eastern branch of the old empire, by the arms of Belisarius and Narses, led to the nominal subjection of the city to the imperial authority, represented by an exarch at Ravenna; but the "duchy of Rome," as it was now called, scarcely felt a dependence practically nullified by the threatening attitude assumed by the Lombard invaders towards the Exarchate. The Idoloclastic "heresy," as it was called, of the Emperor Leo afforded a pretext to the popes for removing even this last relic of the old government of Rome. In his *spiritual* capacity, as a faithful guardian of the doctrines of the church, Gregory II. authorised the Romans to refuse the continuance of their tribute to Leo; and about the year 726 deprived the "Duke" Marino and the Exarch Paul of all authority, and, by agreement with the Lombards, established a sort of republic in Rome, which lasted till the time of Charlemagne. Under a state of things thus inaugurated, it was natural that the popes should enjoy considerable power; but they were still not sovereigns of Rome, which was an independent state under its own civil officers, its bishop exercising a sort of coördinate and undefined influence over public affairs. The Roman laity, on the other hand, still had a certain authority in ecclesiastical matters,

the popes being elected by the joint votes of the clergy, senate, and people; and while the connection with the empire continued, the old subordination of the priest to the prince being still marked by the necessary formal confirmation of their election at Constantinople. In some of the documents of this period the pope is styled the "Præses" of Rome. In the treaty with Luitprand, king of the Lombards, the expression used is the "duchy of Rome." Pope Stephen wrote to Pepin and his sons "in the name of the church, dukes, consuls, tribunes, people, and army of Rome." In the *Liber Pontificalis* Pepin is recorded by the chronicler as "by the will of God aggrandising (*dilatans*) the state (*rempublicam*) and the whole sovereign people (*dominicam plebem*)." Pepin's own phrases are, "the church, senate, and state (*respublica*) of the Romans;" or "the holy Church of God and the Roman state (*respublica*)." The position, then, of the Roman pontiffs at this epoch was very remarkable. From the imperial city of the Cæsars they spoke with a voice of spiritual authority to the world without as the representatives of the "chief of the apostles," and within its walls they were the revered colleagues of a free sovereign people, from whose great traditions they derived much of their own lustre in the eyes of civilised Europe, and to whom in their turn they were an ægis of protection against foreign aggressions by the sanctity of their office, and a fresh source of pride and self-gratulation by identification with the grandeur of their spiritual pretensions. To a position such as this, material assistance from without might become necessary against restless neighbours; but no accession of territories or assumption of temporal sovereignty could add any thing of importance, while they might seriously affect its basis, the strength of which lay in its simplicity and indefiniteness. So far from the temporalities of the Holy See being essential to its independence and authority, this period, during which they had no existence, is exactly that in which the spiritual pretensions of Rome first took root in the kingdoms of Europe, and in which the papal chair was most completely independent of foreign influence. With the appeal which the popes made to the French monarchs, and with the ambiguous temporal grants of the Carlovingians to the chair of St. Peter, began that state of discord, and ruinous ambition at home and dependence abroad, which has deprived the see of Rome of half its spiritual efficiency.

Between the Lombards, who had established great principalities in Spoleto and Beneventum, and the Roman people there seems to have existed a mutual hatred and contempt of no ordinary kind. The Romans despised and ridiculed the

Lombards as rude barbarians; the Lombards could scarcely find words to express their contempt for Roman effeminacy and their disgust at Roman vices. Though they had the traditions and the free forms of the early Roman republic, the Romans of the eighth century were a worn-out and effete race; too much puffed up with the conceit of their ancestry to see their own degradation, and too much enamoured of their inglorious vices to desire any practical revival of the manlier virtues of old Rome, which they were so fond of extolling in words. In short, the descendants of the conquerors of the world could form themselves into turbulent mobs, but possessed nothing but the name of an "army." The popes, alarmed at this state of things, turned first for aid to Constantinople, and when this appeal was fruitless, addressed themselves to the potent mayors of the *fainéant* Merovingians, Charles le Martel and his son Pepin. The exigencies of Rome sealed the fate of the last Merovingian, who, under the sanction of the Holy See, was deposed and committed to a convent; while (acting on the same sacred judgment) the Franks raised to the throne the first sovereign of the Carlovingian dynasty. Exactly at this time the Lombard prince Astolphus seized the exarchate of Ravenna, and terminated an authority which had existed for a hundred and eighty years. Ravenna, once the capital of the west, then the capital successively of the Gothic king Theodoric and of the Eastern Exarchate, now became the capital of a new Lombard state. Pope Stephen invoked the aid of Pepin against the now imminent danger; and that prince, descending from the Alps, defeated Astolphus, and deposited on the altar of St. Peter's the keys of Ravenna and twenty other towns;* all of which (with the exception of Commacchio in the legation of Ferrara) lie within the Romagna (*i.e.* the legations of Ravenna and Forli), and what was then called the Pentapolis (*i.e.* the Marches of Urbino and Ancona). What was the exact amount of rights over these towns intended to be conveyed by the delivery of their keys, it is impossible to say, as the donation is not itself preserved. Practically it had no effect for several centuries. Astolphus kept possession of the Exarchate; and when, under his successor Desiderius, some of the towns recovered their liberty, they acknowledged the authority of the archbishops of Ravenna as inheritors of the extinct exarchs. Pepin had bestowed on him the dignity of "Patrician" of Rome; a title which had been given to the provincial governors of the eastern empire, but which, perhaps with some reference to the earliest use of the word, may have

* Rimini, Pesaro, Fano, Cesena, Sinigaglia, Jesi, Forlimpoli, Forli, Castel Sussubio, Montefeltro, Accorragio, Monte di Lucaro, Cerra, Castel San Mariano, Bobbio, Urbino, Luceolo, Gubbio, and Commacchio.

been equivalent in his case to "protector." He turned a deaf ear, however, to the complaints of the pope as to the practical nullity of the "donation;" and when, in 774, Charlemagne overthrew the power of the Lombards, he was far from giving into the hands of the pope the actual government, or even the suzerainty of the subjugated towns. What he appears to have actually given was, the rents and feudal rights of extensive domains in the Exarchate and Pentapolis, but the regal rights he reserved to himself. And when, in the year 800, Leo III., in the name of the Roman people, restored in his person the empire of the west, the new emperor reassumed the civil authority of the Cæsars over the city of Rome as well as the other towns of Italy; and although the internal government of all alike was left formally in the hands of the citizens, the ultimate suzerainty was vested in the emperor, who, when present in any of the towns, exercised the rights of a sovereign, and was represented during his absence by imperial prefects. He appears to have actually governed Rome in our modern sense of the term. The Roman coinage bore the words, "Imperante domino nostro Carolo;" and had the successors of Charlemagne maintained the vigour of his government, the popes, in seeking for a protector and an instrument of their aggrandisement, might have found that they had struck the death-blow to their schemes of independent temporal dominion. The grasp of the new empire was, however, relaxed in the weak hands of the later Carlovingians; but, although "one discovers traces of the protection which the popes sometimes accorded to the towns of the Æmilia (or Exarchate) and of the Pentapolis, one does not find any authority to indicate that the pope governed these towns. It was not, then, the cities, but the territorial possessions, the fiefs and domains, which constituted the wealth of the popes, and which rendered the concession of the Carlovingians really valuable."

In this direction, indeed, the growth of the *temporal* power of the pope and clergy had been enormous. By bequests in mortmain, and other pious donations, the ecclesiastics had become the proprietors of no small part of the soil of Europe. Their wealth and their secular influence became powerful agents of clerical ambition; and that they did not convert this proprietorship into an actual sovereignty we owe merely to the jealousy of the reigning princes, which interposed in time legislative checks to these ecclesiastical appropriations, to the independent municipal spirit of the civic populations, and to the practice of sub-infeudation, which frittered away the feudal power of the church among turbulent and ambitious vassals. The power of the popes was affected by all these influences, and the effect of the vision of temporal ambition offered to the

Roman pontiffs by the donations of Pepin and Charlemagne was, for the two succeeding centuries, to weaken their power by subjecting them to the same vicissitudes with other temporal sovereigns, and by exposing their sacred office to the greatest insults and degradation at the hands of foreign princes and their own citizens. But through every vicissitude, and under every external discouragement, the pontiffs never gave up the idea which they had once conceived, never forgot the nominal donations of the Carlovingians, never abandoned their hope of one day realising that with the phantom of which Pepin and Charlemagne had deluded them. For the time their prospects were far from hopeful. They were again in an isolated position —bishops with the same undefined authority in the city as before, and now also wealthy feudal lords of large outlying domains. But the towns around them were every where independent, and the vassals to whom they granted out their domains as fiefs soon became almost equally so. The Carlovingian empire was rent in pieces; there was no longer an emperor in the west; and Italy was a prey to the rival ambitions of the great vassals of the defunct empire. Of these the two principal were the Marquis of Friuli or the March of Trevisano, and the Marquis of Spoleto or Umbria, to which the Marches of Fermo and Camerino were subject, and which contained the present delegation of Rieti. The Berengers of Friuli became at length titular kings of Italy, with varying authority. In Rome the power fell into the hands of two women of noble origin but most abandoned life. All classes, with the pope at their head, had plunged into the grossest debauchery. As the mistresses of successive popes, Theodora and her daughter Marozia governed church and state. Marozia, in the year 906, married Alberic Marquis of Camerino, who assumed the title of "Consul of the Romans;" and their son Alberic became the head of the state, under the titles indifferently of "consul" or "patrician." This leadership seemed to have acquired an hereditary character; for Octavian, a youth of seventeen, succeeded quietly to the vacant dignity, and, electing himself to the papal chair, became "Pope and Lord of Rome," under the title of John XII. On acquiring his ecclesiastical dignity, this pope made over the principal offices of administration to a prefect of the town, to whom he gave annual consuls as colleagues and counsellors; and he charged with the care of his own interests twelve tribunes or decurions, representing the different quarters of Rome. Meanwhile Italy, distracted by internal contests, was devastated in the north by the Hungarians, and on the southern coasts by the Saracens, until, in despair, she invited over the Alps a new master in the person of Otho I., king of Germany. On his second expedition Otho deposed the reigning Berenger,

and received from the hands of Pope John XII. the title of emperor, which had been in abeyance for nearly forty years. The new temporal and the old spiritual powers soon came into collision. The people of Rome took side with their pope; but the emperor, at the head of an army, soon reduced the city, and the pope sought safety in flight. His personal enemies having completely the upper hand, the following formal summons went forth for him to appear and answer for his conduct; a document which sadly militates against the doctrine of papal irresponsibility:

"To the Sovereign Pontiff and Universal Father [*Papa*], the Lord John: Otho, by the clemency of God, Emperor Augustus, and the Archbishops of Liguria, Tuscany, Saxony, and France, in the name of the Lord salute you.

Arrived at Rome, for the service of God, on inquiring from your sons the Romans—bishops, cardinals, priests, deacons, and the whole people—as to the reason of your absence, and the motive which kept you from our sight,—us, the protector of your church and of yourself,—they have recounted to us such things concerning you—things so disgraceful that even stage-players would blush to repeat them. Not to conceal any thing from your highness, we will mention briefly some of them; a whole day would not suffice for their recital in detail. Know, then, that you are accused, not by a few, but by all, members of your own order as well as laymen, of having been guilty of homicide, perjury, sacrilege, and incest with two sisters, close relations of your own: they add—shocking to hear—that at table you have drunk to the health of the devil; that in gambling you have implored the help of Jupiter, Venus, and other demons. We pray you, therefore, with earnestness, Father, to come and make no delay in clearing yourself from these accusations. And if you fear the violence of a heady mob, we engage to you on oath that nothing shall be done contrary to rule of holy canons. The 8th of the ides of November 963."

Of course Pope John made no personal appearance, and in default was solemnly deposed from his popedom. But the citizens were more faithful to him than he was to himself. The anti-pope was, on the emperor's departure, driven from Rome; but the restored pontiff soon perished, the victim of private vengeance roused by his own debauchery. We gladly pass over the ensuing period of anarchy and civil convulsion, during part of which Counts of Tusculum, said to be descended from Alberic of Camerino, gave the law to Rome in the name of the emperor. The history of the consul Crescentius, who was in power about the year 980, is very obscure. He seems to have endeavoured to assert the power of the people of Rome against emperor and pope combined. He soon succumbed to the forces of the empire, Otho III. besieging and taking the city, and executing Crescentius himself. The establishment of the Norman

principalities in Italy under Robert Guiscard was nearly the first occasion of the revival of the papal power. Alarmed at the progress of the Normans, the pope, Leo IX., marched against them in person with an army of German mercenaries. He was beaten and made prisoner; but the Normans, combining craft with piety, only availed themselves of their victory to throw over their recent conquests in Apulia the shield of papal authority, by obtaining from the pope the formal investiture of them as fiefs of the Holy See. The pope obtained a more solid share in the spoils of his new allies, on their conquest of the principality of Benevento, in the gift of the city of that name. But still the city of Rome continued isolated among a cluster of hostile towns, with most of whom she was continually engaged in warfare; so that, as an historian has remarked, "one is transported back to the earliest times of the Republic in reading of the desperate wars between Rome and Tibur or Tusculum." The papacy of Gregory VII., so eventful in many respects for the spiritual pretensions of the Holy See, and the whole contest respecting ecclesiastical investitures, which brought into existence the rival parties of Guelph and Ghibelline, produced no accession of territorial strength to the popes, with the exception of another unfulfilled bequest. The famous Countess Mathilda, the greatest vassal of the empire in Italy, and the devoted ally of Gregory in all the vicissitudes of his fortunes, granted the reversion of her possessions to the Holy See. Besides her imperial fiefs of Mantua, Modena, and Tuscany, over the disposition of which she had no proper control, the duchy of Spoleto and march of Ancona had descended to her from her father-in-law and step-father, Godfrey of Lorraine. In the words of the donation of Mathilda itself, however, there is not any thing which indicates sovereignty; but simply a transfer of the rural domains. The emperors evidently treated all her possessions alike, as imperial fiefs, and kept possession of them without any regard to the claims and remonstrances of the popes; but the bequest of the countess was not forgotten by the Holy See, any more than the previous donation of Pepin.

In 1177, Frederic Barbarossa promised to restore to the popes the patrimony of Mathilda in fifteen years; but the Emperor Henry VI. granted it out to some of his German vassals. His grand-seneschal, Marcovald, was made Duke of Romagna and Marquis of Ancona; Philip of Suabia was made Duke of Tuscany, and Conrad of Suabia Duke of Spoleto. During the interregnum, however, which ensued on the death of the Emperor Henry, and which was followed by the election of the candidate favoured by the Pope, Innocent III. availed himself of the odium attaching to the German intrusive princes to re-

assert his claims in a more substantial manner. He sent two cardinals to take possession of Spoleto and the Marches, and the principal towns at once opened their gates, and willingly submitted to him on having their municipal liberties guaranteed to them. They are enumerated as being Spoleto, Foligno, Nocera, Perugia, Gubbio, Todi, Rieti, Assisi, Citta di Castello, Ancona, Fermo, Commacchio, Sinigaglia, Osimo, Fano, Jesi, and Pesaro; several of these, it will be seen, being among the towns whose keys were deposited by Pepin at St. Peter's. But the pope was not strong enough yet to keep all these acquisitions, and soon after granted out Ancona as a fief to the Marquis of Este. Meanwhile at home the foundation of a securer dominion had been laid for the popes by the revived spirit of the Romans themselves. Rome was still a republic, and the career of Arnaldo di Brescia about this time proves the existence of a considerable jealousy of the increasing jurisdiction of the popes. Celestine III., Innocent's predecessor, formally acknowledged the authority of the senate, and a charter of the pope remains to attest this recognition. But the people themselves grew tired of a many-headed authority; and abolishing the senate, substituted a foreign elective officer, who was the head of the army and the administrator of justice, with the title of "senator." Under their first "senators" the Romans carried on a most successful war with their neighbours; took and destroyed Tusculum, subjugated the whole of the Sabina and Campagna, and compelled the towns to submit the appointment of their chief officers to the Roman republic. Innocent III., in the plenitude of his increased dominion, contrived to keep the appointment of "senator" among his own friends, and dictated a form of oath to that officer, to "maintain the pontiff in possession of his see, and of the regal rights which should belong to St. Peter's church; not to conspire against him so as to occasion him the loss of life or limb" (a provision full of significance as to the past relations of pope and people); "to reveal to him all conspiracies and machinations which might come to his knowledge, and to provide for the safety of the cardinals and their household in every part of Rome and its jurisdiction." Innocent, not content with this assertion of the papal chair, compelled the imperial prefect to pay allegiance to him, and to receive from him a fresh investiture, and removed the judges and podestas of the towns of the Campagna, nominating creatures of his own in their stead. This, as has been observed, "is the proper era of that temporal sovereignty which the bishops of Rome possess over their own city, though still prevented by various causes, for nearly three centuries, from becoming unquestioned and unlimited."

In the year 1278, Pope Nicholas III. obtained from Rudolph of Hapsburg a charter defining the territories of the Holy See as extending from Radicofani to Capernano, on the Neapolitan frontier, and as including the duchy of Spoleto, the march of Ancona, the exarchate of Ravenna, the city of Bologna, and other places, all of which, at the request of the pope, he relieved from the oath of allegiance to the emperor. Bologna, an old Etruscan city, possessed of the Roman citizenship, had been "empowered by Otho the Great," says the manifesto of the insurgent government of that city in 1831, "after he had driven the barbarians from Italy, to govern itself under the form of a free and strong republic;" it had "triumphed over Frederic Barbarossa, held prisoner the son of Frederic II., and kept the right of navigation against the Venetians." In 1276, "by the perfidious advice of Prendiparte," the city placed herself under the protection of Pope Nicholas III., then a fugitive from an insurrection at Rome. "But the protection of Nicholas, who had covenanted to allow of the free government of the republic, was soon changed into open oppression." At last Bologna, "that had over and over again wrought out her own rescue, brought matters to such a point, that more kindly pontiffs, and especially Eugene IV., could not but recognise, in spite of themselves, her emancipation as just and regular. Thus Bologna recovered all those advantages which attend upon a state of freedom." Perugia and Ancona were at this time independent republics, and Ferrara had, since the year 1240, been subject to the Este family as hereditary princes, who were sometimes independent sovereigns, sometimes owned the superiority of the pope.

Early in the 14th century, the papal see was removed to Avignon, where it remained for seventy years. The papal authority was, of course, greatly relaxed during this period, and the popes vainly sent mercenaries to reduce the revolted Romagnoles. Every where independent cities or independent princes established themselves. At Rome itself, out of a state of anarchy arose the seven months' government of Nicolo Rienzi, "tribune of Rome" in 1341. The story of his extraordinary success and sudden downfall need not be again told. He returned, in 1354, as the assessor of the pope's legate Albonoz, with the title of "senator;" but in four months the fickle Romans murdered their former favourite. The legate was more successful; he defeated Ordaleffi lord of Forli, Malateste of Rimini, and Vico of Viterbo, with other of the princes who had parcelled among themselves the domains of the Holy See; and he restored the Romagna, the Marches, and the Campagna to the authority of the pope. This recovery was, however,

only partial and transient; and, when the popes returned to Rome in 1371, the provinces north of the Apennines were chiefly in the hands of petty princes. In 1441 Ravenna placed itself under the protection of Venice. Bologna meanwhile was a prey to internal discords between patricians and plebeians; and, says indignantly the Bologna manifesto, "the popes so knavishly knew how to profit by these intestine strifes, that Bologna, through their insidious arts, fell again under the protection of the church. It was in the year 1447, and Nicholas V. was sitting on the papal throne when this happened. The conditions of the surrender were as follows: that the free government of the city should continue for ever under the forms fixed by its laws; that the cardinal-legate to be despatched from the Holy See should not be authorised to decide any thing without the consent of the local authorities; that the Bolognese exchequer should continue entirely apart from that of the venerable Apostolic See, and that all the revenues should be paid into the public municipal chest; lastly, that the city and province should be entitled at all times to the right of self-defence by their own means. These conditions, although they were confirmed by twenty-seven pontiffs, successors to Nicholas V., were notwithstanding," continues the manifesto, "in the course of time, *de facto* only, and by most unlawful violence, broken and done away with. For having subverted the ancient order of things, and having changed our free government into despotism, the new popes imposed upon us most heavy and insupportable taxes; not to spend them, as in former times, for the behoof of the community, but rather for the exclusive advantage of the apostolic treasury; nor did they ever render any account of this expenditure. They then entered the province with the papal armies, certainly not to defend our country, but simply to oppress it; and, at length, in order that we might not be able to reclaim for any good purpose our independence, the first and holiest of our rights, they severed an integral part of the province, Castel Bolognese, which we had lawfully gained; and with this they put the finishing hand to their execrable despotism."

The tenure of Bologna by the popes was, however, not continuous until the commencement of the sixteenth century. The papal see then made a great and successful effort to realise its pretensions. In the year 1500, Alexander VI. sent his son, Cesare Borgia, at the head of an army; and this notorious personage, partly by skill, partly by treachery, overthrew the petty princes of the Marches. Julius II., who succeeded to the papal chair, placed himself at the head of an army, and conquered the Romagna, reducing also finally to obedience to the

Holy See the towns of Bologna and Perugia, in the year 1506. Ravenna was restored to the popes in 1509. Ferrara was similarly annexed on the extinction of the reigning family of Este in 1597. Urbino, which had been for some time an independent duchy, followed the example of Ferrara, on the death of the last duke without issue, in the year 1632. One principality only remained to complete the present papal dominions, and this had been a creation of the popes themselves. In the year 1534, Alessandro Farnese, whose name as pope was Paul III., detached nearly one-half of the "Patrimony of St. Peter," and erecting it into a "duchy of Castro," bestowed it, with the towns of Ronciglione and Nepi, on his natural son, Pier Luigi, and his descendants as a fief of the Holy See. The successors of Paul reluctantly acquiesced in this arrangement, until at length, in the year 1656, the grant was resumed; and so the benefactions of Pepin and Mathilda were realised and extended, and the south-western provinces were consolidated into a compact temporality.

Two hundred years have elapsed since the ambitious hopes of the pontiffs received their fulfilment in the extinction of the last independent authority within the territories which they claimed; and now again Christian Europe is called upon to review the manner in which they have executed their sacred trust, and to pass judgment on the wisdom and necessity of papal temporalities. The verdict of the population of the three northern Legations has been given; first, by the representatives of the upper classes, and next, by a nearly unanimous vote of the whole people, against the papal government, and in favour of annexation to the dominions of King Victor Emmanuel. While we write the news is fresh that the governor of the revolted provinces, Farini, the historian of Rome during the first years of Pius IX., has formally presented the record of the wishes of his fellow-citizens to the chosen king of the Italians. Sunday the 18th of March 1860 will always be memorable in the annals of the Papal States as that on which the King of Piedmont replied to the application of the Romagnoles: "I accept their solemn vote, and henceforth shall be proud to call them my people." The first step has, then, been actually taken towards the demolition of the pile raised with such prolonged toil by the Roman pontiffs as a memorial of their temporal pretensions; and we conclude our imperfect sketch of the past history of the Italian subjects of the pope with what promises to be the first chapter in a narrative of the "decline and fall" of the Papal Principality.

In estimating the character of the government of any people, its general result in the satisfaction or dissatisfaction of the

governed forms no unimportant element either with the historical judge or the practical statesman. If this alone be taken as a test, the condemnation of the administration of the popes is certain and absolute. There are, however, other ways in which the subject may be discussed, from which some variety of opinion may arise. Are the grievances by which the disaffected subjects of the pope profess to be goaded to rebellion real and serious? Are they *practically* irremediable under any papal administration, and inherent in such a form of government? Is the papal government *bonâ fide* willing and ready to make the attempt at remedying them, and has the time gone by or not for such an effort to be practically successful? Lastly, Is the maintenance of the papal temporal dominion essential to the independence of the papal ecclesiastical authority? We pass by without further reference the affected *juste-milieu* of the Paris pamphlet, which, if seriously put forward, carries with it its own refutation in the necessity which it involves of a continued occupation of the city of the Cæsars by the forces of a foreign sovereign.

On the first point diplomacy may be allowed to speak with authority where the popular voice is disallowed. On the 10th of May 1831, "the foreign ministers, who were eager to bring the Pontifical States to a condition of durable tranquillity, combined in recommending and proposing to the court of Rome such measures of adjustment as they thought suitable," and presented a memorandum, which runs as follows:

"I. It is the opinion of the representatives of the Five Powers that, for the general advantage of Europe, two fundamental principles ought to be established in the States of the Church:

1. That the government of these states should be placed upon a solid basis, by means of timely amelioration, as his holiness himself intended and announced at the outset of his reign.

2. That such ameliorations, which, according to the expression of the edict of H. E. Monsignor Cardinal Bernetti, will found a new era for the subjects of his holiness, should, by means of internal guarantees, be placed beyond reach of the variations inherent in the nature of an elective government.

II. In order to obtain this salutary end, which is of great consequence to Europe on account both of the geographical position and of the social condition of the Pontifical States, it appears indispensable that the organic declaration of his holiness should set out from two fundamental principles:

1. That the improvements should take effect, not only in those provinces where the revolution burst out, but also in those which remained faithful, and in the capital.

2. That the laity should be generally admitted to administrative and judicial functions.

III. It would appear that the improvements ought in the first place to have respect to the judicial system, and to the municipal and provincial administration.

As regards the judicial system, it is believed that the full execution and the development of the promises and the principles of the *motu proprio* of 1816 would afford the most safe and effectual method of putting an end to the very general complaints respecting this most important part of the social organisation.

As regards the municipal administration, it appears that the following should be viewed as the necessary basis of every practical improvement: the general reëstablishment and appointment of municipalities elected by the people; and the institution of municipal privileges, which shall govern the action of the bodies corporate, according to the local interests of the communities.

In the second place, it appears that the organisation of provincial councils—whether by means of the permanent executive council appointed to assist the governor of the province in the fulfilment of his duties, and endowed with suitable powers, or by any more numerous assembly, especially if chosen from within the range of the new municipalities, and meant to be consulted upon the most important affairs of the province—would be signally useful for introducing improvement and simplicity into the provincial administration, for superintending the municipal administration, for allotting the taxes, and for informing the government respecting the real wants of the province.

IV. The high importance of good order in the finances, and of such a management of the public debt as may give the security so desirable for financial credit, and may effectually contribute to augment its resources and secure its stability, appear to render indispensable a central establishment in the capital, namely, a supreme board charged with the audit of the public accounts for the service of each year, in each branch of the administration, both civil and military, and likewise charged with the care of the public debt, and having powers proportionate to its great and salutary purposes. The more independent such an institution shall be in its nature, and the more it shall present the marks of an intimate union between the government and the people, the more it will conform to the beneficent intention of the sovereign, and to the general anticipations. On this account we think that it ought to include persons chosen by the municipal councils, who, in union with the advisers of the sovereign, should form an administrative *giunta* or *consulta*. This body might or might not form a part of a council of state, to be chosen by the sovereign from among the persons most distinguished in birth, property, or talent.

Unless there were one or more central institutions of such a kind, intimately allied with the influential classes of a country so rich in aristocratic and conservative elements, the very nature of an elective government would naturally deprive the improvements, which will form the lasting glory of the reigning pope, of those guarantees of endurance, the need of which is generally and strongly felt, and will be felt so much the more in proportion as the benefits conferred by the pontiff shall be great and valuable."

Again and again, both before and after the events of 1848-9, the representatives of the European powers, acting on the best information which they could obtain as to the actual state of affairs, have reiterated their complaints and their recommendations as to the redress of grievances. Again and again the existence of such grievances has been admitted by the Holy See, and their redress apologetically deferred to "a more convenient season." This acknowledgment of the existence of evil, and this dogged persistence in the denial of its redress, are a sufficient answer in themselves to some of the points which we have just suggested. A strong *à-priori* argument might be also deduced from them as to the incompatibility of the government of ecclesiastics with the well-being of a state. An historian, distinguished by his almost frigid impartiality in estimating the great events of the past, has thus summed up the effects of the temporal sovereignty of the popes during the latter part of the middle ages, when their vast spiritual pretensions abroad had been curbed by the spirit and sagacity of European nations: "As the popes found their ambition thwarted beyond the Alps, it was diverted more and more towards schemes of temporal sovereignty. In these we do not perceive that consistent policy which remarkably actuated their conduct as supreme heads of the church. Men generally advanced in years, and born of noble Italian families, made the papacy subservient to the elevation of their kindred, or to the interests of a local faction. For such ends they mingled in the dark conspiracies of that bad age, distinguished only by the more scandalous turpitude of their vices from the petty tyrants and intriguers with whom they were engaged. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, when all favourable prejudices were worn away, those who occupied the most conspicuous station in Europe disgraced their name by more notorious profligacy than could be paralleled in the darkest age that had preceded." We have no intention of drawing any parallel between the Borgias and recent occupants of the papal chair,—between the fifteenth and the nineteenth centuries; but the mass of corruption so long superincumbent on the body-politic of Rome could not but have infected the general spirit of the administration, and the effects of the earlier demoralisation of the popes has survived to obscure and render ineffectual the personal morality and good intentions of the weak pietist who is now the nominal head of the papal government. If we accept the vigorous periods of an eloquent pamphleteer, whose denunciation has had bestowed upon it the stamp of truth implied in an official *suppression*, the morality immediately below the chair of St. Peter by no means corresponds to the virtues of the holy father himself. The ac-

cusations against the cardinal-secretary Antonelli may be true, or they may be exaggerated, but it is a very serious thing that such charges should be boldly brought against the chief minister of the representative of the apostles; and more than a doubt may be suggested by it whether a government which exposes itself to such imputations in its highest offices is likely to have conduced to the morality and happiness of the population subjected more immediately to its subordinate jurisdictions. If we are to believe the representation of the papal administration and of the papal administrators given by the author of the book which we have placed at the head of our remarks, a very decided corroboration will be afforded to our previous impressions. "I do not conceal from myself," says the ex-member of the Roman Constituent, "that the words of a *proscrit*, branding those who proscribed him, are open to suspicion; no doubt the pains of exile may mislead the mind and excite the soul, so as to produce a sort of mental vertigo, and passion may sometimes obscure the truth. But when the *proscrit*, without dwelling upon his own misfortunes, his own feelings, his own convictions, comes to tell of facts,—when he mentions dates, places, men, so as to afford to any one the means of verifying or criticising his assertions,—when circumstances and the general relation of facts afford a striking confirmation to these special facts,—when their character is such as to render it impossible to assign to them another origin,—when they are not controverted but simply denied, without any proof,—and when, lastly, no serious argument can be adduced to invalidate their moral significance,—it is impossible for any conscientious man to refuse his confidence to the writer. I shall not dwell at length on the particular circumstances in which I am placed; but what I am about to relate, and the just expectations of the reader, render some brief statement necessary. My family is well known both at Rome and throughout the Papal States; its position and its extensive connections have brought me from my childhood into intercourse with all the influential members of the papal government. I have heard all the high dignitaries of the church and of the government converse in my presence—not with that language of reserve which they affect in their official relations, but in the undisguised language of private intimacy. When I was scarcely seven years old, I began to be an attentive listener to these persons, and from that time my mind has received a strong impression from the strange things which I perceived—which instinctively astonished me when I could not yet interpret them, and which, on subsequent reflection, have filled me with horror. These impressions have not since been given the lie to. I might, indeed, have been deceived in my

deductions from my personal observations, but in dealing with facts I cannot be mistaken. These have multiplied under my own eyes, have taken place in my own presence, have been, so to speak, in my very hands, when to my own family connections have been added those I had myself formed. The offices which have been intrusted to me, the employments which I have filled, almost in the heart of the government itself, have given me the opportunity of mixing with men of all classes, of examining into the machine of government closely in all its details, of becoming acquainted with its practical working, and of witnessing the sardonic smiles of the inquisitors, and listening to the hopeless complaints of the victims. *From that time forward I had a horror of the government of priests.* . . . If my father had sown in my heart the seeds of corruption, and busied himself in bringing them to maturity, he would indeed have opened to me a career full of honours, and might perhaps have made of me a cardinal of the holy Roman Church. My father preferred that I should be an honourable man, and by so doing predestined me to be a rebel; he secured to me the bitterness of finding myself a *proscrit*, and for this title I owe him the deepest acknowledgments." A statement thus heralded ought to obtain a respectful audience; and, having given our readers the author's own appeal to their confidence, we must leave them to gather for themselves that impression as to his credibility, which the perusal of the work itself can alone adequately convey. One extract may suffice to show the materials out of which the rulers of the ecclesiastical states are formed, and the motives by which their choice of the sacred office is at present actuated. The author takes the case of the lower orders, who might be supposed to benefit most from a system which opens the way of preferment to all classes through the same sacred portal. He takes the case of one "whose father is a wretched peasant, toiling from morning to night, and yet scarcely able to keep his family; who has to beg from his landed proprietor, to humble himself before the steward, to learn to conciliate the servants to get admitted into his master's presence; who, if he dare to enter the palace, is abashed at his own dress and his ignorance. 'But you shall be a priest,' says the wretched father to his son. 'I will be a priest,' thinks then the child; 'and I shall have no more need to give myself up to exhausting toil; the church provides for the wants of her ministers. I will be a priest; and then the proprietor will have to pay me dues, and will have to respect me, for I shall be more than his equal, and any day I may become his immediate superior. While my father stops at the door, I shall enter the palace; and if he is admitted to a seat at the servants' table, I shall be a guest at that of the

master.' 'My father,' says another, 'is an artisan, the slave of his employer, who has less care for him than for his machines; but for me, I shall be a priest; I shall become a curate, perhaps a bishop. Then will I take vengeance for my father, and will throw into prison his employer, who is an unbeliever, a blasphemer, and who never attends the sacraments.' 'My father,' says a third, 'is an inferior officer in the government; he has but nine crowns a month, and, vanquished by poverty, he is obliged to ask for a gratuity; *my mother and sister* have to go to implore Monsignor the Delegate. Ah! I will become a priest, and I may then become a "delegate;" and, in my turn, the beautiful ladies of the city, who will not look at me and despise me for my poverty, will surround me, will pay court to me; when they want a favour, they will have to come and ask it in my private cabinet, and then I will make my conditions.' Such are the reasons—very religious ones, you will perceive—which actuate the larger number of young men who embrace the ecclesiastical career. Judge them not too severely. Their guilt springs from their human weakness; but the guilt of a government which offers to its subjects only this alternative—sacrilege with the satisfaction of every passion, or a life which implies the negation of all rights—this guilt, let M. de Rayneval say what he may of it in his despatches, is infamous."

If such be the root of the administration of the priests, we may easily anticipate its fruits; and we can well understand the firm determination evinced by the emancipated population of the "Æmilia" not to return under such a yoke. The consideration, too, of a few facts such as these may lead to a more positive opinion as to the inherent incompatibility in practice of the priestly office with the functions of a just civil ruler. That any abstract notion—for it is nothing else—of the independence of a pontiff propped up on such a system can much longer prevail against the demands of common sense, not to speak of the standing scandal to Christendom in its very centre, we will not believe. It may suit the cynical mood of the supposed author of *Le Pape et le Congrès* to allude with a sneer to the spectacle of a body of citizens deprived of all the rights of such, except what they may attain to by the channel of self-degradation; but we cannot suppose that the statesmen of Europe will be willing, even if they are able, to content themselves with epigrammatic sayings in the face of undisputed facts. No true lover of the Church of Rome should, on the other hand, wish to see entailed upon another generation a state of things which has only lowered that church in the eyes of the civilised world; which has added nothing to the real power of the popes, but has detracted so much from their spiritual influence; which

rests upon donations of rights which were not in the minds of the donors; which has never been able to withstand the slightest external shock; which has never been respected by any government whose interest it was to infringe upon it; and which can be supported in the present day only by foreign bayonets, at the cost of the alienation of the feelings of millions of devout Catholics, and of the sympathies of every other body of Christians.

Art. X.—CEREBRAL PSYCHOLOGY: BAIN.

The Senses and the Intellect. By Alexander Bain, A.M. London, 1855.

The Emotions and the Will. By Alexander Bain, A.M., Examiner in Logic and Moral Philosophy in the University of London. London, 1859.

It is rare to find an Englishman, not a graduate in Arts, who believes in the existence,—or even the possibility,—of what are called the "Mental and Moral Sciences." The average national intelligence looks on them as the showy shams of Academic discipline, and is as suspicious of their solidity as of Mr. Gladstone's. The Scotchman, on the other hand,—by ordination of nature and University charter,—takes kindly to these studies; discusses their problems every where, at church, on the platform, even in the public-house; and, migrating South of the Tweed, reintroduces them, from time to time, into our literature and life. In their pure form, however, he would hardly succeed in gaining our ear for them. But, himself catching the infection of our scepticism, he adapts them to the level of our belief, surrenders their distinctive characteristics, assimilates them to physical knowledge, and reduces them from their autonomy to a mere province of the "Natural Sciences:" and then, for the first time, when he has construed all that is "mental" in the phenomena into physiology, and all that is "moral" into the chemistry of ideas, we begin to suspect his doctrine of something better than metaphysic moonshine. Both the elder Mill and Mr. Bain owe their English laurels to the remarkable skill with which they have negotiated away the claims of the native Scottish philosophy, and saved or sacrificed their science by putting it under protection of a stronger power. In saying this, we refer, not so much to their doctrines as to their method; and especially to the preconception from which they set out, as to the nature of their study and its relative place in the scheme of human knowledge.

What is "Psychology"? Nobody would think of putting it among the Physical Sciences, or would hesitate to admit that it stands, in some sense, at the remotest point from them. Nor would the most enthusiastic disciple of Faraday or Liebig pretend that it dealt with phenomena reducible to Chemical Law; though perhaps he might claim a less distant relationship to them than that of the mere Natural Philosopher, and might even reserve, on behalf of his favourite pursuit, some contingent reversionary right of interest in them. To judge from the habitual language of medical literature, the Physiologist considers himself to be treading close upon the heels of the Mental Philosopher, and to be heir-presumptive, if not already rival claimant, to the whole domain. Between the facts of life, as manifested through the lower grades of organised existence, and the facts of mind, special to our race, he recognises no ultimate distinction, and confidently looks for evidence of essential identity. And whatever be the destination of Intellectual Philosophy, draws with it that of Ethics and Religion: for, once within the enclosure of the distinctive human faculties, it is impossible for the inquirer to insulate the Reason, whilst relegating Conscience and Faith to quite another field. In this view, therefore, the study of humanity constitutes only the uppermost stratum of scientific Natural History: it deals with certain residuary phenomena left on hand when the lower organisms have been exhausted: and its separation is no less provisional and artificial than that of any one branch of zoology from any other. It is thus the crown and summit of the hierarchy of Natural Sciences; emerging from physiology, as physiology from chemistry, and chemistry from physics; and differing only, as each superior term differs from the subjacent, in the greater complexity and more restricted range of the attributes it contemplates. Psychological studies, prosecuted with this preconception of their position, will naturally borrow, as far as possible, the resources of the nearest science, will seek explanation of human facts in the simpler animal analogies; and in proportion as these fail, will feel baffled, and anxious to reduce the variance to the lowest point. To bring the higher phenomena under the rule, or close to the confines of the lower; to exhibit them as woven in the same loom, only of finer web and more complicated pattern,—will be the instinctive aim of researches begun from this side. Nor will the aim be wholly unsuccessful in regard to the border phenomena, —of Sense, Propension, and Habit,—which retain us in affinity with other living kinds. If it incurs the risk of failure and harm, it will be at the upper end, among the extreme human characteristics: where, to say the least, it is strongly tempted to repeat upon psychology the same violence of which Comte com-

plains as committed by the physicist on chemistry, and the chemist on physiology,—a coercive assimilation of ulterior to prior laws.

There is certainly a captivating simplicity in this pyramidal arrangement of all our possible knowledge around a single axis; with the base broadly laid in the universal properties of matter, and the apex rising to the solitary loftiness of Man and even crowned with his highest symbol,—the cross. It seems to promise that, by merely repeating our steps and not growing dizzy, we shall surmount all our ignorance, and find Thought and Love, as well as Force and Matter, beneath our feet. At the same time, it seems to warn us, that the special endowments of our own being are utterly inaccessible to our apprehension, till we have ascended through tier after tier of previous sciences. The promise and the warning, if reliable, are of superlative importance. Is it true, then, that, simply and only by ascending the stair of natural knowledge,—by persistent prolongation of its familiar processes,—we reach the stage of Mental and Moral Science? Is that stage really to be found along the same line of method, only ranged around its furthest segment? We utterly disbelieve it: and venture to affirm that no refinement of growth in the other sciences has any tendency to blossom into knowledge of the Mind; and that such knowledge, instead of being doomed to wait till the alleged prior terms in the series have been built up, begins with them at the beginning, proceeds with them *pari passu*, and can no more be put before or after them than the image in the mirror before or after the object it reflects.

The ground of these assertions is simply this:—Mental Science is Self-knowledge: Natural Science, the knowledge of something other than Self. Their spheres are of necessity mutually exclusive; yet so related that, like all true opposites, they come into existence together. Wakened up by some phenomenon from the sleep of unconsciousness, we discover two things at once, viz. ourselves as recipient and the phenomenon as given: we are in possession of an external fact and an internal feeling; and have already had our first lesson in both physical and mental knowledge. Every event, in like manner, has its outer and its inner face, and is apprehended by us as existing and as felt; contributing an element, in the one aspect, to our familiarity with nature, in the other, to our acquaintance with our own mind. The same relative fact which, in the external space, is called Light, when brought home to us, is called Vision: and whilst Optics take charge of it in the former case, it belongs to Psychology in the latter. Not a single predicate attaching to it is common to both sides of the relation: on the one, it is cause,—

it is in space,—it has dimension and local movement: on the other, it is effect,—it is in time,—it is a feeling, exempt from the laws of size and measurement. This divarication of the phenomenon into two opposite directions is inherent in the cognitive act itself, and goes wherever it goes, constant as focus to focus in the ellipse: and this it is which constitutes the indestructible antithesis between physical and mental science, making them twins in their birth but without contact in their career. In the play of life,—the action and reaction,—between ourselves and the surrounding scene, attention may pass outward, and forgetting itself, may look at this or that; or may turn inward, and forgetting the world, may count the beads of thought and note the flush of feeling: and the results, of natural knowledge in the first instance and psychologic in the second, are absolutely parallel and coördinate, and can never be transposed into linear subordination. Self-consciousness has one realm to construe; Perceptive observation, another. Could we always forget ourselves, and use our faculty upon objects without knowing it, we should still be competent to the "interpretation of nature:" could we always forget the world, and scan the inner history alone, we should still be competent to register the laws of thought. The necessary duality of all intellectual action happily excludes this extreme, and preserves some approximate equipoise between the two momenta of our knowledge: but it is none the less true that they are perfectly distinct, however concurrent; that interchange between them is impossible; that, though they hang and balance from the same beam, the weights which are heaviest in the one have no effect upon the other; and that the attempt to treat them as homogeneous can but upset and confound the conditions of human intelligence. What is shown to us by the outer daylight of objective discovery must always be other than that which we see by the inner light of self-knowledge: and could the rays of either fall upon the other's field, there is nothing there which they could fetch out of darkness.

We submit therefore that a dualistic grouping of the Sciences, in place of a monistic, is prescribed by the fundamental conditions of Intelligence itself; that without a firm and absolute reliance on the postulates and resources of objective experience, Natural knowledge can make no way; that without equally firm and absolute reliance on the postulates and resources of self-consciousness, Mental and Moral philosophy must remain impossible; and that whilst neither can question, not either may borrow, the language and methods of the other. So long as we look at the extreme cases of contrast in the two series,—Astronomy, for instance, and Psychology,—this statement will perhaps challenge little objection: star-gazing taking us out pretty

far, and thought-analysing keeping us pretty close at home. There are however several intermediate departments of knowledge which seem to give us insight into the workings of the human mind, not by introspection, but distinctly by the study of external data. Jurisprudence and Politics, History, Philology, and Art, all engage themselves upon visible and tangible products of the past, and have no less objective a look than Botany and Geology themselves; yet all issue in deeper acquaintance with humanity: they appear to be physical in their procedure, and moral in their result. Nevertheless, they do not disturb, they even confirm, the principle of our dual arrangement. What are the "external phenomena" with which they deal? Laws and States,—the embodiment of the social Conscience; Language,—the crystallisation of human Thought; Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture,—the witnesses of human Ideality; Action and Suffering,—the outcome of human Life and Passion. For the purpose of our present argument, it is an abuse of terms to call these "external" facts. They are so, in the sense in which tears are drops of water, or a ship's colours a few yards of cotton rag: but their whole essence lies in the internal meaning of which they are the record and the sign, in the invisible and spiritual facts of which they compel the very elements to take charge. And all such simply *expressive* phenomena speak to us only to the extent of our sympathy, and through the medium of our self-consciousness: did they not hold up the mirror to our inner life, and enable us better to read ourselves in their reflex image, they would tell us nothing, and would drop from the catalogue of human studies. Here, and here alone, does the maxim hold, that "like only can know like,"—that the cognitive process requires community of nature between the knower and the known. In physics, it is rather the opposite rule that prevails,—of contrariety between subject and object:—at all events I need not, in order to estimate colour, have my faculty prismatically painted; or, to appreciate acids, be sour myself; or, to examine the magnetic laws, be personally liable to dip. But, if I am to know humanity, human I must be; and all its memorials, so far as they are not dumb to me, are but the extension of my self-conscious being. In this distinction we have the true dividing-line between the departments of Science and Literature, and the principle of their profound difference of operation on the minds exclusively occupied with either. It would take us too far from our proper path to work out this hint at present: it is intended only adequately to carry out the dual arrangement of our intellectual pursuits, and justify the appropriation of all the "literæ humaniores" to the side of self-knowledge.

Mr. Bain's book opens with an account, lucid, exact, and

compendious, of the nervous system in man. In its proper place, beside the volumes of Bell, of Quain, of Sharpey, of Carpenter, nothing could be better: and in a practical manual for students, especially when they are to be examined by the Author himself, we do not question the utility of such an exposition. It is a serviceable key to much that would else be obscure in the language of psychological writers: and just as a musician may reasonably feel some curiosity respecting acoustic laws, so is it natural that an interest in mental processes should extend itself to their organic antecedents. But, tried by any strict test of logical right, the disquisition is, in our view, altogether foreign and intrusive: and we prefer the practice of the older writers,—Reid, Stewart, and Mill,—who take up their subject no earlier than the conscious phenomena, and leave the medullary conditions entirely out of view. It is not that we doubt the physiological importance of the modern cerebral researches, or feel any thing but regret at their hitherto scanty achievements. But if they were ever so successful,—if we could get to look at all that we want,—if we could turn the exterior of a man's body into a transparent case, and compel powerful magnifiers to lay bare to us all that happens in his nerves and brain,—what we should see would not be sensation, thought, affection, but some form of movement or other visible change, which would equally show itself to any being with observing eyesight, however incapable of the corresponding inner emotion. Facts thus legible from a position foreign to the human consciousness are not mental facts, are not moral facts, and have no place in the interior of a science which professes to treat of these, and reduce them to their laws. All that could be done with such outwardly perceived phenomena, at their point of nearest approach to the psychologist, is to note down their order of succession, in parallelism with the corresponding order of the series known to self-consciousness. Supposing two such coördinated trains to be established, we may admit that the physical, if the better ascertained and distincter in its terms, might help us, like the clearer column of a bilingual inscription, to identify or discriminate the parts of the other. But it cannot be pretended that our acquaintance with the nervous system supplies us with any secondary ratios of this kind by which the primary can be construed into truer order. The cerebral phenomena are in an immeasurably darker state than the mental, and are even indebted to these for every hypothetic clue by which the fancy of physiologists could find a way through their relations. The grand discovery itself (still not undisputed) of separate motory and sensory nerves only follows at a vast distance, in respect of certainty and perspicuity, the conscious difference between action and receptivity. Dr. Hartley's theory

of Vibrations was not, in our judgment, a more questionable incumbrance on his doctrine of Association, than Mr. Bain's correcter physiological exposition on his subsequent intellectual analyses. While it throws not a ray of real light into them, it tinctures them with a language of materialistic description, at once unphilosophical and repulsive. When we are told of the "high charge of nervous power" needful for "susceptibility to delicate emotions,"—of the "numerous currents of the brain" involved in "wandering of the thoughts,"—of the "full development of a wave of emotion" from "the cerebral centres,"—of the "eminently glandular" nature of "the tender affections;"—when it is observed that "Irascibility may draw to itself a large share of the vital sap;"—and that "the tender emotion usurps largely a great portion of mankind, being so alimented by the natural conformation of the system as to maintain its characteristic wave with considerable persistence," and that "this gives great capacity for the affections," especially with "requisite support" from "the structure of the glandular organs;"*—we lose all sense of psychological truth, and no more know ourselves again than if, on looking in the glass, we were to see an anatomical figure staring at us. There is no more occasion for such phraseology, than for an artist to paint his Madonna with the skin off. It is recommended neither by scientific precision, nor by illustrative good taste. The one only excellence of psychological description is to speak truly and searchingly to our self-consciousness: and of vital sap, and high charges, and powerful currents, and diffusive waves, we certainly are not conscious: nor do we know of any writer resorting to this style of exposition, without forfeiture of all fineness and sharpness in his delineations of spiritual facts, and quite degenerating from the purity of Berkeley, the neatness of Stewart, the severity of Kant, the transparency of Jouffroy.

We have said that the psychological difference between active power and the passive susceptibilities of Sense was familiar to mental philosophers, and was treated as fundamental, long before the physiological separation of motory from sensory nerves. Of the vast majority of writers the remark is so true, that this distinction is seldom absent from the leading divisions and even titles of their works. But there is one important class of exceptions. The Sensational psychologists have steadily resisted the claims of this distinction; have denied its ultimate reality, and by various ingenuities resolved it away; have contended that activity means only muscular movement, and that this is both set a-going and made known exclusively by sensation. From this sole source, followed by the clinging together of connected move-

* The Emotions and the Will, pp. 32, 193, 230, 94, 233, 232.

ments and the vestiges of contiguous sensations, they have explained all the phenomena of human nature. Of all the difficulties of this undertaking, no one has been more pressed upon them, and more in vain, than that of extracting from a primitive passivity the various forms of energy and struggle. At last however the conviction, which has so long stood out against psychological appeal, is yielded to physiology: and Sir Charles Bell having detached the nerves, Mr. Bain separates the functions, of action and sensation. He admits as original, along with the susceptibilities of sense, a spontaneity of movement,—a start into energy without any prefix of feeling: and this is the capital new feature,—certainly a marked improvement,—which he has added to the resources of his school. In order to turn this spontaneity,—quite random at first,—into volition, he assumes an inherent tendency to persistence in every muscular adjustment which procures a pleasure or relieves a pain: in virtue of which this class of movements, once hit upon, disengage themselves from the heterogeneous mass of possible combinations, and fall into the track, and come under the command, of regulated associations. This mode of deriving the voluntary from the involuntary phenomena is essentially the same with that of Hartley and James Mill: and, though carried out with much fuller elaboration, and addressing itself more carefully to the grand *nodus* of the problem,—the process of deliberate preference and decision,—will probably convert no one who has been left unsatisfied by the previous expositors. The real novelty lies higher up: in freeing the first involuntary movements from their dependence on any sort of feeling, and so creating a fund of spontaneity to set off against the stores of sensation, and make acquaintance with them.

This doubling of the established data of his school, by the introduction of a term distinctly antithetic to sensation, seemed to us at first to offer the means of reconciliation with the opposite philosophy. Nothing could look more like a surrender of the monistic for a dualistic principle. But, we regret to say, the promise is for the present illusory. The reason is this. Though Mr. Bain grants us a spontaneity, he plants it where we have nothing to do with it, any more than if our limbs were spasmodically stirred by a galvanic touch. In his zeal to cancel Hartley's prefix of a sensational stimulus, he forgets to leave any attendant consciousness at the fountain-head at all, and makes the movement come, *psychologically*, out of nothing. The first thing we feel is the series of muscular sensations in the execution of the act: there it is, accordingly, that our conscious life begins, and the prior word of command for the initiation of the act took place outside. The dynamics of the case are thus quite numb and

foreign to us: and our experience still dates from the earliest sensation, and includes no counter element. So far as our mental history is concerned, this novelty of Mr. Bain's is therefore inoperative, and lapses back into that mere emphasising of the muscular feelings so familiar to the readers of Dr. Thomas Brown. Could he only have burst through the enchantments of this paralysing sensational circle, we believe him to have been on the eve of an important advance. By simply drawing his "spontaneity" and its force within the limits of consciousness, instead of leaving it beyond the threshold, solutions arise of problems otherwise unmanageable. On one of these we will dwell for a few moments,—the origin of the beliefs respecting Externality and Space.

It is admitted on all hands,—or, at least, we shall freely concede it to our author's philosophy,—that if, like Condillac's sentient statue, we simply stood still and felt this and that sensation of smell, taste, or sound, we should have no knowledge of an outward world. The conditions of this belief first enter in connection with the muscular system; in the exercise of which we gain our apprehensions of objects distinct from ourselves, of their dimensions, forms, positions, and of the circumambient field in which they lie. So far we are agreed. But now comes the question, how are the muscles qualified to give us this special instruction? and by what process do they impart it? Brown, Mill, Bain, all concur in their answer. First, we gain the idea of *linear extension* by muscular feelings of various range, as in the slight or greater closing of the fingers, or sweep of the arm, or exploring a wire: part of a given series of sensations not being the same to us as the whole, or a less part as a more considerable, we have differences for every degree of continuance; and these are so many *lengths*. Next, we have but to give this idea numerical increase, *i. e.* conceive of *coexisting lengths*, whether by joint action of a plurality of fingers, or by combining the movements of one over a surface, as of a pane of glass,—and we are introduced to *superficial extension*. And lastly, by letting our fancy go out with its length-idea on all radii from any point, we win at once the conception of *Space;* or again, by embracing a solid object between the two hands, we discover coexisting surfaces separated by lengths, and complete our triad of dimensions. Thus our idea of Extension is built up, bit by bit, one dimension at a time; and the last to come, in the order of our knowledge, is geometrical solidity.

Every thing, in this exposition, depends on the soundness of the first step; the others, being little else than contrivances for multiplying lengths, disappear of themselves if the lengths are yet to seek. How, then, are they got? Merely, it is said, by our

experiencing in the muscles a train of sensations, coming to an end, now sooner, now later; this variation in the protraction of the series being the gist of the whole matter, and giving us our *quæsitum* of *length*. If so, however, *any* succession of feelings susceptible of similar variation would do as well: a melody heard, now complete, now broken off; a cycle of odours, at one time half administered, at another cut short near the beginning, would meet all the prescribed conditions, and ought to furnish us with the Knowledge of Extension. The liability to more or less abbreviation of the sensational thread is no peculiarity of the muscular sense: and to pitch upon this circumstance as giving us our comparison of lengths is fatal to the exclusive claim which is set up for this class of feelings. What can be more inconsistent than, first, to single out the locomotive organs as alone competent to the phenomenon, and then to refer the phenomenon to something in them which is no speciality of theirs at all? Do you fly then to the distinctive *quality* of their feelings, rather than their mere interrupted succession? Different, of course, the muscular feelings are from smells, as tastes also or sounds are from both; but so long as they are *only* sensations, delivered upon our consciousness one after another, they win no advantage, for purposes of objective disclosure, over their companions. Even could we know them by ever so perfect an introspection, they would be found in us, not out of us, and would not help us to step beyond the subjective world: their succession would be in *duration*, not in *space*, and would give us the sequent parts of time, not the synchronous parts of linear extension. Ring the changes as you will upon mere Sensation, these difficulties will shut you in. The only reason why the passive reception of odours would not reveal the outward world is, that it does not go beyond sensation; and so long as you stop at that stage, the muscles will serve you no better than the pituitary membrane.

In what, then, really consists the prerogative distinction of the muscular system? It has an obvious and important peculiarity. In our experience of smell, hearing, &c., the first thing that happens is the sensation, which arrives at us out of the unknown, and wakes us up in an unexpected way; and any cognitive act, when we are in a condition to have one, follows on the sensitive phenomenon. But the muscular sensations occur in executing an act already ordered by mandate from ourselves; the signal for them is passed before they arise, and this mental prefix, name it as you will, prevents our being taken by surprise with the phenomenon, and provides an incipient cognitive element at the fountain-head. This inverse order of procedure in the locomotive faculty redeems it altogether from the category of the Senses. It starts from a point that is no

more "Sensation" than the cognitions in which the proper Senses terminate; call it volition, or call it spontaneous energy, it is the putting forth of personal causation. This is a function beyond the province of mere Sense. A *Sense* cannot *make efforts;* nor are its phenomena causes, but effects. Not even, we believe, are sensations an essential feature in the executive stage of the operation; if the muscles were made of india-rubber, or paralyzed in their sensory nerves, their system, we conceive, would not be disqualified, provided it obeyed the mandates from head-quarters, for giving us knowledge of an objective world. This knowledge breaks on us from the collision of our own conscious force with impeding resistance: and so long as the two extremes retain this relation, the intermediary members may be many or few, sensible or insensible, without hindering our discovery of the antithetic Subject and Object; the one *here*, the other *there;* the one *Causal hence*, the other *Causal hither*. By removing the dynamical commencement of this experience out of consciousness, and beginning our psychological history lower down, in the sensations of the executive muscles, Mr. Bain appears to us to have missed the true germ of our ideas of Personality, of Space, and of Causation.

No doubt, the accurate *measurement* of our force against variable resistances, and of the several intervals between objects, is largely dependent on the proper muscular sensations, which are invaluable as a scheme of graduated signs. But the *things measured and signified*,—apart from the appreciation of their degrees,—are cognisable through an energy behind the muscles. The collision of that energy of ours with the counter-energy of the world, as attested by Sensation, reveals to us, by the crossing lines of direction, the contrast of the Self and the other-than-Self, and gives us, as Categories for all phenomena, the two centres of Personality and Externality. The antithesis of these mutually excluding terms carries in itself both a geometrical opposition of Place, and a dynamical opposition of Force. Instead of our having to go to school for a long experience, in order to be trained into these ideas, our whole experience constitutes itself around these apprehensions, as its three grand axes; and of the two sides of each pair, neither has any advantage over the other: the outer and the inner both are given in the same act, and known by the same self-light, or rather reciprocal light; and there is no more propriety in saying, that we know the external world only through our own feelings, than in saying that we know our own feelings only through the external world. To know at all involves both terms: and the attempt to establish a subordination between them, and resolve

objective cognition into subjective consciousness of our own phenomena, is nothing else than, in the very act of patronising experience, to destroy its fundamental postulates, and open the way to every idealistic dream. The following passage is therefore, in our view, far from satisfactory:

"As our belief in the externality of the causes of our sensations means, that certain actions of ours will bring the sensations into play, or modify them in a known manner, this belief is easily furnished to us by experience; it is no more than our experience entitles us to entertain. Having felt, again and again, that a tree becomes larger to the eye as we move; that this movement brings on at last a sensation of touch; that this sensation of touch varies with movements of our arm, and a great many other similar coincidences; the repetition of all this experience fixes it in the mind, and from the sight alone we can anticipate all the rest. We then know that our movements will bring about all the changes and sensations above described, and we know no more; but this knowledge is to us the recognition of external existence, the only thing, so far as I see, that external existence can possibly mean. Belief in external reality is the anticipation of a given effect to a given antecedent; and the effects and causes are our own various sensations and movements." (*The Senses and the Intellect*, p. 373.)

According to this, to see the sun in the heavens is to believe that, if we could only keep on walking long enough, we might burn our fingers; to descry the lark aloft, is to recite by muscular sympathy the beating of its wings since it left its nest; to think of any distant space is to run over our locomotive sensations in reaching it, and the opportunity of thrusting out our arm when we have got there. Emptiness means simply scope for muscular exercise; and the Infinitude of Space imports only potential gymnastics for us under all conceivable circumstances. This kind of "analysis" of our ideas seems to us, we must confess, a cruel operation,—a cold-blooded dissecting of them to death. The *disjecta membra* given as their equivalents, and strung together in succession to replace the original whole, defy all identification. Look down an avenue of trees, and consider whether, in appreciating its perspective, you are engaged upon the mere imagination of touches, or the computation of fatigue? Watch a lighthouse, from a ship's deck, by night, laying its long line of beads towards you upon the waves, and say whether the thing denoted by this "visual sign" has any thing to do with either your legs or your finger-ends. Can you believe that even to a blind geometrician diagrams and areas present themselves, not as simultaneous existences beyond his personality, but as possible series of tactual impressions in himself? or, that when James Mitchell, the blind deaf-mute,

amused himself with picking stones out of the brook, ranging them in a circle on the grass, and then assuming the centre as his own seat, the figure of his environment did not lie in his dark imagination complete at once? For our own part, we utterly distrust this whole doctrine, which construes back the grand synchronous unity of Space into trains of muscular successions in our Sense, and interprets the objective world into cohesive relations among our subjective phenomena. How completely all externality disappears in the *Ego*, when this psychology is fairly carried out, will be evident from the following passage, in which the existence of light is made contingent on the visual feelings, and the whole language of outward being and causation is treated as an empty product of "abstraction:"

"We seem to have no better way of assuring ourselves and all mankind that with the conscious movement of opening the eyes there will always be a consciousness of light, than by saying that the light exists as independent fact, with or without any eyes to see it. But if we consider the case fairly, we shall see that this assertion errs, not simply in being beyond any evidence that we can have, but also in being a self-contradiction. We are affirming that to have an existence out of our minds which we cannot know but as in our minds. In words we assert independent existence, while in the very act of doing so we contradict ourselves. Even a possible world implies a possible mind to perceive it, just as much as an actual world implies an actual mind. The mistake of the common modes of expression in this matter, is the mistake of supposing the abstractions of the mind to have a separate and independent existence. This is the doctrine of the Platonic 'ideas,' or 'forms,' which are understood to impart all that is common to the particular facts or realities, instead of being derived from them by an operation of the mind. Thus the actual circles of nature derive their mathematical properties from the preëxisting 'idea,' or circle in the abstract; the actual men owe their sameness to the ideal man. So instead of looking upon the doctrine of an external and independent world as a generalisation or abstraction grounded on our particular experiences, summing up the past, and predicting the future, we have got into the way of maintaining the abstraction to be an independent reality, the foundation, or cause, or origin, of all those experiences." (*The Senses and the Intellect*, p. 376.)

This is the old pitfall, where philosophy, too boldly stepping on its solid-looking sensational ground, has so often tumbled through into a bottomless Idealism. We are not to say, it seems, that light exists as an "independent fact." Then it exists either as a dependent fact, or not at all. If the former, it is dependent on vision, that is, on its own effect, which is absurd. If the latter, then vision exists by itself; that is, effect without the cause, perception with nothing perceived. Our author

plainly confounds the two inverse kinds of "dependence,"—logical, in the order of knowing,—real, in the order of being;—the *causa cognoscendi* and the *causa essendi*. The *knowledge* of light is dependent on vision, its effect; the *being* of vision is dependent on light, its cause: whose relative "independent existence" is so far from being "contradicted," that it is directly implied, by its dependent logical position:—the two things being indeed but one and the same relation read from opposite ends. Our author, it is true, affirms that "we cannot know light, *but as in our minds.*" But how so? Because, we presume, it is known by *seeing it*, and that is an act of the mind. Yes, certainly; *the seeing*:—but, on that very account, not the *thing seen*: for the cognitive act, instead of implying coalescence and identity, is conditional on separation and mutual exclusion, of the knower and the known, and can reveal neither except as over against the other. Were it otherwise,—were all that we know to be on that account seated at the cognitive point,—knowledge and being must coalesce, and could never look each other in the face: nothing could be known as existing: and nothing could exist as known. The intellectual power itself would constitute a disqualification for intelligence. If there really were external objects, and a faculty in us for their apprehension, Mr. Bain's argument would still apply: if where they are known, there we must presume them to be, our cognisance of them as external ought to be treated as false; its truth would be a proper ground for disbelieving it; and the perfect knowledge of a thing would be its absolute disproof.

A psychology which allows us cognisance only of the thread of our own feelings is obliged to account for the objective look and substantive pretensions of some portions of our knowledge, by making up aggregates of feelings, and assuming that their chemical union gives them the fallacious aspect of being more than feelings,—of being elsewhere than in ourselves,—of being one instead of many. The grand instrument of this metamorphosis, we need hardly say, is the Association of Ideas,—or, more properly, of actions and mental states; among which, either contiguous terms, or resembling terms, have a tendency to revive each other. This is a veritable and universally recognised psychological law: and to the great merits of his school in vindicating its importance and extending its application Mr. Bain has made large additions in his copious and elaborate exposition. Without the originality of Hartley (whose work, after every deduction, still stands in the highest rank of psychological literature), and without the severe precision of James Mill, our author opens a fuller storehouse of illustration, and spreads out its contents in a more telling and agreeable way. He is master

of all the dexterities of this law, and prepared to show the utmost that can be done with it. Whether it is not overtasked is perhaps a natural question with even the most trustful reader. Its requirements are so modest, and its achievements so grand, that it is apt to be suspected for the very scale of its apparent victories. 'Given the rudiments of any brute,'—so it seems to state its problem,—'to construct the perfection of any angel.' The five senses and ganglionic spontaneities are briskly stretched upon the Jacquard-loom: the cards, perforated according to theory, are hung upon the beam: and after a few chapters of cheerful weaving, the divine form is finished off; and you have the satisfaction not only of admiring it, but of knowing exactly what its reason, love, and goodness are made of, and how put together. The doctrine, appealing as it does chiefly to the earliest experience, and making rapid use of the years of infancy, rests, to a dangerous extent, on a conjectural psychology. It has already got over all its difficulties before the age when reflection can put it to the test: and when called in question by the mature and practised self-consciousness, glibly answers that it is too late in the day to bring up any inner evidence against it; that its wonders are all wrought within us, and can no longer be unravelled; that we have been so transformed by it as not to know ourselves, and to be decipherable only by its light; that what we take to be the simplest mental states it knows to be superlatively complex;—what, the primary truths of reason, to be the ultimate tricks of language;—what, the native insight of conscience, to be the artificial imposition of social opinion. It is always difficult, for want of recognised criteria, to criticise hypothetical history; as, for want of common substance, to fight a duel with a ghost. Being, however, to no small extent, at one with this doctrine, we may perhaps hope to explain a scruple which checks our complete assent to it. For the sake of distinctness we limit ourselves to a single point.

All the language of the doctrine is framed on the supposition that, a number of elements being given, and laid detached before the mind, it cements them together in groups and trains, in ever-increasing complexity. The mental history is, in this view, a perpetual formation of new compounds: and the words, "Association," "Suggestion," "Cohesion," "Fusion," "Indissoluble Connection," all express the change from plurality of data to some unity of result. An explanation of the process therefore requires two things;—a true enumeration of the primary constituents, and a correct statement of their laws of combination: just as, in chemistry, we are furnished with a list of the simple elements, and then with the principles of their synthesis. Now the latter of these two conditions we find satis-

fied by the Association psychologists: but not the former. They are not agreed upon their catalogue of elements, or the marks by which they may know the simple from the compound. The psychologic unit is not fixed: that which is called *one* impression by Hartley is treated as half-a-dozen or more by Mill: and the tendency of the modern teachers on this point is to recede more and more from the better chosen track of their master. Hartley, for example, regarded the whole present effect upon us of any single object,—say, an orange,—as a single sensation; and the whole vestige it left behind, as a single "idea of sensation." His modern disciples, on the other hand, consider this same effect as an aggregate from a plurality of sensations, and the ideal trace it leaves as highly compound. The "idea of an object," instead of being an elementary starting-point with them, is one of the elaborate results of repetition and experience; and is continually adduced as remarkably illustrating the fusing power of habitual association. Thus James Mill observes:

"It is to this great law of association that we trace the formation of our ideas of what we call external objects; that is, the ideas of a certain number of sensations, received together so frequently that they coalesce as it were, and are spoken of under the idea of unity. Hence, what we call the idea of a tree, the idea of a stone, the idea of a horse, the idea of a man. In using the names, tree, horse, man, the names of what I call objects, I am referring, and can be referring, only to my own sensations; in fact, therefore, only naming a certain number of sensations, regarded as in a particular state of combination; that is, concomitance. Particular sensations of sight, of touch, of the muscles, are the sensations to the ideas of which, colour, extension, roughness, hardness, smoothness, taste, smell, so coalescing as to appear one idea, I give the name, idea of a tree."*

To precisely the same effect Mr. Bain remarks:

"External objects usually affect us through a plurality of senses. The pebble on the seashore is pictured on the eye as form and colour. We take it up in the hand and repeat the impression of form, with the additional feeling of touch. Knock two together, and there is a characteristic sound. To preserve the impression of an object of this kind, there must be an association of all these different effects. Such association, when matured and firm, is our idea, our intellectual grasp of the pebble. Passing to the organic world, and plucking a rose, we have the same effects of form to the eye and hand, colour and touch, with the new effects of odour and taste. A certain time is requisite for the coherence of all these qualities in one aggregate, so as to give us for all purposes the enduring image of the rose. When fully acquired, any one of the characteristic impressions will revive the others;

* Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind, vol. i. p. 71.

the odour, the sight, the feeling of the thorny stalk,—each of these by itself will hoist the entire impression into the view." (*The Senses and the Intellect*, p. 411.)

Now, this order of derivation, making our objective knowledge begin with plurality of impression and arrive at unity, we take to be a complete inversion of our psychological history. Hartley, we think, was perfectly right in taking no notice of the number of inlets through which an object delivers its effect upon us, and, in spite of this circumstance, treating the effect as one. Had he explicitly drawn out the principle which implicitly guided him, it would have assumed perhaps something like this form: 'That each state of consciousness, whether awakened through more or fewer channels, is, during its continuance, originally simple; and can resolve itself only by change of equilibrium.' No psychological law appears to have higher evidence than this; and, little as the range of its consequences has been perceived, there are probably few who would dispute it when stated in a general form. Were it not true, the feeling of each moment, determined as it is by innumerable conditions in our organism, not one of which could change and leave our state the same, would seem to us, or must once have seemed, infinitely intricate. But the constancies of our system, however numerous, never disclose themselves till they break up; the functional sensibilities of the organic life first report their character when they go wrong; the muscles, blended in a state of rest, detach themselves by the permutations of motion, and acquire, as in learning the use of a keyed instrument, more and more delicate discriminations of feeling and action; and if the special senses less obviously converge upon one psychologic point, it is only because their relations are perpetually shifting *inter se*, and disappointing our experiments of the requisite statical conditions. But even now, after life has read us so many analytic lessons, in proportion as we can fix the attitude of our scene and ourselves, the sense of plurality in our impressions retreats, and we lapse into an undivided consciousness; losing, for instance, the separate notice of any uniform hum in the ear, or light in the eye, or weight of clothes on the body, though not one of them is inoperative on the complexion of our feeling. This law, once granted, must be carried far beyond Hartley's point. Not only must each object present itself to us integrally before it shells off into its qualities, but the whole scene around us must disengage for us object after object from its still background by emergence and change; and even our self-detachment from the world over-against us must wait for the start of collision between the force we issue and that which we receive. To confine ourselves to

the simplest case: when a red ivory-ball, seen for the first time, has been withdrawn, it will leave a mental representation of itself, in which all that it simultaneously gave us will indistinguishably coexist. Let a white ball succeed to it; now, and not before, will an attribute detach itself, and the colour, by force of contrast, be shaken out into the foreground. Let the white ball be replaced by an egg: and this new difference will bring the form into notice from its previous slumber. And thus, that which began by being simply an object, cut out from the surrounding scene, becomes for us first a *red* object, and then a *red round* object; and so on. Instead, therefore, of the qualities, as separately given, subscribing together and adding themselves up to present us with the object as their aggregate, the object is beforehand with them, and from its integrity delivers them out to our knowledge, one by one. In this disintegration, the primary nucleus never loses its substantive character or name; whilst the difference which it throws off appears as a mere attribute, expressed by an adjective. Hence it is that we are compelled to think of the object as *having*, not as *being*, its qualities; and can never heartily admit the belief of any loose lot of attributes really fusing themselves into a *thing*. The unity of the original whole is not felt to go to pieces and be resolved into the properties which it successively gives off; it retains a residuary existence, which constitutes it a *substance*, as against the emerging quality, which is only its *phenomenal predicate*. Were it not for this perpetual process of differentiation — of self from the world, of object from its scene, of attribute from object, no step of Abstraction could be taken; no qualities could fall under our notice; and had we ten thousand senses, they would all converge and meet in but one consciousness. But if this be so, it is an utter falsification of the order of nature to speak of sensations grouping themselves into aggregates, and so composing for us the objects of which we think; and the whole language of the theory, in regard to the field of synchronous existences, is a direct inversion of the truth. Experience proceeds and intellect is trained, not by Association, but by *Dissociation*, not by reduction of pluralities of impression to one, but by the opening out of one into many; and a true psychological history must expound itself in analytic rather than synthetic terms. Precisely those ideas, —of Substance, of Mind, of Cause, of Space,—which this system treats as infinitely complex, the last result of myriads of confluent elements, are in truth the residuary simplicities of consciousness, whose stability the eddies and currents of phenomenal experience have left undisturbed. The same inversion of the real mental order has exercised, we think, an injurious

influence on the whole Logic and Philology of the Association philosophers; the organism of speech requiring, for its due interpretation, to be read *downward* from its wholes into its parts; and, without this, being hardly capable of construction *upwards* from the atoms of predication to its life. We cannot at present expand these hints; but they will suffice to show the wide sweep which a fundamental psychological truth or error cannot fail to have, and how the whole configuration of philosophy may be affected by even a slight want of precision in its first lines. Mr. Bain often approaches very near the important principle (as it seems to us) of the Unity of original consciousness; speaking, for instance, of "the concurrence of Sensations in one common stream of consciousness, in the same cerebral highway" (*The Senses and the Intellect*, p. 359); and in the following passage not only recognising, but enforcing, the necessity of differentiation by change:

"Were it not for the primitive shock that difference gives, there would be no basis for the intellect. All colours would be alike; sounds would not be distinct from touches or smells, and there would be no cognition possible in any sense. The feeling of difference, therefore, is the first step; the impressing of that, under the plastic property of the mind, into an enduring notion is the next. We begin by being alive to the distinctive shocks of red and green, of round and oval, small and large; by and by, we attain to the fixed notion of a rose on its stem; thence we go on combining this with others, until the mind is full of the most variegated trains of imagery. The laws of association follow up, and do not necessarily imply, or contain in themselves, the primordial sense of difference, which is the most rudimentary of all the properties of our intellectual being. Analysis can descend no deeper, explanation can go no farther; we must make a stand upon this, as the preliminary condition of all intelligence, and merely seek to place its character in a clear and certain light." (*The Emotions and the Will*, p. 626.)

Whilst insisting, however, on the indispensableness of change of impression, Mr. Bain apparently thinks this condition sufficiently provided for by the mere coexistence of sensations through a plurality of Senses; the power of discriminating which he attributes to the Intellect as an ultimate and fundamental prerogative:

"The basis or fundamental peculiarity of the Intellect is discrimination, or the feeling of difference between consecutive, *or coexisting* impressions. Nothing more fundamental can possibly be assigned as the defining mark of intelligence, and emotion as such does not imply any such property." (*The Emotions and the Will*, p. 614.)

"Consecutive impressions" involve change; but "coexist-

ing impressions" do not: and if the discriminative power is equally related to both, it is not dependent on the occurrence of change. And conversely, if it demand change, it can do nothing with mere coexisting impressions. This last position we believe to be the true one; and we cannot assent to Dugald Stewart's statement: "Although we had never seen but one rose, we might still have been able to attend to its colour, without thinking of its other properties."* Mr. Bain, in concurring with this opinion of Stewart's, and attributing plurality to the original effect of a single object, appears to us to forget his own doctrine as to impossibility of any sense of difference without change, and to let slip a psychological clue already familiar to his hand.

We have lingered near the *incunabula* of the opposite psychologies in the hope that, by scrutiny of their development at its initial stage, some approximate lines might be found for them to prevent their rapid divergence. The only hope of improved mutual understanding lies at the beginning. To discuss the ulterior questions into which they run is a far easier and more attractive task; but, at the same time, utterly useless, till the logical preliminaries are determined—a mere race from different starting-points over incommensurable fields. The enormous differences which open out as the two methods pursue their way suffice, for those who know them, to throw an interest around the finer distinctions at the commencement. If the dualistic method be admissible, we obtain at the fountain-head, unless our ultimate constitution be unveracious, direct authority for a few primitive cognitions, accurately corresponding with the most rooted and universal beliefs of mankind—viz. the substantial existence of ourselves as knowing Subject, and of the external world as known Object; the reality and infinity of Space as the seat of the latter with its contents, and the reality and infinity of Duration as containing the successions of the former; the origin of all phenomena from a causality not phenomenal. In such judgments, accepted as the inherent postulates of all intelligence, we have a few first truths to render experience possible, and to form a basis for reliable knowledge. If the monistic principle holds, if the only thing accessible to us is our own phenomena, if they are but transformed sensations, if, moreover, they are phenomena of nothing and nobody,—it is idle to speak of cognition at all; there is neither outer world to be known, nor any "we" to know it: the inner history alone is fact; and it can furnish no rational propositions, except about the groupings, the successions, or the resemblances *inter se*, of the feelings and ideas composing it. Body means the experience

* Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, part ii. chap. iv. sect. 1.

of certain muscular sensations; Space, the experience of their absence; Infinity, the conception of their possibility; and what we say of these can be only autobiographical, without validity beyond. Causality denotes the constant priority of one of our states to another. Belief means an association of ideas and feelings, strong enough to stir muscular sensations. Perception is a very misleading word; pretending to refer some sensation to an object that gives it, but properly referring it only to the group that has it. Personality is the sum-total of all the feelings in any one conscious life up to its present moment,—in common language, rather aristocratically limited to human beings; and to say, 'I committed this sin,' is to tack on a new phenomenon at the end of a train and lengthen its thread. There can be no first truths; for we form no judgments till we have got language, and must have the parts of speech before we can predicate any thing; and then any stiff association of ideas, however arbitrary, is ready to set up for self-evidence. The propositions which assume this look are about nothing except empty abstractions of the mind's creation, yielding only an illusory certainty; and it is a rule that a Science, to be demonstrative, must be hypothetical; and, to be pure, its hypotheses must be false. The steadiness with which the thorough-paced Hartleyan walks through these startling paradoxes,—the rigour with which he follows out their lines, with a pleasant sense of beauty and discovery,—we cannot but regard as curiously expressive of the mind logical rather than psychological. The skill and ingenuity are often marvellous; but to a very large extent are expended, not in interpreting, so much as in explaining away, your actual consciousness; in converting it into some strange, uncomfortable coin, declared to be its change in full; in apologising for the imperfect evidence of their equivalence, and showing that it could not well be greater, considering all that they have had to go through. Just as Mr. Darwin, on finding fossil species disinclined to help him, fixes on them an *ex-parte* character, and urges that his genuine witnesses must have disappeared and become indistinguishably worked up into the very grain of the world; so does the Association psychologist feel no discouragement from the refractory look of mental facts as they are, whilst he can plead that the rudimentary forms are compelled by the very hypothesis to vanish, and lie mingled invisibly with the containing strata of the mind. There is obviously a limit beyond which this kind of plea cannot be carried without withdrawing the doctrine it is meant to benefit from all rational test: and the extent to which it is urged, measures the degree in which conjecture takes the place of the *vera causa*. Now, when it is remembered that almost every one of the *distinctively human*

phenomena presents a *crux interpretum* to this school; that the points at which suspicion of psychological tampering arises include the Ideas of Space and Time, the ground of the Mathematics; of Substance and Causality, implied in Physics; of Personality and Obligation, the conditions of Morals; of Right, the basis of Law; of Beauty, the essence of Art; of Supreme Goodness, the inspiration of Religion; that whilst Memory and Conception and Habit are fairly explained, Belief and Volition are analysed out of their identity; the disproportion becomes striking between the assured value of the doctrine and its cost. At every one of these points, Mr. Bain's exposition has, to our feeling, the peculiar character of ingenious unreality which is so common in all the later writings of his school, and which so markedly distinguishes the subtle misconstructions of Brown and Mill from the faithful half-analysis of Locke. We find ourselves entangled continually in mere *quasi-psychology*, which does not in the least speak to any thing within; but shows how, under certain enumerated conditions, an equivalent to the actual state of mind might be produced. This is more especially the case in the second volume, where the author's description of the *moral* phenomena seems to us to be drawn from some quite imaginary human nature; and to have no relation to the real experiences and faiths of tempted and struggling men. Highly significant of his method in this respect is his habitual discontent with the *language* in which men have embodied their ethical feeling and thought. The great question of Moral Liberty is got rid of by a wholesale objection to every one of its leading terms: "Freedom" is inappropriate; "Necessity" is an incumbrance; "Self-determination" is a bad name for motive pleasures and pains; "Choice" can mean nothing but the ending of suspense in a single line of activity; and so on. These terms "have weighed like a nightmare upon the investigation of the active region of the mind." Does the suspicion never cross Mr. Bain that to cancel the vocabulary of moral thought and feeling is to discharge the phenomena from his philosophy? We refrain, however, from following him at present into this great field; his elaborate treatment of which would require an independent discussion.

Art. XI.—MR. BRIGHT, PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

Mr. Bright's Speeches. Revised by himself. London: Judd and Glass, 1859.

The characters of public men are public property; and according as these are pure or corrupt, complete or ragged, grand and lofty or grovelling and ignoble, are they the most precious and productive treasures of a nation, or the saddest and most pestilent of its running sores. If statesmen and publicists—the leaders of action and the leaders of thought—are gifted with the moral and mental grace to see clearly and pursue consistently that course wherein consists a people's true duty, dignity, and grandeur; if keenly cognisant, through understanding and through sympathy, of its impairing weaknesses and its besetting perils, they bind themselves to the noble because thankless task of resisting the one and strengthening the other; if, striving steadily to make its permanent welfare and its better sense always paramount over transient longings and derogatory aberrations, they are content to barter the daily popularity that attends and brightens the career for the tardy veneration that hangs over and sanctifies the tomb,—then they become in very truth the guardian-angels of those whom they govern and illustrate. If, on the contrary, whether from defective culture or a nature inherently limited and barren, they share and represent especially the lower elements of the nation's life and temper; if —it may be from no unworthy motives, but from mere fatal sympathy—they express habitually and by preference chiefly its material interests, its narrower views, its worst moments, its meaner instincts, and its baser passions,—then no enemy from without that ever seized its possessions or assailed its independence has sinned against it or injured it so grievously as they. In men so highly placed nothing can be matter of indifference. For good or for evil they are fearfully influential. Every act and every word has an echo and a range that, if they could realise it, would render their reponsibility almost overwhelming. It is not permitted them to give way to bad passion or bad feeling. To be ignorant, to be untrue, to be intemperate, is immeasurably more culpable because more mischievous in them than in ordinary mortals, and calls for prompter reprobation and severer justice.

Mr. Bright has attained this unpardonable eminence. By linking himself to a great cause, by riding on the wave of a great movement, by untiring energy, by singular eloquence, by remarkable ability and still more remarkable directness of pur-

pose,—he has raised himself to a position of prominence and power, in which every thing he says and does is laden with consequence—widely spread, enduring, and irrevocable. It is not for him to make statements without stopping to reflect whether they are true or false. It is not for him to fan the angry passions of others by recklessly giving utterance to his own. It is not for him, as he stalks vehemently across the public stage, to sow the seed of malevolent expressions in a ready and a thirsty soil. In common with other men, but more peculiarly than with most men, his power is the measure of his duty; and when he misuses it, as he so often does, it becomes at once the measure of the guilt which he incurs and of the evil which he works.

It is impossible to listen to or look at Mr. Bright without being forcibly reminded of his greater prototype O'Connell. In the midst of many signal differences, there is a strange general resemblance between the great Catholic and the great Quaker combatant. Both earned their reputation by rendering a mighty service to their countrymen; both spent it in cancelling that obligation by every mischievous error and misdirection in their power. Both flung away the glory of a great Liberator for the unclean and noisy calling of a great Agitator. In their use of vituperative epithets, both were in the habit of exempting themselves, to a degree unusual among gentlemen, from the ordinary restrictions of decorum. Mr. Bright, too, it is sad to see, has followed Mr. O'Connell in one of his worst offences,—an offence, indeed, which would appear to be inseparable from the profession of a declaimer at monster meetings,—that of holding one language and keeping one set of assertions for ignorant and excitable audiences, whom he can madden and mislead at pleasure, and reserving a very modified language and far more cautious statements for the House of Commons, where he can be confuted and rebuked. Originally we believe Mr. Bright to have been far less unscrupulous than his predecessor; probably he may be somewhat less so still; but he is fast yielding to the unrelenting exigencies of a low vocation. To excite coarse masses, coarse stimulants are indispensable; to enlist the prejudices and wield the passions of the uneducated and undiscriminating mob, wild figures and hardy exaggerations must be used; numbers must be cooked into something round and vast; statements, to be effective, must be coloured and heightened into the picturesque; and, as we all know, alas! for poor human nature on its legs, the step from the picturesque to the fictitious, and from the exaggerated to the false, is short, easy, tempting, and nearly irresistible. Though, therefore, it would be unjust to say that Mr. Bright has ever sunk so far as

Mr. O'Connell did at last, we are by no means sure that a similar position, combined with an originally inferior nature, may not, if he be not warned in time, ultimately bring him lower still. For the characteristic differences of the Irish and the English agitators are scarcely less marked than their resemblances. Without O'Connell's poetry of temperament, without his genial and large-hearted sympathies, without his marvellous power of commanding and wielding the devotion of his countrymen, without, in fact, those special and attaching qualities which made even his adversaries half forgive him and half love him,—Mr. Bright possesses a vehement earnestness and hard trampling sincerity which, as a rule, the other wanted. He comes of the race of stern old English Puritans, essentially strong, essentially narrow, essentially ungenial and harsh; knowing what he wants, meaning what he says, believing in himself, and for the moment probably believing even in the untruths which prejudice and passion make him utter. He is wholly unmodified by the softening and enlarging influences of culture; but this very want of culture renders opinions and feelings *real* in him which would be simply impossible or insincere in others. The rich Irish fancy and rollicking temperament of O'Connell, no doubt, made inconsiderate and almost unconscious lying easier to him than to most men; but still through a great part of his career he was knowingly and shamelessly a humbug; and the last ten years of his life were spent in deluding, cajoling, and preying upon his countrymen, by holding up before them an *ignis-fatuus* which he knew to be such, and which he made to appear and disappear at pleasure. From this unworthiness Mr. Bright as yet is free; but he is as obnoxious as O'Connell to two other charges as grave if not as ignominious: he labours as hard to stimulate the animosity of *class* as O'Connell did to fan the animosity of race; and he has, like O'Connell, seized hold of a prevailing propensity of his countrymen in order to exasperate a natural tendency into a lamentable vice. The prevailing weakness of the Irish was a chimerical dream of nationality, a disposition to disregard the care of their material well-being, and to run after the wild fancies of political regeneration. Had O'Connell, instead of fostering this disposition and fanning it into fury for his own personal ambitions, chosen to turn the energies of those who were as clay in his forming hands to the amelioration of their social and physical condition, he might have been their benefactor, and almost their saviour, instead of merely their idol, their embodiment, and their pensioner. As it was, he lived to see—and died broken-hearted at the sight (for he was a tender-hearted wrong-doer after all)—he lived to see them die by hundreds of thousands under the most fearful

famine of modern times, and owe rescue, sustenance, and boundless charity in their extremity of suffering to the very people whom he had so perseveringly encouraged them to hate. Mr. Bright, finding himself among a race whose tendencies, now at least, lie in a precisely opposite direction, and falling on a time when the passion for industrial prosperity and physical well-doing has assumed a deplorable supremacy over moral considerations, tasks all his powers to exalt the former and depreciate the latter—reverses the teaching at once of the Heathen Poet and the Christian Master, proclaiming boldly that it is *not* the *summum nefas*, but the highest wisdom, to prefer life to honour, and that man not only does, but ought to, live by bread alone.

Mr. Bright, it is true, has happily no longer the influence he once exercised over the middle and lower classes of Great Britain. His language during the Russian war, and his avowed doctrines on Reform, have considerably impaired his political position. Still his eminence is so undeniable, his talents are so great, his industry is so indefatigable, and his standing among contending parties so critically powerful; there is so much that is attractive to the poor and deluding to the ill-informed in the cause he has embraced, and the principles and assertions he puts forth; and he is so commonly regarded in neighbouring countries as the embodiment of English radicalism, and the guide of democratic sentiment; and our people, too, when earnest and eloquent liberals are concerned, forget so readily and forgive so much,—that it becomes a matter of real importance to explain to foreigners, and to remind ourselves, what manner of man this is who aspires to lead our actions and to speak in our name, what are the doctrines which he is not ashamed to preach, and what are the statements which he does not scruple to promulgate and to countersign.

We agree with Mr. Bright in some of his views; we differ from him in many; but we have no idea of condemning him on account of any mere political opinions. We have three distinct charges to bring against him,—in all of which moral culpability enters at least as largely as obliquity of judgment or ignorance of truth,—and which we now proceed to make good. We accuse him of sedulously employing his great powers to sow distrust and excite animosity between the upper and lower classes of society. We accuse him of endeavouring to effect this object, as well as his other political aims, by habitual, wilful, and unscrupulous misrepresentations. And lastly, we accuse him of systematically inculcating on the audiences he addresses the most sordid, selfish, and dangerous views of national policy,—views shallow and poor as well as base.

Mr. Bright, at his entrance into public life, found himself engaged in a desperate and prolonged conflict with the landed aristocracy on behalf of free-trade and cheap bread. He soon learned, as most pugnacious Englishmen do, when once in the middle of the strife, to hate his antagonists with a hatred that he certainly felt to be very congenial, and naturally fancied to be very righteous. His cause was just, his fighting was superb, his victory was complete. Most Englishmen, in whom the generous and rational sentiments of chivalry are instinctive, when their adversary is fairly conquered, shake hands and forget their animosities, and are fast friends ever after. But Mr. Bright has no chivalry in him; he hates like an Italian fanatic, not like an English knight. His hostility against lords and country gentlemen is still as bitter as in the olden days, and he assails and vilifies them as if they were still as powerful, as selfish, and as mischievous, as with some justice he believed them to be when arrayed against him in the memorable corn-law strife. He repeats calumnies which might be true then, but are simply false now. His angry feelings have survived both their cause and their justification, and he loses no opportunity either of easing his mind by the expression of them, or of endeavouring to communicate them to his hearers. He tells the poor that they are robbed by the rich. He tells the suffering and discontented artisan that his discontent is just, because his sufferings are caused by the exactions of the aristocratic harpies who fatten on his industry. He tells the labourer who aspires to possess land that he is only hindered from doing so by the law of primogeniture and the absorbing propensities of lordly proprietors.

He is careful never to tell these ignorant audiences, whose envy and covetous desires he thus strives to goad, that if they were saving, sober, and intelligent, if they had the frugality, temperance, self-denial, and habitual industry of the Swiss or Norman or Norwegian peasantry,—they might all become capitalists in half a generation, in spite of taxes, peers, or the law of entail. Yet no one knows better than he that such is the indisputable fact. Taking advantage of the irritation that had been aroused in Scotland by the closing of some Highland glens against the tourist and the public,—a step we condemn and deplore as much as himself,—he endeavours to fan the flame and turn it to his purposes* by writing thus to the Trades Delegates

* At Glasgow, again (Dec. 21, 1858), he says: "You travel—I was going to say, 'from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof'—on some single estate in Scotland, north or south, east or west; wherever you go, you ask whose land you are on, and you are told that it is Lord This's, or Lord the Other's, or Mr. Somebodyelse's. These are happy mortals, it will be said, who possess this great territory; and so, probably, they would be, if it were possible for any man,

of Glasgow, to whom he recommends emigration as the remedy, and the only remedy, for the evils of which they complain:

"If you emigrate, you may reach a country *where land is accessible to you*,—where there are no great hereditary proprietors, as in Scotland, *who dare to outrage Heaven and mankind by keeping* 20,000, 50,000, *or* 100,000 *acres of land depopulated*, that a handful of men may enjoy the pleasures of the chase." (*Daily News*, Sept. 20, 1858.)

Now, on this passage—written deliberately, be it remembered, not spoken in the hasty passion of extempore declamation—we have just two remarks to make. First; the suffering of the Glasgow operatives at this time—the irritation arising out of which Mr. Bright endeavours to direct against the obnoxious highland lairds—was distinctly and solely traceable to the sudden commercial crisis in America the previous autumn,—America, Mr. Bright's land of promise,—and to the shameful misconduct and consequent failure of the District and Western Banks of Scotland, which spread nearly universal ruin in those quarters, and had not the remotest connection with the tenure or occupation of the land,—of which fact Mr. Bright was perfectly aware. Secondly; in thus echoing the vulgar clamour against the "depopulation of the Highlands" for sporting purposes, Mr. Bright has not only deliberately set at naught the evidence of facts, but has trampled on his own politico-economic principles. The plain truth is, that these very "hereditary proprietors" whom he denounces as "outraging Heaven and mankind" by substituting deer and sheep for men, have in thus acting, and as far as they have thus acted, taken at once the kindest and the wisest course,—the course most clearly dictated by thoughtful benevolence and economical science. It has been distinctly proved that the condition of the "crofters" in the cleared districts, and indeed throughout the Highlands, has always been miserable in the extreme, and had for many years been growing worse and worse, even before the potato-rot; that this misery was continuous and inevitable, because the population per acre was far larger than such wretched land in so vile a climate could support,—larger even than that existing in the most fertile districts of the Lowlands; that emigration on the greatest practi-

however well disposed, to adequately answer the responsibilities which such possessions lay upon him. (*Hear, hear.*) You find on these vast estates a very few tenants, and generally very few of an agricultural population at all. There is little social freedom, there is little industrial freedom, and there is still less political freedom in districts such as those I am describing I do not know myself very well how men can breathe freely when they find themselves continually—but I think habit helps them to do so—on a soil not one morsel of which they can call their own, or can ever hope to call their own, until they take their last long sleep in that portion of it which society shall allot them."

cable scale had been practically recognised as the *only* mode of mitigating that misery; that those landlords, as Macleod of Macleod, Lord Macdonald in Skye, and Sir James Matheson in Lewis, who had spent vast sums of money in endeavouring to evade this natural remedy, had been all driven to it at last, after having impoverished or ruined themselves in vain in their efforts to relieve the distress of their people. It has been proved further, that though this "depopulation" has been enormously exaggerated, and, in fact, has not been carried nearly as far as is desirable, yet that it has resulted in a most marked improvement in the condition both of those who have been removed and of those who have remained; that, as in Ireland, wages and comforts are every where increasing; while the restoration to the state of sheep-walks of lands where men never should have ventured upon tillage, has been attended, as all *natural* proceedings are, with a great increase of profit and a notable rise of rents. It has been proved moreover to demonstration—what to practical men needed no proof—that the substitution, wherever circumstances suggested the change, of deer-forests for sheep-walks —this outrage against God and man—has been attended by *an actual increase in the amount of labour employed, as well as in the amount of land set free for tillage;** that it has been dic-

* We must quote the explanation of this somewhat more at length. "Deer-forests, as compared with sheep-walks, are not more, but less, inimical to or incompatible with the neighbourhood of a population of small cultivators, and they employ, even directly, not a smaller, but rather a greater, number of persons. It is essential to a sheep-walk, in those mountainous districts, that a large extent of low or valley land should be set aside for the grazing and sheltering of the animals during winter when the hills become uninhabitable. The capabilities of any hill district for feeding sheep are limited by the extent of this kind of ground annexed to it, or within reach; and the deficiency or absence of this requisite operates in many cases to reduce the number of sheep greatly below what the hills could otherwise maintain, and in not a few cases has operated, against the proprietor's inclination, in leading to the substitution of deer. It is owing to the existence of this necessity that sheep become a cause of the so-called depopulation—the animal requiring not only the hills in summer, but the cultivable spots in winter. When for the purpose of a deer-forest the hills are cleared of sheep, the lower parts of the farm, previously indispensable as wintering grounds, not being needed for the deer, become available for crofts or small holdings; and in some cases that change has been effected, and cultivation partially restored.

"Further, taking only the persons directly employed on a deer-forest as compared with a sheep-walk, the difference between the two systems, though not great, is opposite to that so readily assumed. It is not practicable to state this part of the question by the proportion of acres to persons,—that is, the number of foresters as compared with the number of shepherds required on any given number of acres,—because in both cases that proportion is regulated very variously by the nature or 'lie' of the ground; but take almost any one district or farm which has been under sheep and is now under deer, and it will be found that at least as many hands are required for its management as a deer-forest as were required when it was a sheep-walk. Indeed, the ordinary calculation is, that what formed a 'hirsel' on the sheep-farm—*i. e.* a tract of ground capable of being watched and managed by one shepherd—requires at least one forester or watcher when made

tated almost always by the desire to turn each district to its most profitable uses, and to those which would yield the highest rents to the proprietor; and that as a rule, proved by a multitude of instances, these new deer-forests yield three times as much rent as they did while stocked with sheep, employ more men, and lead to the expenditure of incalculably more money among the population. So that Mr. Bright is found not only "bearing false witness against his neighbours," but actually denouncing them as enemies of God and man, for doing exactly what he is always urging us to do, *i. e.* for promoting emigration to more hopeful countries, and for letting their land to the best tenant, and turning it to the most profitable cultivation.* Now we will not go so far as to say that Mr. Bright did actually know, and have present to his mind, when he wrote his Glasgow letter, all these patent facts which we have recalled; for if he did, no language would be strong enough to characterise his guilt;—but we do say, that if he was ignorant of them, his ignorance was willing and culpable, since they were all laid before the public in the most terse and convincing form in the *Edinburgh Review* for Oct. 1857, less than a year before Mr. Bright's onslaught, and no one has ever attempted to gainsay them since.

part of a deer-forest. In short, a deer-forest, as compared with the same ground occupied as a sheep-farm, gives at the least as much employment, and admits much more of the neighbourhood of tillage. Even if this were all, it would be difficult to perceive the loss or injury, local or national." (*Edinburgh Review*, "Men, Sheep, and Deer," Oct. 1857.)

* "It seems never to be thought—indeed, the contrary is almost always assumed—that if deer-forests were not the most remunerative use of certain kinds of land, they would not be preferred to other uses. The system is ordinarily talked of as eminently uncommercial or thriftless; but in truth commercial considerations—an increase in the rental of the land—form the chief motive in operation. Such land as is fitted for deer is at present certain of bringing much higher rent as a deer-forest than as any thing else. For instance, a sheep-walk in Ross-shire, which had never as such been let for more than 400*l.*, was lately occupied as a deer-forest by Mr. Latouche at a rent of 2200*l.* This doubtless was an extreme instance; but it is not going to an extreme to say that a tract of land in the Highlands fitted for a deer-forest will at present bring, if turned to that purpose, nearly treble the rent that could be extracted from it under any other system. Some idea of what the Highlands have gained in value by "sporting rents" may be formed even from such general facts as these,—that the rent paid for deer-forests in the districts north of the Caledonian Canal, with two or three forests in the counties of Banff and Aberdeen, is very considerably upwards of 20,000*l.* a year. The value of the forests retained in the hands of the proprietors is not so easily ascertained; but we might safely take it as amounting, in the same districts, to at least half the value of the forests let to tenants. In the counties of Perth, Argyle, Stirling, and Dumbarton, there are probably, let and unlet together, deer-forests to the annual value of 10,000*l.*—making in all 40,000*l.* of annual rental for lands which, if devoted to any other purpose, would not produce more than a third of that rental. In the districts north of the Caledonian Canal, we find the rental for ordinary or grouse-shootings *let* to be fully 30,000*l.*, all in *addition* to the rental which the same land still brings for sheep and other agricultural purposes." (*Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1857.)

Mr. Bright is indefatigable in his endeavours to persuade the people of England that the governing classes habitually and systematically live on the public expenditure, and purposely augment that expenditure in order to increase the fund which they dispose of, and on which they subsist. This is the perpetual burden of his song—the designed and unnecessary increase of taxation levied on the poor for the express object of paying and pensioning the great and noble. Sometimes he is content with general terms. In a letter to the Liverpool *Financial Reformer* (Feb. 1), he denounces them as "the banditti who live on the unnecessary taxation of the country." In a speech at Birmingham (Oct. 29, 1858) he says:

"There is no actuary in existence who can calculate how much of the wealth, of the strength, of the supremacy of the territorial families of England has been derived *from an unholy participation in the fruits of the industry of the people*, which have been wrested from them by every device of taxation, and squandered in every conceivable crime of which a government could possibly be guilty. (*Cheers.*) The more you examine this matter, the more you will come to the conclusion which I have arrived at, that this foreign policy, this regard for 'the liberties of Europe,' this care at one time for 'the Protestant interests,' this excessive love for 'the balance of power,' *is neither more nor less than a gigantic system of outdoor relief for the aristocracy of Great Britain.*" (*Great cheering and laughter.*)

Sometimes he descends to more detailed accusations; and out of a multitude of declamatory charges, we select the following for commentary, principally because they were written and not spoken, and may therefore be supposed to be the deliberate convictions of this public prosecutor. They are contained in his "Letter to the Secretary of the Birmingham Landlords' Protection Association," dated Oct. 10, 1859:

"There is no department in which the expenditure has not largely increased during the last ten years, and every year exhibits greater contempt of economy on the part of the administration and the Parliament. The Russian war threw wide open the door of the national exchequer, and since 1854 *the great fund gathered from the industry of the people has been an easy prey to those who, on hollow pretences of every kind, manage to live at the expense of the payers of taxes.* The House of Commons does nothing to check extravagance; it encourages it. Its *members are not so much of the tax-paying as of the tax-consuming class.* They come from, and they chiefly represent, those whose families *have for generations considered the taxation of the people as their lawful patrimony.* The eldest of the family takes the estate in land, and the rest of the family *occupy their lives mainly in a scramble for their undivided interest in that other estate contributed yearly by the payers of taxes.* . . . . The Parliament (I speak of the two Houses) is a Parliament of the rich; it has no immediate interest in economy, or in equal

taxation. *It is powerful enough to secure to the class which it really represents the patronage and the emoluments which are to be disposed of in the spending of the vast sums which find their way into the national exchequer.* What can I do? What can any single member of Parliament do? I can protest, I can describe your grievance! I can denounce the wrong! I can say that a Government thus unjust will some day be overthrown. But all this, and much more, will not loosen *the grasp of the insatiable hand against whose extortion you complain.*"

Heavier or more specific charges have seldom been brought against the public men or the governing classes.* If true, what must we think of the accused? If false, what must we think of the accuser? Now, *do* our governing classes—those whom Mr. Bright declares that the Parliament mainly represents—thus live upon and profit by the national expenditure, as he affirms? and *do* they encourage and seek to swell it with a view to their own share of the spoils? In times past—in the last century, and in the early part of the present century, perhaps as far even as 1822—there would have been much truth in the accusation. The jobs perpetrated were often monstrous; the fortunes accumulated by favoured contractors were often enormous; the pensions granted to powerful families were often scandalous. But we are not concerned with the past; Mr. Bright's charges relate to his own time and to ours, to the period since he entered Parliament, to the actual state of matters now.

* That Mr. Bright is not ashamed of these charges, or inclined to withdraw them, may be gathered from the following discreditable passages in his speech at Liverpool on Mr. Gladstone's Budget, as late as February last. He is speaking of the Duke of Wellington's letter to Sir John Burgoyne (Jan. 14, 1847): "A short time before the duke died *somebody*, in his growing weakness, *cajoled him into writing a letter*, the precise contents of which I cannot now state, though I have read it many times, declaring the fearful condition of our defences, how many years he had lived in honour before the queen and country, how deplorable it would be if certain direful consequences should arise in consequence of non-attention to military affairs. *Upon this letter there has been a regular trade of imposture ever since. The people who are interested in this expenditure—interested in your toil, who think that they have a patrimony in your industry, whose main objects in life are expenditure, patronage, and taxation*—have traded upon the letter of that remarkable man,—a letter written not in his robust health either of body or of mind, but in his feeble age; and upon that they have based a policy which from that time to this has gone on gradually increasing expenditure, and constantly creating and increasing alarms tending to prevent any generally pacific feeling, and especially between this country and France. . . . . The real fact is, that the treaty has been received with great coldness amongst those classes from whom your representatives are chiefly chosen. They know perfectly well that if ever there grows up between England and France the commercial dependence and unity which now exist between England and the United States, that then it will not be in the hands of prime ministers, or foreign secretaries, or diplomatists, or intriguers of any kind, to provoke disunion, and ultimately bring about war between the two countries. We are threatening by this treaty *to cut down the tree in whose branches all those unclean birds* are lodged (*cheers*); and that is precisely the reason why those *whose whole aim in life is patronage, salary, expenditure, taxation*—that is precisely the cause why all those look coldly upon this treaty."

The first observation we have to make is a very simple but a very pertinent one. For the ten years previous to 1854, the public expenditure *did not increase at all;* it remained absolutely stationary at an average of 52,000,000*l.* Since that date it has largely increased in consequence of two causes, *first,* the Crimean war, and *secondly,* the augmentation and restoration of our national defences. But neither the one nor the other cause can be attributed either to the Government or to the House of Commons; both were forced upon the governing classes by the general body of the nation. The aristocracy were cold, not to say averse, to the Russian war; and ministry after ministry of both parties have done what they could—foolishly we think, conscientiously we fear—to allay that mistrust of France which has led the instincts of the English nation to insist upon the immediate augmentation of our naval and military forces. The Government, no doubt, has at heart been aware of the necessity of some provision against possible contingencies, but in the extent and promptitude of this provision they have lagged behind the zeal of the people and the press, instead of stimulating it. Mr. Bright knew this perfectly well when he made his charge; for he has more than once lamented and bitterly condemned both the warlike tendency and the defensive instincts of the nation; and he never doubted that it was the people and not the aristocracy that turned him out of Manchester for his ill-timed economy and pacifically selfish harangues.

The increase in our expenditure between 1835 (the golden age of the Radical economists) and 1858 (the last year of which we have the analysis before us) was no doubt enormous, being in the aggregate not less than twenty-five millions, distributed as follows. We take our figures from the instructive return moved for by Mr. Wilson. (Session 1858. Parl. Paper, No. 508.)*

	1835.		1858.
Army, Ordnance, &c.	£7,484,350	..	£12,010,745
Navy.....	4,245,723	..	9,839,859
Miscellaneous or Civil Services..	2,393,182	..	7,239,795
	£14,123,255		£29,090,399

Now the question, be it remembered, is not whether this additional expenditure was wisely incurred, or has been disposed of in the most sagacious and effective manner, but by whose desire and for whose profit it has been laid out. We have just seen

* This return does not include the Civil List or Pension List, nor the salaries and allowances paid out of the Consolidated Fund. These, however (independent of the payments to courts of justice), only amount to about one million, and we believe have not increased.

who insisted upon it: let us now inquire who have been benefited and enriched by it. Mr. Bright says it is the aristocracy; *we* say it is the people.

The army, the navy, and the higher situations in the civil service of the state are officered by those classes whom Mr. Bright accuses of systematically preying and fattening on the taxation of the country, which they augment for that special aim. A considerable number of the secondary and inferior posts in the civil service (clerkships, commissionerships, &c.) are (or *were*, for on this matter we shall have a word or two to say presently) distributed among the friends or families of the aristocracy. The remainder of the expenditure under the three heads we are considering is shared among educated or uneducated *labourers* in various departments,—soldiers, sailors, workmen, tradespeople, contractors, shipowners, &c.—*all belonging, not to the governing classes, but to the middle and lower orders.* Let us look at this a little further.

Mr. Bright would persuade the ignorant audiences whom he wishes to irritate against those above them in the social scale, that the funds voted for the army, to begin with, are corruptly spent in maintaining gentlemen and artificially making places for them. The entire sum allotted to the salaries of military officers in 1858 was 1,364,000*l.*,* out of the twelve millions which the army cost. It is not even alleged that the pay of these gentlemen has been augmented. The ensign still receives his 5*s.* 3*d.* per day, and the lieutenant-colonel his 17*s.* But the essential point is,—a fact of which Mr. Bright is perfectly cognisant, but which he cautiously conceals from his hearers,—that, so far from these members of the aristocratic classes seeking commissions in the army for the sake of the pay which they receive out of the public purse, that pay is wholly inadequate to their expenses; that the army, *so far from being a provision for the young men who enter it*, entails upon their families the necessity of making an independent provision for them. The service is, indeed, virtually gratuitous, inasmuch as it is well known that the pay which officers receive is, on the whole, barely the interest, at five per cent, of the prices they pay for their commissions. They enter the army for the sake of the social rank, which is a temptation, not for the pecuniary remuneration, which is wretchedly inadequate. No man who wished to "live out of the taxes" would choose the army as his mode of doing so. If officered by middle-class men or by poor men, who looked to it for their livelihood, the army would have to be far better paid than it is. At present it is not a *paying*

* This includes the commissariat and medical, as well as the staff and regimental officers.

profession. It is cheap to the country precisely because it is costly to the aristocracy.

To a great extent, though to a less extent, the same may be said of the navy. It is officered, mainly though not exclusively, from the governing classes. The officers, however, though they do not purchase their commissions, are often unable to live upon their pay. Some post-captains, when offered a ship, have been obliged to decline because unable to incur the expense of outfit. They are commissioned for three years: the first year is a heavy loss; the second they just clear themselves; the third they make a handsome profit. As a rule, it may be said,—at least so we are assured by those who have had long and rather fortunate experience,—only in three grades can the naval profession be said to be a profitable one—that of first lieutenant, captain of a flag-ship, and admiral in special positions. Both in the army and navy, then, the country is served to a considerable extent gratuitously by those whom Mr. Bright holds up to odium as growing rich upon its spoils.

As to the rest of the expenditure of which the navy estimates consists, it suffices to glance over the items to see how small a portion can in any way profit the aristocracy or gentry. Out of a total of nine millions we find the following items:

Wages and victuals of seamen . .	£3,430,000
Wages to artificers	1,040,000
Naval stores, ships, and yards . .	1,520,000
Admiralty Office	140,000
Establishments at home and abroad .	212,000
Half-pay and pensions	1,335,000

Let us now cast a glance at the "miscellaneous civil services." In these the apparent increase since 1835 has been nearly 5,000,000*l.*; but of this 1,500,000*l.* is attributable to a mere matter of account, a transfer from the consolidated fund. Let us see how the increase has arisen, and for whose behoof it has been spent.

Class I., *Public Works and Buildings*, has increased 600,000*l.* Of this sum 180,000*l.* is for royal palaces and parks, &c. (100,000*l.* being for parks and pleasure-grounds, which in 1835 was paid out of the crown-land revenue); 160,000*l.* for the new Houses of Parliament; and 170,000*l.* for harbours of refuge. It will be difficult for Mr. Bright to say which of these items of expense has been incurred for the sake of finding places or salaries for the aristocracy.

Class II. *Salaries and Expenses of Public Departments.* Wherever a change has taken place in the salaries of the chief

officers of state since 1835, that change has been a reduction. The numbers of *employés* has in many cases increased, but never more, and sometimes less, than the increased work of the department rendered necessary. Nevertheless, the aggregate increase under this head has been nearly 900,000*l.* 325,000*l.* of this, however, turns out to be for expenses formerly paid out of the land revenue, and is therefore only a transfer; 205,000*l.* is for printing and stationery,—which, extravagant as it may be, has certainly not gone into the pockets of the aristocracy; 150,000*l.* has gone in *aid of the poor-rates;* inspectors of factories, appointed to protect the poor, not to employ the rich, figure for 16,000*l.*; while the increased cost of all the great public departments together, in the course of twenty-four years, is only 110,000*l.*, an augmentation which has barely kept pace with the requirements of the public service.

Class III., *Law and Justice,* shows an increase of nearly two millions; but no one will grudge this, and assuredly public money has seldom been so well spent, or so purely for the benefit of the general tax-paying public. Who profit by the county-courts, which figure for 157,000*l.* of the increase? Are the aristocracy employed or paid in the metropolitan police, which costs the state 128,000*l.*? or in the county and borough police, which is subsidised to the extent of 214,000*l.*? or in the Irish constabulary, which figures for 664,000*l.* of the increase? Convict establishments at home and abroad cost 400,000*l.* more than they used to do. But who would desire to curtail any of these expenses? or would deny that the country derives a full equivalent for them? or will pretend that they are incurred for the sake of the governing classes, or are specially profitable to them?

Class IV., *Education, Science, and Art,* shows an increase of nearly one million, of which 800,000*l.* has been spent *in grants for the education of the poorer classes,* and is the money which has always been voted with the most alacrity, and with the most sincere and disinterested benevolence.

Class V. *Colonial and Consular Service.* Under this head there has been no increase, but a diminution of 60,000*l.* Yet this is precisely the department in which jobs might be most easily perpetrated by a corrupt or wasteful government.

Class VI., *Superannuations and Charities,* shows an augmentation of 80,000*l.* The superannuations and retired allowances are and have long been regulated by a fixed scale, calculated with reference to the salaries of the officers receiving them, and are liable to no imputation of favouritism or unfairness. They are, in fact, a portion of the payment due for ser-

vices rendered by men now past work. The sums expended on charities need no comment.

Class VII., *Special and Temporary Services*, consists of 158 items, and varies from year to year. In 1858 it was 400,000*l.* more than in 1835; in 1851 it was 70,000*l.* less. In 1858 Westminster Bridge figured for 110,000*l.*, and dues under reciprocity treaties for 50,000*l.* It affords no support whatever to Mr. Bright's allegations.

The result of the whole inquiry, then, may be summed up thus. *First*, the whole of the increased national outlay, which this unscrupulous tribune of the people charges the ruling classes with having promoted for their own selfish purposes and expended for their own pecuniary good, was urged upon those classes by the people themselves;—*secondly*, it has been spent almost entirely among the people themselves, for their employment, relief, behoof, protection, or instruction;—*thirdly*, so far as the aristocracy have pocketed any portion of it, that portion (at all events where the army and navy are concerned) has not nearly repaid them, even on a most moderate scale of payment, for the services demanded in return. Whether all this expenditure was wisely incurred, or has been skilfully or economically laid out, are very different questions, with which we have here no concern, and on which we offer no opinion. If there has been folly, that folly was the people's; if there has been extravagance and waste, the proceeds have been pocketed by tradespeople and workmen, not by lords or gentlemen. Now Mr. Bright *may* have been ignorant of these things—though it is a difficult stretch of charity to believe it, for the facts and the documents we quote have been long before him; but if so, his ignorance must have been conscious and wilful; and to remain thus ignorant on a subject on which he speaks habitually and intemperately, is only one degree less guilty than deliberate falsehood.

Not content with charging the governing classes with the crime of habitually increasing the taxes in order that they may live upon them, Mr. Bright proceeds to accuse them of the further base and dishonest practice of systematically employing the power which the constitution gives them to shift the pressure of taxation from their own shoulders to those of the unrepresented classes. He repeats this accusation so constantly and on such various occasions as to show that he thinks it to be the most sustainable, and knows it to be the most telling of all his allegations. In his speech at Manchester (Dec. 10th, 1858), he says: "They give to property vast influence in the government of the country, and *they perpetually shield property from its fair*

burden of taxation." In September 1859, he speaks thus at Huddersfield:

"This year it will be 70,000,000*l.* in taxes. Of this 70,000,000*l.* you would suppose that in a country like this, where there is such enormous wealth, where land and houses, taking the whole area of the country, fetch a far higher price than they do in any other part of the world,—*you would suppose that the privileged class, the propertied class, would be likely to pay a fair share of the public burdens;* but if you come to look at the mode in which these taxes are raised, you will find that probably *there is not fifteen out of the seventy millions,*—and I am sure there is not twenty, or any thing near it—*which is raised directly from property of any kind;* that the great bulk of the taxes are levied upon articles which are consumed by all the people of the country, and that *every working man, with good employment at fair wages, and with a moderate amount of comfort, pays a very much larger percentage upon his income than, I believe, do any of the richer or more powerful population of the kingdom.*"

The following is the language of his celebrated Birmingham letter (Oct. 1859), already quoted,—written (by the way) to denounce the income-tax, which he has since assisted to preserve and increase:—

"The whole taxation of the country last year exceeded sixty-five millions sterling. Of this vast sum, *not ten millions were raised by taxes affecting only the possessors of the visible property of the country.* The customs and excise alone raised more than forty-two millions, collected on articles *the great bulk of which is consumed by that portion of the population which has no property but its labour, and no income but its wages, and which, as might be expected, from the facts just stated, has no voice in Parliament,* and is wholly without representation in the government of the country. *There is something essentially mean and singularly cruel in the manner in which the taxation of this country has been and is still levied.* Our rich class is the richest in Europe; *the administration of the country is in its hands; and a greater proportion of the heaviest taxation in the world is thrown upon the class possessing no property but its labour and wages* than is the case in any other country with whose system of taxation we are acquainted."

The same assertions were repeated, though in a somewhat modified form, and with some attempt at justification, in the celebrated speech at Liverpool, December 1859.

To these accusations we oppose the following well-known facts. *First,* So far from the power of the represented classes being used to shift taxation from themselves and place it on the unrepresented, the whole of our fiscal policy since 1842 has been signally, and almost without exception, in the opposite direction. Ten millions of customs and excise duties have been taken off; the reduction has been made chiefly on those taxes

which pressed principally on the poor man or interfered with the trade by which he was to be employed, so that the exported products of his industry have doubled since that time; the corn-laws (which Mr. Bright used to declare cost the poorer classes ten millions a year) have been repealed; every actual *necessary* of life is admitted free of duty;—and, *in order to enable all these reductions for the relief of the poor to be carried out,* the governing classes submitted to the imposition, retention, and augmentation of the income-tax—*a tax striking them alone,* and striking them to an amount varying from five to sixteen millions per annum. All this Mr. Bright knows as well as we do, and knew it when he made the statement we have quoted; nor do we apprehend he will pretend to deny it. *Secondly,* Out of 76,000,000*l.* of taxes levied in 1858,* 25,000,000*l.* was direct taxation, of which the unrepresented classes paid only one million; 33,000,000*l.* was raised by imposts (poor-rates, county-rates, assessed-taxes, 20*l.* house-tax, probate and succession duties, stamps, &c.), of which the governing, or at least the represented, classes paid 97 per cent; while of the customs and excise duties, amounting in all to nearly 43,000,000*l.*, the propertied or represented classes, who are one-fourth of the community, pay about 19,350,000*l.*, and the working or unrepresented classes, whom Mr. Bright calculates to be three-fourths, pay 23,400,000*l.* *Thirdly,* While admitting that all such calculations must be to a great extent conjectural, we may state that the fairest and most careful data that can be collected show that the workman pays not, as Mr. Bright alleges, a much larger, but a much smaller proportion of his income in taxation than the man of property; the latter contributing *sixteen* per cent, and the former only *eleven* per cent.† This last estimate Mr. Bright may probably enough dispute, but the preceding figures he can neither impugn nor plead ignorance of.

Whenever any portion of the operatives is suffering under temporary distress from local causes or commercial crises, Mr. Bright is fond of preaching to them emigration to a lightly-

* Namely, 61,000,000*l.* of imperial, and 15,000,000*l.* of local taxation.

Thus:	Customs	£24,250,000	in round numbers.
	Excise	18,500,000	
	Stamps	8,250,000	
	Taxes	10,000,000	
		£61,000,000	

We presume Mr. Bright does not reckon the Post-office revenue as a tax, nor the Crown-lands and miscellaneous receipts from the sale of old stores.

† These figures are taken from an elaborate article in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review,* compiled evidently with great care and from the most authentic sources.

taxed country like the United States, as their best and only way of escape. Witness his letter to the trades-delegates of Glasgow, already quoted, and one addressed to some of his constituents at Birmingham, March 25, 1858.* Mr. Bright is, of course, perfectly entitled to his own opinion upon this matter; though we can recollect the time when he used to assure his hearers that emigration to other lands was only rendered necessary because the produce of those other lands was prevented by our corn and navigation laws from coming here; and we cannot persuade ourselves that he thinks what he says when he declares that *twenty-one shillings a head* (and no one can place it much higher) is a crushing burden to the artisan, or the real cause of his occasional distress, or worth crossing the Atlantic to escape from. But it is impossible to acquit Mr. Bright of intentional deception and wilful *suppressio veri*, whenever he contrasts the taxation of the United States with that of England, and vaunts its comparatively light amount. This contrast is one of his favourite arguments—one of the most hard-worked implements of his agitator's stock-in-trade. Yet we do not remember any occasion—certainly if there have been such, they have been rare exceptions to his usual rule—on which he has given his audience the faintest hint that he was stating the American taxation *at only half its actual amount*—that he was fraudulently comparing the *entire* taxation of Great Britain with only the *federal* taxation of America. Mr. Bright knows well—but he naturally supposed that his ordinary audiences would *not* know—that taxation in America is twofold—State and Federal—and that the former is often the heaviest of the two. For example, in New York,† the fairest State for comparison with England, the proportion of the *federal* taxation was 8,000,000 dollars, while the *state* taxes (those for the independent government and local burdens of that sovereign state) reached 15,166,000 dollars, making a total of 23,166,000 dollars, or as nearly as possible 5,000,000*l.* Now, as New York contains just one-eighth of the entire population of the Union, this would give 40,000,000*l.* as the aggregate revenue of the United States:—Mr. Bright, looking resolutely at the sixty-four millions of dollars, raised by

* "This year, I suppose, *we shall raise in taxes at least fifty millions sterling more than will require to be raised by an equal population living, not in England, but in the United States of America.* Surely this will account for much of the evils which you and the memorialists, and the working classes generally, suffer; and I am not surprised that sensible men should wish to quit a country where the burdens are so heavy, and the political privileges of three-fourths of them are so few. Every man who is not prepared to compel a better and more economical government at home should emigrate, or the pauperism of his day will be deeper and more without remedy in the days of his children."

† These figures are taken from the *American Almanac*, yearly compiled from official sources, and are those given for 1856-7.

federal customs-duties only, would fain persuade his hearers that it is only 13,000,000*l.* This *suppressio veri* is no hasty or unconscious error on Mr. Bright's part; it has been pointed out to him over and over again, and he has persisted in repeating it.

Mr. Bright is entitled to his own opinions as to what is lovely and desirable in social and political condition; he may prefer America to England, because taxation is light, and because the populace is supreme; he may even, if he pleases, persist in regarding it as eminently the land of law and order,—though how he can do so in the face of beatings and shootings in the halls of Congress, of rent-repudiation at Albany, and quarantine riots at New York, it is not easy to understand. However, he is not the only man gifted with the convenient faculty of shutting his eyes to what he does not wish to see,—albeit he has cultivated it with more success than most. He is at perfect liberty also to recommend his own budget and his own reform-bill: we are not now concerned with the refutation of his doctrines, though we have our own opinion as to the wisdom, the justice, and the ultimate designs of the politician who distinctly proposes to give nearly all the power to labour, and place nearly all the taxes upon property—to make the poor govern, and the rich pay. We might, if we had time, pause to notice a strange confusion in his mind between *free-trading* and *freebooting*, in virtue of which he is perfectly ready to confiscate property, if only customs-dues can be abolished and commercial capital go free. We proceed to make good our last and heaviest indictment against him, which we shall treat as briefly as we can.

We say, then, that he habitually inculcates the most selfish and sordid principles of national policy; and he does this under cover of approved colours and lofty names. As an advocate for the striving and industrious poor, he teaches the people to regard mere material prosperity as the one great purpose of a nation's life, and every thing that would interfere with it or rival it as "the small dust of the balance." As an apostle of peace, he urges them on all occasions, not, indeed, to turn the left cheek to the enemy who smites them on the right, but officiously to give this Christian counsel to every neighbour whom they see so stricken; and loudly to proclaim to every smiter that this is the only cognisance they will ever take of even the most shameless and unprovoked assaults. Why should we sympathise with oppressed Italians? they afford us scanty markets, and would perhaps be scantier still under a republic than under a despotism. Why should France and Naples groan

under their slavery? it is true that all that is intellectual, noble, or aspiring is trodden under foot, or forced into silence, or banished from the land; but railways are encouraged, trade is fostered, tariffs are reduced, and *prices rise;* the "numerical majority" has more to eat and more to spend,—and what else or what better can be wished for? What is the comity of nations to us, that we should profess to care for it? What is the freedom of a cultivated and generous people to our special interests, that we should be deluded into lifting a voice in its behalf? Let Russia seize Constantinople: it is no affair of ours? Let France annex Savoy and the Rhine: why should she not? land will rise, and markets will be opened. Let Belgium be absorbed next: nothing more righteous or more natural; for the Belgians will get more for their coal, and will spread their manufactures through France without the impediments of custom-houses. Let the blood-bought and guaranteed liberties of Switzerland be invaded, last, and Venetia be crushed out of being: we are not concerned, and it would be weak to sympathise and wrong to protest. That these are Mr. Bright's doctrines, and no exaggerated representation of our own, no regular reader or hearer of his speeches for the last seven years will deny. But if any doubt remained, let it be removed by his speech in the House of Commons on the annexation of Savoy, March 2, 1860, which is so rich and racy a specimen of his real sentiments, that it is well worth embalming in our pages. He says:

"We are not the Parliament of France, we are not the Parliament of Savoy, we are not the Parliament of Europe; but we are the Parliament of England; and, unless it can be shown that there is any direct and obvious interest which this country has in some of these foreign questions which are constantly brought before us, what an absurd spectacle do we offer to Europe and the world with these repeated discussions! (*'Oh!'*) . . . . If France can become more powerful by the addition of the scanty population of a mountainous region, it is more than I can exactly calculate or appreciate. I do not believe that Sardinia will be sensibly weakened or changed if the transfer takes place. (*Hear, hear.*) *I doubt extremely whether any disadvantageous circumstances will arise to the people of Savoy.* (*'Oh, oh!'*) But let us for one moment suppose that France and Sardinia are agreed—I know not if they are,—but let us suppose they have determined to apply to the people of Savoy the principle which the Governments are now willing should be applied to the people of Central Italy. The honourable baronet the member for Tamworth argued on *the assumption that the people of Savoy are about to be transferred by some great force from a state of blissful freedom to a state of degradation and servitude.* (Cheers.) *Well, that is certainly not very complimentary to the French people* (hear, hear), *who may be quite as well pleased with their institutions as we are with ours* (hear, hear), *and who may feel satisfied*

with the social liberty which we have not, and may even prefer it to the political liberty which we enjoy. I do not pretend to know more than the honourable baronet, but I have heard from persons of high authority that the inhabitants of Savoy have no objection to the transfer, but prefer to be annexed to France. (*Loud cries of 'Oh!'*) We may all be sorry that it is so; but I will tell the House the reason. The best authority that I have been able to consult in this matter has assured me *that the annexation of Savoy to France would go far to double the value of all the landed property in that country. I would not give much for the loyalty of other persons besides the people of Savoy, if I could promise them to double the value of all the landed property in the kingdom.* (Laughter, and 'Oh, oh!') I am told further that the intelligent portion of the labouring classes of that province are well aware that *the annexation would add greatly to the value of labour in the district.* Lyons is not more than from two to three hours' journey, if so much, from Chambery; the manufacturers of Lyons, with their capital, their looms, and their industry, would instantly spread through the valleys of that province, and an immediate addition would be made to the value of every thing which now exists in Savoy. Now, I don't want the Government to give the slightest countenance to this transference; I do not want them, on the other hand, to give the slightest opposition to it. (*Hear, hear.*) The opposition, if you give it, must be futile; you cannot prevent the transference of Savoy, but you may, if you like, embroil Europe and bring England into collision with France. I say, perish Savoy (*cries of 'Oh, oh!'*)—though Savoy, I believe, will not perish, and will not suffer—rather than we, the representatives of the people of England, should involve the Government of this country with the people and the Government of France on a matter in which we have really no interest whatever."

Now, if Mr. Bright had merely argued that our perpetual intervention in the policy of continental states is undesirable and costly; that our foreign statesmanship has as a rule been blundering and bad; that we have seldom done much good, and often have done much harm; and that we are constantly unjust to the people of England by wasting their blood and treasure on matters in which neither interest *nor duty* demands their interference,—no one could have blamed him, and most of us would have agreed with him. If, even in the present case, he had contented himself with declaring that, however much we might disapprove of the seizure of Savoy by France,—for a seizure it unquestionably is,—still it was in no way incumbent upon us, and would not be wise or worth while, to interpose to prevent it by force, few Englishmen would have dissented from his views. But when he speaks with ill-concealed sympathy of the "social liberty of France" (!), and understands so well how the Savoyards should prefer it to the political liberty of England; and when he avers his belief that the Savoyards *do* desire annexa-

tion, and his opinion that they *ought*, because it would double the value of property and raise the wages of labour, extend markets and enhance prices,—we feel that we cannot sufficiently thank him for this indecent exposure of his person, because in it we recognise the tone and character which he trusts will prevail in that democratic Parliament which he is labouring to bring about,—because it is the plainest statement we could have had of his mean and selfish views of policy, set forth in all their undraperied enormity—naked and not ashamed. National independence will be and ought to be sacrificed for lucre:—if by its sacrifice silk can be sold for eighteenpence a yard where it now fetches only a shilling, or calico for sixpence where it now fetches only fivepence, or land made to pay four per cent where it now pays only two,—then a good bargain has been struck, and every patriot must needs be delighted at the transfer. If by the annexation of England to France she could obtain a fresh market which would double the profits of her manufacturers, stimulate the demand for coal, raise the price of corn and beetroot, Mr. Bright would not only hold his countrymen fully justified in voting for the process, but would deem them chimerical and silly if they did not; since, in addition to all this material gain, they would acquire the "social liberty which France has and which they have not." Mr. Bright's argument goes this entire length:—of course, when the time came, he would demur to this application of his maxims, and there is little danger of his countrymen following him so far. But we entreat Englishmen to reflect for a moment on the rapid and certain degradation to be expected in our national sentiments and policy when doctrines like this are urged year after year by our ablest and most earnest demagogue on a House of Commons chosen by constituencies composed in overwhelming proportion of manufacturing operatives and the poorest class of tradesmen.

And the "social liberty" which France has and which we have not—what can it mean? We believe Mr. Bright to be as industriously ignorant of the real state of France as of the real state of America. Otherwise he would know that in no country of Europe is personal freedom more utterly non-existent. Is he aware that they have no Habeas Corpus in France? That no man can move about without his passport,—that even in going three miles to a picnic, you are liable to be stopped and turned back by a *gendarme*, as lately happened to a man of the highest rank and character? That your house can be taken from you by a simple "order," if an official should chance to want it for the enlargement of his bureau? Does he know that at any moment the police, by bringing a trivial and unfounded charge against a citizen, may render him liable to arbitrary imprison-

ment or deportation to Cayenne,—and that both proceedings have been taken within a very short period? Is the power of writing and speaking what you think no portion of "social liberty"? Is there, in fact, in France any one element of "social liberty" as *we* understand the term? Or is Mr. Bright in very deed sunk so low and perverted so far as to hold that the mere absence of an aristocracy and of a law of primogeniture constitutes alone and *per se* the only social liberty worthy of the name? Certainly it is the only one which France enjoys.

And now, to sum up the main features of Mr. Bright's portrait, as we have been seeing it painted by himself,—it may be too much to affirm that he habitually permits himself to make statements which he knows to be false, in order to excite passions which he knows to be bad; but it is not too much to say—for it has been here proved to demonstration—that when he desires, as he so often does, to hound on the artisan against the landowner, or the poor against the rich, he does not scruple to make the statements which serve his purpose best, without pausing to inquire whether they are true or false;—that he systematically teaches his countrymen to be deaf to the calls, and indifferent to the sufferings, and cynical to the rights of every other people;—that he every where preaches the precedence and predominance of material interests over considerations of national morality or honour;—that he values justice little and liberty less, except where wealth or prosperity can be promoted by their aid;—that he teaches men to follow the gospel of public right (where he teaches it at all), solely and avowedly for the loaves and fishes—not that "they may hear the word," but that they may eat and be filled;—that when he has any favourite doctrine of low and sordid policy to promulgate, he cares not what generous feelings, what noble sympathies, what sacred principles, what moral decencies, he tramples in the mire;—and finally, that for all these reasons he has become a fountain of demoralisation and danger, both to his class, which he discredits and misrepresents, and to his country, which he calumniates and is dragging down.

BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING-SOCIETIES.

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Sequel to the Inquiry, What is Revelation? in a series of Letters to a Friend, containing a Reply to Mr. Mansel's Examination of the Rev. F. D. Maurice's Strictures on the Bampton Lectures of 1858. By the Rev. F. D. Maurice. Macmillan.

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Life and Letters of Schleiermacher. Translated from the German by Frederica Rowan. Smith, Elder, and Co.

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[Noticed in Article VIII.]

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